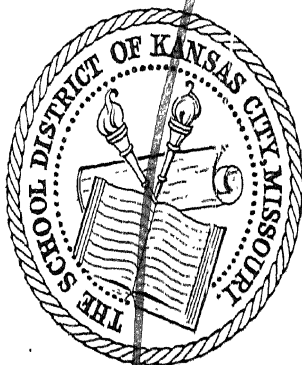


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"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

THE
UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE
IN TWENTY VOLUMES

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, PRESENT-
ING IN ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT THE BIOGRAPHY,
TOGETHER WITH CRITICAL REVIEWS AND EXTRACTS,
OF EMINENT WRITERS OF ALL LANDS AND ALL AGES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

W. H. DE PUY, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA," "AMERICAN REVISIONS AND AD-
DITIONS TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA," ETC., ETC.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise
enough of literature.—Emerson.

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject
ourselves, or we know where we can find infor-
mation upon it.—Samuel Johnson.

VOLUME XX.

NEW YORK
J. S. BARCUS & CO,

1897

of "The" etc.
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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 á as in far, father, guard.
 â as in fall, talk.
 ă as in ask, fast, ant.
 ȃ as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 ê as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 ī as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ô as in move, spoon.
 ô as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ũ as in pull.
 ü German ü, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ã as in prelate, courage.
 ẽ as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ȝ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ŭ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in or-

dinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus.

ą as in errant, republican.
 ę as in prudent, difference.
 ĭ as in charity, density.
 ȳ as in valor, actor, idiot.
 þ as in Persia, peninsula.
 ƒ as in *the* book.
 ſ as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

ƿ as in nature, adventure.
 ƿ as in arduous, education.
 ƿ as in pressure.
 ƿ as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 B Spanish *b* (medial).

ch as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.

G as in German *Abensberg*, *Ham-burg*.

H Spanish *g* before *o* and *i*; Spanish *j*; etc. (a guttural *h*).

n French nasalizing *n*, as in *ton*, *en*.

s final *s* in Portuguese (soft).

th as in *thin*.

TH as in *then*.

D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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tsving'lē), Ulric or Huldreich.

UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.

WALPOLE, HORACE, Earl of Oxford, an English author, was born at Houghton, in Norfolk, in 1717 ; died at Strawberry Hill in 1797. He was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, who is called the foremost Englishman of his time. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and travelled with the poet Gray. Returning, he entered Parliament, and continued to be a member of it twenty-seven years. He built a nondescript edifice at Twickenham, naming it Strawberry Hill, and filled it with costly works of art and literature. His fame rests on his letters, descriptive of people and events of his time, and numbering nearly three thousand. The first collection of these, by Cunningham (1857-9), filled nine large octavos. Scott and Byron pronounced the letters incomparable. Besides these, he was author of *Ædes Walpolianæ* (1747) describing his father's pictures, *The Castle of Otranto*, an extravagant romance, *Anecdotes of Painting*, *Catalogue of Engravers*, *Catalogue of Noble and Royal*

HORACE WALPOLE.—

Authors, Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III., Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.; and memoirs and journals relating to the reigns of the second and the third George. At Strawberry Hill he established a printing press. His death occurred in his eightieth year. The prejudice against him of Macaulay, and some other English reviewers, seems to have been mostly a political inheritance. now of little account.

THE BURIAL OF GEORGE II.

Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying masses for the repose of the defunct; yet, one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the

heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased ; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would ; the yeoman of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin ; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers ; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read ; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Northumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant ; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours ; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he himself must so soon descend ; think how unpleasant a situation ! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle ; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold ; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle, standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. (1760, Nov. 13).

HORACE WALPOLE.—

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE MARRIED TO
GEORGE III.

ARLINGTON STREET, *Sept. 10, 1761.*

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half-an-hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. They made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has Lord Anson executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at Witham in Essex; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought that she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's at a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Is this a bad proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. "No, indeed," said she, "I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me; if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone." The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate: her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta. These three princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to the chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers and peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William; the Archbishop married them; the king talked to her the whole time with great good humor, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall nor a beauty; pale and very thin; but looks sensible,

HORACE WALPOLE.—

and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-colored velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulders by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation too.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The Cabinet have determined on a civil war. . . . There is food for meditation! Will the French you converse with be civil and keep their countenances? Pray remember it is not decent to be dancing at Paris, when there is civil war in your own country. You would be like the country squire, who passed by with his hounds when the battle of Edgehill began (1775, Jan. 22).

I forgot to tell you that the town of Birmingham has petitioned the parliament to enforce the American Acts, that is, make war; for they have a manufacture of swords and muskets (1775, Jan. 27).

The war with our Colonies, which is now declared, is a proof how much influence jargon has on human affairs. A war on our own trade is *popular*! Both Houses are as eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies—which acquits them a little of rapine, when they are as glad of what will impoverish them as of what they fancied was to enrich them (1775, Feb.)

HORACE WALPOLE.—

You will not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the Administration have made a thousand, besides two capital ones, of first provoking, and then uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both (1775, Sept. 7).—*Letters*.

IZAACK WALTON.—

WALTON, IZAACK, an English author, born at Stafford in 1593; died at Winchester in 1683. He went to London at an early age, where he entered into the business of "sempster," or linendraper, which he carried on in a "little shop seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide." At fifty he retired with a competency, and passed the remaining forty years of his life in easy quiet. Tradesman in a moderate way as he was, he moved in intellectual society. At about forty he married Anne Ken, a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety, the daughter of a London barrister, and sister of Thomas Ken, the hymnist, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; and their daughter became the wife of Dr. Hawkins, Prebendary of Winchester, at whose house Walton died at the age of ninety. His principal works are: *Life of Dr. Donne* (1640), *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* (1651), *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation* (1655), *Life of Richard Hooker* (1662), *Life of George Herbert* (1670), *Life of Bishop Sanderson* (1678), and two letters on *The Distempers of the Times* (1680).

The *Complete Angler* takes the form of a series of colloquies between "Piscator," a fisherman, being Walton himself, "Venator," a huntsman; and "Auceps," a falconer; but the greater part in the conversation is borne by Piscator, although the others have not a few pleasant things to say about their respective crafts. As the subjoined by Auceps:

ENGLISH BIRDS OF SONG.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her

IZAAK WALTON.—

heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. How do the blackbird and the thrush, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to. Nay, the smaller birds do the like in their particular seasons; as, namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear—as I have very often—the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: “Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest to bad men such music upon earth!”

To Izaak Walton angling is the chief end of man. “It is,” says he, “something like poetry—men must be born to it.” Our Saviour nowhere rebukes anglers for their occupation, “for He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are.” He loves the fish which he catches, and even the live bait by means of which they are caught; though the frogs so used might have failed to appreciate his benevolence.

TREATING THE BAIT-FROG.

And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive: put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of

IZAACK WALTON.--

April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook—I mean the arming-wire—through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the arming-wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer.

Piscator, who has succeeded in convincing Venator of the superiority of angling, brings his converse with him to a close by a long moral discourse, which thus concludes:

THANKFULNESS FOR THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

Let not the blessings we daily receive from God make us not to value or not to praise Him because they be common. Let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his first glory, either at the rising or the setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we may enjoy daily. And for most of them because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

IZAAK WALTON.—

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shown you that riches, without meekness and thankfulness, do not make man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many cares and fears. And therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: “He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.” Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. And as for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar!



MOOSE HUNTING.

Drawing by H. Sandham.

WARBURTON, ELIOT BARTHOLOMEW GEORGE, a British writer of travels, memoirs, and novels, was born near Tullamore, Ireland, 1810, and died in 1852. He was educated at Queen's College, and at Trinity, Cambridge, and became a member of the Irish bar, but gave up law for travel and literature. His book *The Crescent and the Cross* (1844), first published as *Episodes of Eastern Travel* in the *Dublin University Magazine*, made him widely known as a sparkling writer. Following this, he published *Hochelaga, or England in the New World*, (Amer. ed. 1846)—the title being the ancient name of Canada, but Part II. pertaining to the United States; *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers* (1849), *Darien, or the Merchant Prince* and *Memoirs of Horace Walpole and His Contemporaries* (1851), also *Reginald Hastings, a Tale of 1640-50*. The author perished in the destruction of the West Indian mail steamer *Amazon* at sea, Jan. 4, 1852. In *Hochelaga* there is a sketch of the rebellions and invasions of Canada in 1837-8.

MOOSE-HUNTING.

We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow-shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a standstill, and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow,

slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third; at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on, but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure, fresh snow showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down the hill through very thick "bush" and could not see him, but his panting and crashing through the underwood were plainly heard. In several places the snow was deeply ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion, but again struggled gallantly out, and made another effort for life.

On, on, the branches smash and rattle, but just ahead of us the panting is louder and closer, the track red with blood; the hungry dogs howl and yell almost under our feet. On, on, through the deep snow, among rugged rocks and the tall pines, we hasten, breathless and eager. Swinging around a close thicket, we open in a swampy valley with a few patriarchal trees rising from it, bare of branches to a hundred feet in height; in the centre stands the moose, facing us; his failing knees refuse to carry him any further through the choking drifts; the dogs press upon him; whenever his proud head turns, they fly away yelling with terror, but with grinning teeth and hungry eyes rush at him from behind.

He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large dark eye was fixed, I fancied, almost imploringly, upon me, as I approached. He made no further effort to escape, or resist; I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow shoes would have tripped me up, to a certainty, so I thought it

wiser to stand still ; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel, he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over in the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him ; nor would even the Indians ; they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet ; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death ; then we approached and stood over our fallen foe.

When the excitement which had touched the savage chord of love of destruction, to be found in every nature, was over, I felt ashamed, guilty, self-condemned, like a murderer ; the snow defiled with the red stain ; the meek eye, a few moments before bright with healthy life, now a mere filmy ball ; the vile dogs, that had not dared to touch him while alive, licked up the stream of blood, and fastened on his heels. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself and the tame and cruel sport.

The Indians knocked down a decayed tree, rubbed up some dry bark in their hands, applied a match to it, and in a few moments made, a splendid fire close by the dead moose ; a small space was trampled down, the sapins laid as usual, for a seat, from whence I inspected the skinning and cutting up of the carcase ; a part of the proceeding which occupied nearly two hours. The hide and the most valuable parts were packed on the tarboggins, and the remnant of the noble brute was left for the wolves ; then we returned to the cabin.—*Hochelaga.*

WILLIAM WARBURTON.—

WARBURTON, WILLIAM, Bishop of Gloucester, England, was born in 1698, and died in 1779. He was the son of an attorney at Newark, and adopted his father's profession, but forsook it for the clerical, becoming rector of Brand Broughton, Lincolnshire, and rising by preferments to the office of bishop. In his time, he was regarded as a formidable defender of the faith; but his great learning and force were not always wisely employed, and his works have fallen into oblivion. Among these were: *The Alliance between Church and State* (1723)—a defence of the same; *The Divine Legation of Moses* (1738–41)—a ponderous work of learning, assuming and defending an omission of immortality in the Old Testament, in reply to deists: *Remarks on Rutherford's Essay*, on virtue (1747); a defence of Pope's *Essay on Man*; *The Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion*, and a *View of Bolingbroke's Philosophy* (1755), a review of Hume's *Natural History of Religion*, and an edition of Shakspeare with comments. Pope bequeathed to him the copyright of his poems and other works, valued at £4,000. A volume of the bishop's letters was published anonymously, by Bishop Hurd (Amer. ed. 1809), entitled *Letters from a Prelate*

IS LUXURY A PUBLIC BENEFIT.

To the lasting opprobrium of our age and country, we have seen a writer publicly maintain, in a book so entitled, that *private vices were public benefits*. . . . In his proof of it, he all along explains it by vice only in a certain measure, and to a certain degree. . . . The author, descending to the enumeration of his proofs, appears plainly to have seen, that vice in general was only accidentally productive of

good : and therefore avoids entering into an examination of particulars ; but selects, out of his favorite tribe, *luxury*, to support his execrable paradox ; and on this alone rests his cause. By the assistance of this ambiguous term, he keeps something like an argument on foot, even after he hath left all the rest of his city-crew to shift for themselves. . . .

First, in order to perplex and obscure our idea of luxury, he hath labored in a previous dissertation, on the origin of moral virtue, to destroy those very principles, by whose assistance we are only able to clear up and ascertain that idea : where he decries and ridicules the essential difference of things, the eternal notions of right and wrong ; and makes virtue, which common moralists deduce from thence, the offspring of craft and pride.

Nothing now being left to fix the idea of luxury, but the positive precepts of Christianity, and he having stript these of their only true and infallible interpreter, the principles of natural religion, it was easy for him to make those precepts speak in favor of any absurdities that would serve his purpose, and as easy to find such absurdities supported by the superstition and fanaticism of some or other of those many sects and parties of Christianity, who, despising the principles of the religion of Nature as the weak and beggarly elements, soon came to regard the natural appetites, as the graceless furniture of the old man, with his affections and lusts.

Having got Christianity at this advantage, he gives us for Gospel that meagre phantom begot by the hypocrisy of monks on the misanthropy of ascetics : which cries out, an abuse ! whenever the gifts of Providence are used, further than for the bare support of nature. So that by this rule everything becomes luxury which is more than necessary. An idea of luxury exactly fitted to our author's hypothesis : for if no state can be rich and powerful while its members seek only a bare subsistence, and, if

WILLIAM WARBURTON.—

what is more than a bare subsistence be luxury, and luxury be vice; the consequence, we see, comes in pat, private vices are public benefits. Here you have the sole issue of all this tumor of words. . . .

But the gospel is a very different thing from what bigots and fanatics are wont to represent it. It enjoins and forbids nothing in moral practice, but what natural religion had before enjoined and forbid. Neither could it, because one of God's revelations, whether ordinary or extraordinary, cannot contradict another; and because God gave us the first, to judge the others by it. . . .

The religion of nature, then, being restored, and made the rule to explain and interpret the occasional precepts of Christianity; what is luxury by natural religion, that, and that only must be luxury by revealed. So that a true and precise definition of it, which this writer (triumphing in the obscurity which, by these arts, he hath thrown over the idea) thinks it impossible to give, so as not to suit with his hypothesis, is easily settled. Luxury is the using of the gifts of Providence to the injury of the user, either in his person or his fortune; or to the injury of any other, towards whom the user stands in any relation, which obliges him to aid and assist.

Now it is evident, even from the instances this writer brings of the public advantages of consumption, which he indiscriminately, and therefore falsely calls luxury, that the utmost consumption may be made, and so all the ends of a rich and powerful Society served, and without, injury to the user, or any one, to whom he stands related: consequently without luxury, and without vice. When the consumption is attended with such injury, then it becomes luxury, then it becomes vice. But then, let us take notice, that this vice, like all others, is so far from being advantageous to Society, that it is the most certain ruin of it. It was this luxury which destroyed Rome.—*The Divine Legation of Moses*. Vol. I., Book 1.

ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD.—

WARD, ADOLPHUS WILLIAM, an English author born in Hampstead, in 1837. He was educated in Germany and at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1859. In 1866 he was made Professor of History and English Literature at Owen's College, Manchester, and has held various posts in the Victoria University of Manchester, of which he was a founder. He received the degree of LL.D. from Glasgow in 1879 and from Cambridge in 1883. In addition to articles in reviews and magazines he translated Curtius's *History of Greece* (5 vols. 1868-73), and edited the Globe edition of *Pope's Poetical Works* (1869); the Clarendon Press edition of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* and Greene's *Friar Bacon* (1878), and the Chetham Society edition of Byron's *Poems* (1894). He is the author of *The House of Austria in the Thirty Years' War* (1869); *A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne* (2 vols., 1875); *Chaucer* (1880), and *Dickens*, in Morley's *English Men of Letters* (1882).

CHAUCER'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Occleve painted from memory, on the margin of one of his own works, a portrait of his "worthy master" over against a passage in which, after praying the Blessed Virgin to intercede for the eternal happiness of one who had written so much in her honor, he proceeds as follows :—

"Although his life be quenched, the resemblance
Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness,
That to put other men in remembrance
Of his person I have here his likeness
Made, to this end in very soothfastness,
That they that have of him lost thought and
mind

May by the painting here again him find."

In this portrait, in which the experienced eye of Sir Harris Nicolas sees "incomparably the best portrait of Chaucer yet discovered," he

ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD.—

appears as an elderly, rather than aged man, clad in dark gown and hood—the latter of the fashion so familiar to us from this very picture, and from the well-known one of Chaucer's last patron, King Henry IV. His attitude in this likeness is that of a quiet talker, with down-cast eyes, but sufficiently erect bearing of body. One arm is extended, and seems to be gently pointing some observation which has just issued from the poet's lips. The other holds a rosary, which may be significant of the piety attributed to Chaucer by Occleve, or may be a mere ordinary accompaniment of conversation as it is in parts of Greece to the present day. The features are mild but expressive, with just a suspicion—certainly no more—of saturnine or sarcastic humor. The lips are full, and the nose is what is called good by the learned in such matters. Several early portraits of Chaucer exist, all of which are stated to bear much resemblance to one another. Among them is one in an early if not contemporary copy of Occleve's poems, full-length, and superscribed by the hand which wrote the manuscript. In another, which is extremely quaint, he appears on horseback, in commemoration of his ride to Canterbury, and is represented as short of stature, in accordance with the description of himself in the *Canterbury Tales*.

For, as it fortunately happens, he has drawn his likeness for us with his own hand, as he appeared on the occasion to that most free-spoken of observers and most personal of critics, the host of the Tabard, the "cock" and marshal of the company of pilgrims. The fellow-travellers had just been wonderfully sobered (as well they might be) by the piteous tale of the Prioress concerning the little clergy-boy—how, after the wicked Jews had cut his throat because he ever sang *O Alma Redemptoris*, and had cast him into a pit, he was found there by his mother loudly giving forth the hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin which he had loved so well. Master Henry Bailly was, as in duty

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bound, the first to interrupt by a string of jests the silence which had ensued :—

“ And then at first he looked upon me,
And saidē thus : ‘ What man art thou ? ’ quoth he ;
Thou lookest as thou wouldst find a hare,
Forever upon the ground I see the stare.
Approach more near, and lookē merrily !
Now ’ware you, sirs, and let this man have space.
He in the waist is shaped as well as I ;
This were a puppet in an arm to embrace
For any woman, small and fair of face.
He seemeth elfish by his countenance,
For unto no wight doth he dalliance ! ’ ”

From this passage we may gather, not only that Chaucer was, as the *Host* of the Tabard’s transparent self-irony implies, small of stature and slender, but that he was accustomed to be twitted on account of the abstracted or absent look which so often tempts children of the world to offer its wearer a penny for his thoughts. For “elfish” means bewitched by the elves, and hence absent in demeanor.

It is thus, with a few modest but manifestly truthful touches, that Chaucer, after the manner of certain great painters, introduces his own figure into a quiet corner of his crowded canvas. But mere outward likeness is of little moment, and it is a more interesting enquiry whether there are any personal characteristics of another sort, which it is possible with safety to ascribe to him, and which must be, in a greater or less degree, connected with the distinctive qualities of his literary genius ; for in truth it is but a sorry makeshift of literary biographers to seek to divide a man who is an author into two separate beings, in order to avoid the conversely fallacious procedure of accounting for everything which an author has written by something which the *man* has done or been inclined to do.—*Chaucer*.

THE SCHEME OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

But Chaucer’s workmanship was as admirable as his selection of his framework was felici-

ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD.—

tous. He has executed only part of his scheme, according to which each pilgrim was to tell two tales, both going and coming, and the best narrator, the laureate of this merry company, was to be rewarded by a supper at the common expense on their return to their starting-place. Thus the design was, not merely to string together a number of poetical tales by one easy thread, but to give a real unity and completeness to the whole poem. All the tales told by all the pilgrims were to be connected together by links; the reader was to take an interest in the movement and progress of the journey to and fro; and the poem was to have a middle as well as a beginning and an end—the beginning being the inimitable *Prologue* as it now stands; the middle the history of the pilgrims' doings at Canterbury; and the close their return and farewell celebration at the Tabard Inn. Though Chaucer carried out only about a fourth part of this plan, yet we can see, as clearly as if the whole poem lay before us in a complete form, that its most salient feature was intended to lie in the variety of its characters.

Each of these characters is distinctly marked out in itself, while at the same time it is designed as the type of a class. This very obvious criticism, of course, most readily admits of being illustrated by the *Prologue*—a gallery of *genre*-portraits which many master-hands have essayed to reproduce with pen or with pencil. Indeed, one lover of Chaucer sought to do so with both—poor gifted Blake, whose descriptive text of his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims Charles Lamb, with the loving exaggeration in which he was at times fond of indulging, pronounced the finest criticism on Chaucer's poem he had ever read.—*Chaucer*.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.—

WARD, ELIZABETH STUART (PHELPS) an American author, born at Andover, Mass., in 1844. Her grandfather, Moses Stuart, and her father Austin Phelps, were Professors in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and both contributed largely to religious literature. Her mother likewise, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (1815-1852), wrote several popular books, among which is, *Sunny Side* (1851). The daughter commenced writing at an early age. Her works—some of which had already appeared in periodicals, are: *Ellen's Idol* (1864), *Up Hill* (1865), *Mercy Gliddon's Work* (1866), *Tiny Stories* (4 vols. 1866-69), *Gipsy Stories* (4 vols. 1866-69), *The Gates Ajar* (1868), *Men, Women, and Ghosts* (1869), *The Silent Partner* (1870), *Trotty's Wedding Tour* (1873), *The Good-aim Series* (1874), *Poetic Studies* (1875), *The Story of Avis* (1877), *My Cousin and I* (1879), *Old Maid's Paradise* (1879), *Sealed Orders* (1879), *Friends, a Duet* (1881), *Beyond the Gates* (1883), *Songs of the Silent World* (1884), *Dr. Zay* (1884), *Burglars in Paradise* (1886), *The Gates Between* (1887), *Jack the Fisherman* (1887), *The Struggle for Immortality* (1889), *Memoirs of Austin Phelps*, her father (1891); *Donald Marcy* (1893), and *Hedged In*. In 1888 Miss Phelps married Mr. Herbert D. Ward. They have published two novels in collaboration, *The Master of the Magicians* and *Come Forth* (1890).

THE "HANDS" AT HAYLE AND KELSO'S.

If you are one of the "hands" in the Hayle and Kelso Mills, you go to your work, as is well known, from the hour of half-past six to seven, according to the turn of the season. Time has been when you went at half-past four.

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The Senior forgot this the other day in a little talk which he had with his Silent Partner: very naturally, the time having been so long past. But the time has been, is now yet in places. Mr. Hayle can tell you of mills he saw in New Hampshire, where they ring them up, winter and summer, in and out, at half-past four in the morning. Oh, no, never let out before six as a matter of course. Mr. Hayle disapproves of this; Mr. Hayle thinks it not human; Mr. Hayle is confident that you would find no mission Sunday-school connected with that concern.

If you are one of the "hands," you are so dully used to this classification that you were never known to cultivate an objection to it, are scarcely found to notice either its use or disuse: being neither head nor heart, what else remains? Scarcely conscious from bell to bell, from sleep to sleep, from day to dark, of either head or heart, there seems a singular appropriateness of the word with which you are dimly struck. Hayle and Kelso label you. There you are. The world thinks, aspires, creates, enjoys. There you are. You are the fingers of the world. You take your patient place. The world may have read of you; but only that it may think, aspire, create, enjoy. It needs your patience as well as your place. You take both, and the world is used to both; and so, having put the label on for safety's sake, lest you should be mistaken for a thinking aspiring creating, enjoying compound, and so some one be poisoned, shoves you into your place upon its shelf, and shuts its cupboard door upon you.

If you are one of the "hands" then in Hayle and Kelso you have a breakfast of bread and molasses probably; you are apt to eat it while you dress. Somebody is heating the kettle, but you cannot wait for it. Somebody tells you that you have forgotten your shawl, you throw it over one shoulder and step out, before it is fastened, into the sudden raw air.

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You left lamplight indoors, you find moonlight without. The night seems to have overslept itself; you have a fancy for trying to wake it—would like to shout at it or cry through it, but feel very cold, and leave that for the bells to do by-and-by. You and the bells are the only waking things in life. The great brain of the world is in serene repose; the great heart of the world lies warm to the core with dreams; the great hands of the world, the patient, the perplexed—one almost fancies at times, just for fancy—seeing you here by the morning moon, the dangerous hands alone are stirring in the dark.

You hang up your shawl and your crinoline, and understand, as you go shivering by gaslight to your looms, that you are chilled to the heart, and that you were careless about your shawl, but do not consider carefulness worth your while by nature or by habit; a little less shawl means a few less winters in which to require shawling. You are a godless little creature, but you cherish a stolid leaning, in those morning moons, towards making an experiment of death and a wadded coffin.

By the time the gas is out, you cease perhaps—though you cannot depend upon that—to shiver, and incline less and less to the wadded coffin, and more to a chat with your neighbor in the alley. Your neighbor is of either sex and any description as the case may be. In any event—warming a little with the warming day—you incline more and more to chat.

If you chance to be a cotton-weaver, you are presently warm enough. It is quite warm enough in the weaving-room. The engines respire into the weaving-room; with every throb of their huge lungs you swallow their breath. The weaving-room stifles with steam. The window-sills are guttered to prevent the condensed stream from running in streams along the floor; sometimes they overflow, and the water stands under the looms. The walls perspire profusely; on a damp day drops will fall

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once. You don't care to go home to supper.
The pretty song creeps back for the engine in
the deserted dark to crunch. You are a miser-
able little factory-girl with a dirty face.—*The
Silent Partner.*

AFTERWARD.

There is no vacant chair. The loving meet;—
A group unbroken—smitten who knows
how?

One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
We gave him once that freedom. Why not
now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it knowing how to do so
best.

Which of us would disturb him? Let him
be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
By his least mood we crossed, for which the
heart must ache,
Plead not nor question! Let him have this
one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort,
will

We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid
by?

Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.
Songs of the Silent World.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.—

NEW NEIGHBORS.

Within the window's scant recess,
Behind a pink geranium flower,
She sits and sews, and sews and sits,
From patient hour to patient hour.

As woman-like as marble is,
Or as a lovely death might be—
A marble death condemned to make
A feint at life perpetually.

Wondering, I watch to pity her ;
Wandering, I go my restless ways ;
Content, I think the untamed thoughts
Of free and solitary days,

Until the mournful dusk begins
To drop upon the quiet street,
Until, upon the pavement far,
There falls the sound of coming feet :

A happy, hastening, ardent sound,
Tender as kisses on the air—
Quick, as if touched by unseen lips
Blushes the little statue there ;

And woman-like as young life is,
And woman-like as joy may be,
Tender with color, lithe with love,
She starts, transfigured gloriously.

Superb in one transcendent glance—
Her eyes, I see are burning black—
My little neighbor, smiling, turns,
And throws my unasked pity back.

I wonder, is it worth the while,
To sit and sew from hour to hour—
To sit and sew with eyes of black,
Behind a pink geranium flower ?

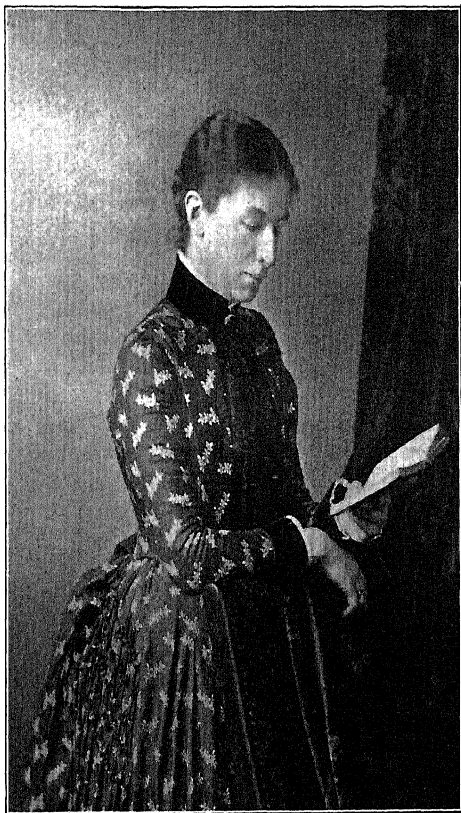
Songs of the Silent Land.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.—

WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY, an English novelist, was born at Hobart, Tasmania, in 1851. Her maiden name was Mary Augusta Arnold. Her father, Thomas—a younger brother of Matthew Arnold—was a government officer in Tasmania. He became afterward a professor in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, but, losing faith, settled at Oxford, edited books, and wrote a manual of English literature. The daughter married Thomas Humphry Ward, author of *English Poets, Men of the Reign, The Reign of Queen Victoria*, etc. Mrs. Ward is the author of *Milly and Olly, or a Holiday among the Mountains* (1880), *Miss Bretherton* (1884), a translation of *Amiel's Journal* (1885), a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning, and *Robert Elsmere*, a novel (1888), by which she is best known. *David Grieve* (1892), *Marcella* (1894), *Sir George Tressady* (1895), and *The Story of Bessie Costrell* (1895).

OXFORD.

The weather was all that the heart of man could desire, and the party met on Paddington platform with every prospect of another successful day. Forbes turned up punctual to the moment, and radiant under the combined influence of the sunshine and of Miss Bretherton's presence; Wallace had made all the arrangements perfectly, and the six friends found themselves presently journeying along to Oxford. . . . At last the "dreaming spires" of Oxford rose from the green, river-threaded plain, and they were at their journey's end. A few more minutes saw them alighting at the gate of the new Balliol, where stood Herbert Sartoris looking out for them. He was a young don with a classical edition on hand which kept him working up after term, within reach of the libraries, and he led the way to some pleasant rooms overlooking the inner



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

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quadrangle of Balliol, showing in his well-bred look and manner an abundant consciousness of the enormous good fortune which had sent him Isabel Bretherton for a guest. For at that time it was almost as difficult to obtain the presence of Miss Bretherton at any social festivity as it was to obtain that of royalty. Her Sundays were the objects of conspiracies for weeks beforehand on the part of those persons in London society who were least accustomed to have their invitations refused, and to have and to hold the famous beauty for more than an hour in his own rooms, and then to enjoy the privilege of spending five or six long hours on the river with her, were delights which, as the happy young man felt, would render him the object of envy to all at least of his fellow-dons below forty.

In streamed the party, filling up the book-lined rooms and starting the two old scouts in attendance into unwonted rapidity of action. Miss Bretherton wandered around, surveyed the familiar Oxford luncheon-table, groaning under the time-honored summer fare, the books, the engravings, and the sunny, irregular quadrangle outside, with its rich adornings of green, and threw herself down at last on to the low window seat with a sigh of satisfaction.

"How quiet you are! how peaceful; how delightful it must be to live here! It seems as if one were in another world from London. Tell me what that building is over there; it's too new, it ought to be old and gray like the colleges we saw coming up here. Is everybody gone away—'gone down' you say? I should like to see all the learned people walking about for once."

"I could show you a good many if there were time," said young Sartoris, hardly knowing, however, what he was saying, so lost was he in admiration of that marvellous changing face. "The vacation is the time they show themselves; it's like owls coming out at night. You see, Miss Bretherton, we don't keep many

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of them ; they are in the way in term time. But in vacation they have the colleges and the parks and the Bodleian to themselves, and their umbrellas, under the most favorable conditions."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Bretherton, with a little scorn, "people always make fun of what they are proud of. But I mean to believe that you are all learned, and that everybody here works himself to death, and that Oxford is quite, quite perfect!"

"Did you hear what Miss Bretherton was saying, Mrs. Stuart," said Forbes, when they were seated at luncheon. "Oxford is perfect, she declares already; I don't think I quite like it; it's too hot to last."

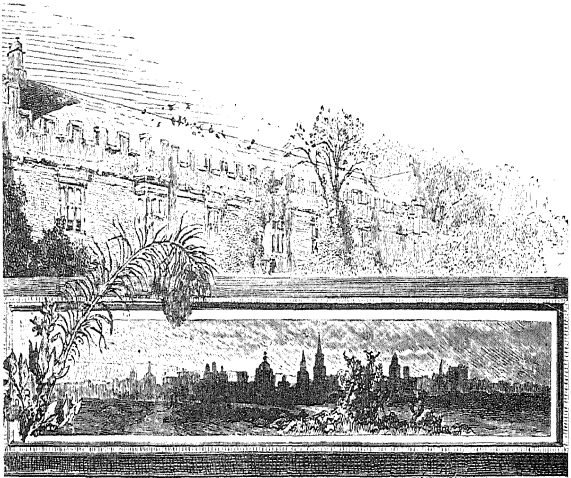
"Am I such a changeable creature, then?" said Miss Bretherton, smiling at him. "Do you generally find my enthusiasms cool down?"

"You are as constant as you are kind," said Forbes, bowing to her. . . . "Oh! the good times I've had up here—much better than he ever had"—nodding across at Kendal, who was listening. "He was too proper behaved to enjoy himself; he got all the right things, all the proper first-classes and prizes, poor fellow! But, as for me, I used to scribble over my note-books all lecture-time, and amuse myself the rest of the day. And then, you see, I was up twenty years earlier than he was, and the world was not as virtuous then as it is now, by a long way."

Kendal was interrupting, when Forbes, who was in one of his maddest moods, turned around upon his chair to watch a figure passing along the quadrangle in front of the bay-window.

"I say, Sartoris, isn't that Camden, the tutor who was turned out of Magdalen a year or two ago for that atheistical book of his, and whom you took in, as you do all the disreputables? Ah, I knew it!"

'By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.'



OXFORD.

Drawing by R. Puettnr.

That's not mine, my dear Miss Bretherton; it's Shakespeare's first, Charles Lamb's afterwards. But look at him well—he's a heretic, a real, genuine heretic. Twenty years ago it would have been a thrilling sight; but now, alas! it's so common that it's not the victim but the persecutors who are the curiosity."

"I don't know that," said young Sartoris. "We liberals are by no means the cocks of the walk that we were a few years ago. You see, now we have got nothing to pull against, as it were. So long as we had two or three good grievances, we could keep the party together, and attract all the young men. We were Israel going up against the Philistines, who had us in their grip. But now, things are changed; we've got our way all round, and it's the Church party who have the grievances and the cry. It is we who are the Philistines, and the oppressors in our turn, and, of course, the young men as they grow up are going into the opposition."

"And a very good thing, too!" said Forbes. "It's the only thing that prevents Oxford becoming as dull as the rest of the world. All your picturesqueness, so to speak, has been struck out of the struggle between the two forces. The Church force is the one that has given you all your buildings and your beauty, while, as for you liberals, who will know such a lot of things that you're none the happier for knowing—well, I suppose you keep the place habitable for the plain man who doesn't want to be bullied. But it's a very good thing the other side are strong enough to keep you in order." . . .

Then they strolled into the quiet cathedral, delighted themselves with its irregular bizarre beauty, its unexpected turns and corners, which gave it a capricious fanciful air for all the solidity and business-like strength of its Norman framework, and as they rambled out again, Forbes made them pause over a window in the northern aisle—a window by some

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Flemish artist of the fifteenth century, who seems to have embodied in it at once all his knowledge and all his dreams. In front sat Jonah under his golden-tinted gourd—an ill-tempered Flemish peasant—while behind him the indented roofs of the Flemish town climbed the whole height of the background. It was probably the artist's native town; some roof among those carefully-outlined gables sheltered his household Lares. But the hill on which the town stood, and the mountainous background and the purple sea, were the hills and the sea not of Belgium, but of a dream-country—of Italy, perhaps, the mediæval artist's paradise.

"Happy man!" said Forbes, turning to Miss Bretherton; "look, he put it together four centuries ago, all he knew and all he dreamt of. And there it is to this day, and beyond the spirit of that window there is no getting. For all our work, if we do it honestly, is a compound of what we know and what we dream."...

They passed out into the cool and darkness of the cloisters, and through the new buildings, and soon they were in the Broad Walk, trees as old as the Commonwealth bending overhead, and in front the dazzling green of the June meadows, the shining river in the distance, and the sweep of cloud-flecked blue arching in the whole.—*Miss Bretherton.*

NATHANIEL WARD.—

WARD, NATHANIEL, an English clergyman and author born in England in 1578; died at Shenfield, England, in 1653. He was the son of John Ward, a famous Puritan minister, was graduated at Cambridge in 1603, studied law, which he practiced in England, and travelled extensively. He entered the ministry, and on his return to England held a pastorate in Sussex. In 1631 he was tried for non-conformity by Archbishop Laud, and though he escaped excommunication, he was deprived of his charge. In 1634 he sailed for New England, and became colleague to the Rev. Thomas Parker at Ipswich. He resigned in 1636, but resided at Ipswich and compiled for the colony of Massachusetts *The Body of Liberties*, which was adopted by the General Court in 1641, and which was the first code of laws established in New England. In 1646 he returned to England, and became pastor of a church in Shenfield, which post he held until his death. While in America he published *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam, in America, Willing to help Mend his Native Country Lamentably Tattered both in the Upper-Leather and the Sole*. His *Simple Cobbler's Boy with his Lap-full of Caveats*, was written in America and published under the pen-name of Theodore de la Guard in 1646. Two American editions have been issued, one in Boston in 1718; the other edited by David Pulsifer in 1843.

TO THE NEEDLESSE TAYLOR.

From his working (im—) posture.

Let him beware that his dispositions be not more *crosse* than his *legges* or *sheeres*.

If he will be a Church member, he must remember to away with his *crosse* + *members*.

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For Churches must have no *Crosses*, nor *keow-caws*. Againe,

He must not leap from the *Shop-board* into the *Pulpit* to make a sermon without *tayle* or *head*, nor with a *Taylor's head*.

From the patch.

Let him take heed he make not a Sermon like a *Beggar's cloak* pacht up of a thousand ragges, most *douterty*, nor, like his own *fundamentall* Cushion, *bock't* up of *innumerable shreds*, and every one of a several colour (not a couple of *parishioners* among them) and stuff with nothing but *bran*, *chaffe*, and the like *lumber*, scarce fit for the *streete*.

Let him not for a *Needle* mistake a *Pen*, and write *guil-lets*, making a *Goose of himself*.

Take heede of the hot Iron there.

Let him not instead of *pressing* cloth *oppreste* *truth*, nor put errors into the *Presse*.

The Hand and Sheeres do speak this cutting language.

Keep to thy *Calling Mr.* and cut thy coat according to thy cloth. Neglect not to use thy *brown thread*, lest thy Family want *browne bread*, and suffer a *sharp stitch*.

The Breeches with wide nostrils do promulgate this Cannon-law.

That the *Taylor* (when he preaches) be sure to exclaim against the new *Fashions* (a disease incident unto *Horses* and *Asses*) that so he live not by others *pride*, while he exhorts to *humility*. The *Tub* of shreds utters *Ferking* advice That he do not filch *Cloths*, *Silkes*, *Velvets*, *Sattins*, etc., in private nor *pilfer* *Time* from others in *publike*, nor openly rob *Ministers* of their employment, nor *secretly* tell any *secret lye*.

From the out (side) facings counsaile that he do not *cloak-over* any tattered suit of hypocritical knavery with a *fair-facing* of an *outside profession*.

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Well to the Point.

That he consider that as a *Needle*, the thread or silk, so a *Schismatick*, drawes a long *traine* of *folly-followers* after him, when he deales in *points* by the *dozen*.

From the Seame-rippings.

That Hereticall opinions, unlesse they be ript open, are of as dangerous consequence as an *hempen collar* etc., a man were better be *hanged*, then to have his immortal soul *stified* therewith.—*The Simple Cobbler's Boy.*

MINISTERS.

A profound Heretick is like a huge Tub full of sirrup, his followers are like Wasps and Gadflies that buz and frisk about him, and sting at them that would keep them off: but at last they are so entangled in the slimy pap, that it is a thousand unto one if ever they retorne safe, but there they dye and make the sirrup of their Tenets to stink intolerably.

But a Godly and learned Minister is like a Master-Bee, the Word and the World are his Garden and Field, the works of God and his Divine truths are his Flowers; Peace of Conscience, Joy in the Holy-Ghost, the consolations of Christ are his Honey; his Heart is an Hive, his Head is an Honey-Comb; reproof is his sting wherewith he spurs on, or spurnes away the sluggish *Drone*, *Ignavum fucos Pecus*, etc. The Bee was born a *Confectioner*, and though he make but one sort of confection, yet it easily transcends all the Art of man:

For,

The *Bees* work is pure, unmixt, Virgin honey; mans knick knacks are jumbled and blended. I apply it Gods Word is pure, mans invention is mixt.

Then if in Manna you will trade,
You must boyle no more Marmolade.
Lay by your Diet-bread and slicing knife,
If you intend to break the Bread of Life.

Simple Cobbler's Boy.

ROBERT PLUMER WARD.—

WARD, ROBERT PLUMER, an English author, born in London in 1765; died at Okeover Hall, in 1846. He was educated at Oxford, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1790. In 1805 he was appointed a judge in Wales, was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord of the Admiralty in 1807–11, and clerk of the Ordnance in 1811. His books are: *History of the Law of Nations in Europe from the Time of the Greeks and Romans to the Age of Grotius* (1795), *Treatise of the Rights and Duties of Belligerent and Neutral Powers* (1801), *Essay on Contraband* (1801,) *Tre-maine*, a novel (1825), *De Vere*, a novel (1827) *Illustrations of Human Life* (1837), *Pictures of the World* (1839), *Historical Essay of the Revolution of 1688* (1838), and *De Clifford*, a novel (1841).

OPINIONS OF MR. FOX.

Mr. Fox makes a question though he does not decide it, whether the suspicion of the insincerity of Charles I. was not a justification of his rebel parliament—(rebel we must always call it, after the nineteen propositions). Of course he holds that those suspicions amounted to a moral certainty. Why? Because he violated the petition of right.

No doubt he did, and his conduct was indefensible. But those violations had been committed ten years before. Their consequences were such as must have opened his eyes, for dearly had he paid for it, by allowing himself to be bound hand and foot by his dutiful commons who had annihilated, one after the other, every grievance complained of; had, in their turn, been guilty of many gross usurpations, had forced him to the great plot of his life, the joining them in the murder of Strafford; and had given the finishing stroke to their own

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power, by depriving him of the incontestable, as well as most potent prerogative of his crown, that of dissolving them.

These circumstances it would only have been candid in Mr. Fox to have mentioned, when he asserted, that of the insincerity of this king there was a moral certainty, with a view to justify the proceedings of the usurpers. For though he says it is a question, whether the failure of the treaty of the Isle of Wight is to be imputed to the suspicions *justly* entertained of the king's sincerity, or to the ambition of the parliamentary leaders, he takes no notice at all of any of these circumstances, which added to years of experiences and of misfortune, after the offence against the petition of right had been committed, must have been, and were, so influential in producing a change of character. Still less does he for a single moment suspend his attacks upon the king, or turn aside to examine the question himself had started, as to the ambition of his enemies,—an account of which has been given in the course of these strictures. This, in an author claiming to be an historian, is a great fault; for of an historian impartiality is the most essential of all his qualifications; and it has well been said, that one of his greatest duties is, not merely to speak the truth, but not to conceal it. Are we wrong, then, in thinking that Mr. Fox, great as he is, is, like Mackintosh, on paper, only a great partizan.

We come now to, perhaps, the most important observation of this whole work; and that, I own, is astounding. It is, that that gross murder of the King,

“ Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural,”

that murder, which not only destroyed the life of a king, but tore up by the roots every security of law, every tie which holds society together,—poisoned the sweet fountains of justice, and reduced all principles of government to the maxims of the assassin,—that that

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murder was a far less violent measure than the attainder of Strafford.

That attainder, as all *ex post facto* laws are, is a bad thing, all must allow; and Mr. Fox, with his usual acumen when not mystified by party feeling, has eloquently demonstrated, that nothing can justify it, but the impossibility of bringing a delinquent to trial, whom it was also impossible to render harmless without it.—*Historical Essay of the Revolution of 1688.*

WILLIAM WARE.—

WARE, WILLIAM, an American author, was born at Hingham, Mass., in 1797, and died at Cambridge, in 1852. He was the grandson of Henry Ware, prominent in the Unitarian controversy, and was one of a family of authors. Graduating at Harvard, in 1816, and the Divinity School in 1819, he was pastor in Northboro, Waltham and West Cambridge, Mass., and from 1821–1836 in New York city. His *Letters from Palmyra* (1837), were published in 1868, as *Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra*. *Probus* (1838), was afterwards entitled *Aurelian*. These with *Julian, or Scenes in Judea* (1841), gained him much reputation as an historical novelist. His other works are: *American Unitarian Biography* (1850–1), *Sketches of European Capitals* (1851), *Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston* (1852), *Memoir of Nathaniel Bacon*, in *Spark's American Biography* (1841). From 1839 to 1844 he edited the *Christian Examiner*.

PALMYRA.

It was several miles before we reached the city, that we suddenly found ourselves—landing as it were from a sea upon an island or continent—in a rich and thickly peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital, in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our way. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil. Frequently villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendor of those sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them. The

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new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection; when I was roused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, Palmyra! Palmyra! I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the East, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both towards the north and towards the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be—that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay it is impossible at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the sun stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every

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other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of these renowned cities have I beheld anything that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids—pointed obelisks—domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for numbers and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment, as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days.

ZENOBIA THE CAPTIVE.

And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned towards the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic Emperor Tetricus—yet slave of his army and of Victoria—accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman, and once—a Senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I can describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend—her whom I had seen treated

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never otherwise than as a sovereign Queen, and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial—now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace—toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels such as both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome—and of chains of gold, which, first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her go—yes, and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form—but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty—yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection, of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune—there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound heartbreaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears. But they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast towards the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes. Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet, little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley

crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a death-like silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long. For when the Emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the Queen, led and placed her in her own chariot—that chariot in which she had fondly hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph—between Julia and Livia. Upon this the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The Queen's countenance brightened for a moment as if with the expressive sentiment, “The gods bless you!” and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when after the lapse of many minutes it was again raised and turned towards the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion.—*Zenobia.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.—

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY, American journalist and author, born at Plainfield Mass., in 1829. His widowed mother removed to central New York in 1842. He studied at the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, and entered Hamilton College, where he graduated in 1851. Subsequently he studied law at Philadelphia in 1856, and practiced his profession at Chicago until 1860. But the bent of his mind was towards literary rather than legal pursuits, and just before the breaking out of the civil war he became assistant editor of the *Evening Post*, at Hartford, Conn. This journal was in 1867 united with the *Hartford Courant*, of which he became editor and part proprietor. Still retaining this position, he became in 1884 editorially connected with *Harper's Magazine*. His principal works are: *My Summer in a Garden* (1870, *Saunterings*, reminiscences of a European trip (1872), *Backlog Studies* (1872), *Baddeck and that Sort of Thing* (1874), *My Winter on the Nile* (1876), *In the Levant* (1877), *Being a Boy* (1877), *Life of Captain John Smith* (1877), *In the Wilderness* (1878), *Life of Washington Irving* (1880), *Roundabout Journey* (1883), *Their Pilgrimage* (1886), *Book of Eloquence* (1886), *On Horseback* (1888), *A Little Journey in the World*, and *Studies in the South and West* (1889), *As We Were Saying* (1892), *As We Go* (1893), *The Work of Washington Irving* (1893), *The Golden House* (1895). In 1873 he wrote *The Gilded Age* in conjunction with "Mark Twain."

THE MORAL QUALITIES OF VEGETABLES.

I am more and more impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and contemplate forming a science which shall rank with comparative philology—the science of Compara-

tive Vegetable Morality. We live in an age of Protoplasm. And, if life-matter is essentially the same in all forms of life, I propose to begin early, and ascertain the nature of the plants for which I am responsible. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not some quality which can contribute to my moral growth. . . .

Why do we respect some vegetables, and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry, nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn—which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority—is, however the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables.

Then there is the cool cucumber—like so many people, good for nothing when it is ripe, and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery consistency, but is not half so valuable! The Cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic. . . .

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is however apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains—like a few people I know—growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the

same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth; a pinch of Attic Salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means—but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts—and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything—and the more things the better—into salad, as into conversation; but everything depends upon the skill in mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*.

Of course, I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region; except perhaps the currant. Here we see that even among berries there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

I do not know that chemistry, searching for protoplasm, is able to discover the tendency of vegetables. It can only be found out by outward observation. I confess that I am suspicious of the bean, for instance. There are signs in it of an unregulated life. I put up the most attractive sort of poles for my Limas. They stand high and straight like church-spires, in my theological garden—lifted up; and some of them have even budded, like Aaron's rod. No church-steeple in a New England village was ever better fitted to draw to it the rising generation on Sunday, than those poles to lift up my beans towards heaven. Some of them did run up the sticks seven feet, and then straggled off into the air in a wanton manner; but more than half of them went gallivanting off to the neighboring grape-trellis, and wound their tendrils with the tendrils of the grape,

with a disregard of the proprieties of lief which is a satire upon human nature. And the grape is morally no better. I think the ancients, who were not troubled with the recondite mysteries of protoplasm, were right in the mythic union of Bacchus and Venus.

Talk about the Darwinian theory of development, and the principle of natural selection! I should like to see a garden let to run in accordance with it. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which the strongest specimens only should come to maturity, and the weaker go to the wall, I can clearly see that I should have had a pretty mess of it. It would have been a scene of passion and license and brutality. The "pusley" would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, which has now ears to hear the guilty beating of the hearts of the children who steal the raspberries, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snake-grass would have left no place for the potatoes under ground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lusty weeds. With a firm hand I have had to make my own "natural selection."

Nothing will so well bear watching as a garden, except a family of children next door. Their power of selection beats mine. If they could read half as well as they can "steal awhile away," I should have put up a notice—"Children, beware! There is Protoplasm here!" But I suppose it would have no effect. I believe that they would eat protoplasm as quick as anything else, ripe or green. I wonder if this is going to be a cholera-year. Considerable cholera is the only thing that would let my apples and pears ripen. Of course, I do not care for the fruit; but I do not want to take the responsibility of letting so much "life-matter," full of crude and even disreputable vegetable-human tendencies pass into the composition of the neighbors' children, some of whom may be as immortal as snake-grass.

—*My Summer in a Garden.*

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A COMMERCIAL TRANSACTION IN ORANGES.

One of our expeditions illustrates the Italian love of bargaining, and their notion of a sliding scale of prices. One of our expeditions to the hills was making its long straggling way through the narrow streets of a little village, when I lingered behind my companions, attracted by a hand-cart with several large baskets of oranges. The cart stood in the middle of the street; and selecting a large orange, which would measure twelve inches in circumference, I turned to look for the owner. After some time the fellow got from the neighboring cobbler's shop, where he sat with his lazy cronies, listening to the honest gossip of the follower of St. Crispin, and sauntered towards me.

"How much for this?" I ask.

"One franc, Signor," says the proprietor, with a polite bow, holding up one finger.

I shake my head, and intimate that this is altogether too much. The proprietor is very indifferent, and shrugs his shoulders in an amiable manner. He picks up a fair, handsome orange, weighs it in his hands, and holds it up temptingly. That also is one franc. I suggest one sou as a fair price—a suggestion which he only receives with a smile of slight pity, and, I fancy a little disdain. A woman joins him, and also holds up this and that gold-skinned one for my admiration.

As I stand sorting over the fruit, trying to please myself with the size, color, and texture, a little crowd has gathered round; and I see by a glance that all the occupations in that neighborhood, including loafing, are temporarily suspended to witness the trade. The interest of the circle visibly increases; and others take such a part in the transaction, that I begin to doubt if the first man is after all the proprietor.

At length I select two oranges, and again demand the price. There is a little consulta-

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tion and jabber, when I am told that I can have both for a franc. I, in turn sigh, shrug my shoulders, and put down the oranges amid a chorus of exclamations over my graspingness. My offer of two sous is met with ridicule, but not with indifference. I can see that it has made a sensation. These simple, idle children of the sun begin to show a little excitement. I at length determine upon a bold stroke, and resolve to show myself the Napoleon of oranges, or to meet my Waterloo. I pick out four of the largest oranges in the basket, while all eyes are fixed upon me intently, and for the first time pull out a piece of money. It is a two-sous piece. I offer it for the four oranges.

"No, no, no, Signor! Ah, Signor! Ah, Signor!" in a chorus from the whole crowd.

I have struck bottom at last, and perhaps got somewhere near the value; and all calmness is gone. Such protestations, such indignation, such sorrow, I have never seen before from so small a cause. "It cannot be thought of! It is mere ruin!" I am, in turn, as firm, and nearly as excited in seeming. I hold up the fruit, and tender the money.

"No, never, never! The Signor cannot be in earnest!"

Looking round me for a moment, and assuming a theatrical manner befitting the gestures of those about me I fling the fruit down, and with a sublime renunciation stalk away. There is instantly a buzz and a clamor. I have not proceeded far when a skinny old woman runs after me and begs me to return. I go back, and the crowd parts to receive me.

The proprietor has a new proposition, the effect of which upon me is intently watched. He proposes to give me five big oranges for four sous. I receive it with utter scorn, and a laugh of derision. I will give two sous for the original four and not a centissimo more. That I solemnly say, and am ready to depart. Hesitation, and renewed conference; but at last the proprietor relents; and, with the look of one

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who is ruined for life, and who yet is willing to sacrifice himself he hands me the oranges. Instantly the excitement is dead; the crowd disperses; and the street is as quiet as ever when I walk away, bearing my hard-won treasures.

A little while after, as I sat upon the Camaldoli, with my feet hanging over, these same oranges were taken from my pockets by Americans; so that I am prevented from making any moral reflections upon the honesty of the Italians.—*Saunterings*.

A YANKEE PHILOSOPHER.

I confess that I have a soft place in my heart for that rare character in our New England life who is content with the world as he finds it; and who does not attempt to appropriate any more of it to himself than he absolutely needs from day to day. He knows from the beginning that the world could get on without him and he has never had any anxiety to leave any result behind him—any legacy for the world to quarrel over. He is really an exotic in our New England climate and society; and his life is perpetually misunderstood by his neighbors, because he shares none of their anxiety about “getting on in life.” He is even called “lazy,” “good-for-nothing,” and “shiftless”—the final stigma that we put upon a person who has learned to wait, without the exhausting process of laboring.

I made his acquaintance last summer in the country; and I have not for a long time been so well pleased with any of our species. He had always been from boyhood of a contented and placid mind; slow in his movements, slow in his speech. I think he never cherished a hard feeling toward anybody, nor envied any one—least of all the rich and prosperous, about whom he liked to talk. Indeed, his talk was a good deal about wealth, especially about his cousin who had been down south, and “got fore-handed” within a few years. But he had no envy in him, and he evinced no desire to

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imitate him. I inferred from all his conversation about "piling it up," (of which he spoke with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eye,) that there were moments when he would like to be rich himself; but it was evident that he would never make the least effort to be so; and I doubt if he could even overcome that delicious inertia of mind and body called laziness, sufficiently to inherit.

Wealth seemed to have a far and peculiar fascination for him; and I suspect he was a visionary in the midst of his poverty. Yet I suppose he had hardly the personal property which the law exempts from execution. He had lived in a great many towns, moving from one to another with his growing family by easy stages, and was always the poorest man in the town, and lived on the most niggardly of its rocky and bramble-grown farms, the productive-ness of which he reduced to zero in a couple of years by his careful neglect of culture. The fences of his hired domain always fell into ruins under him, perhaps because he sat upon them so much; and the hovels he occupied rotted down during his placid residence in them. He moved from desolation to desolation; but carried always with him the equal mind of a philosopher. Not even the occasional tart remarks of his wife about their nomadic life, and his serenity in the midst of discomfort, could ruffle his smooth spirit.

He was in every respect a most worthy man; truthful, honest, temperate, and, I need not say, frugal. He had no bad habits; perhaps he never had energy enough to acquire any. Nor did he lack the knack of the Yankee race. He could make a shoe, or build a house, or doctor a cow; but it never seemed to him, in this brief existence, worth the while to do any of these things. He was an excellent angler, but he rarely fished; partly because of the shortness of the days, partly on account of the uncertainty of bites, but principally because the trout-brooks were all arranged lengthwise, and

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ran over so much ground. But no man liked to look at a string of trout better than he did; and he was willing to sit down in a sunny place and talk about trout-fishing half a day at a time; and he would talk pleasantly and well too, though his wife might be continually interrupting him by a call for firewood.

I should not do justice to his own idea of himself if I did not add that he was most respectably connected, and that he had a justifiable though feeble pride in his family. It helped his self-respect, which no ignoble circumstance could destroy. He was—as must appear by this time—a most intelligent man, and he was a well-informed man. That is to say, he read the weekly newspapers when he could get them; and he had the average country information about Beecher, and Greeley, and the Prussian war (“Napoleon is gittin’ on’t, ain’t he”) and the general prospect of the election campaigns. Indeed he was warmly—or, rather, lukewarmly—interested in politics. He liked to talk about the “inflated currency;” and it seemed plain to him that his condition would somehow be improved if we could get to a “specie basis.” He was, in fact, a little troubled about the National Debt; it seemed to press on him somehow, while his own never did. He exhibited more animation over the affairs of the government than he did over his own; an evidence at once of his disinterestedness and his patriotism.

He had been an old Abolitionist, and was strong on the rights of “free labor;” though he did not care to exercise his privilege much. Of course he had the proper contempt for the “poor whites” down South. I never saw a person with more correct notions on such a variety of subjects. He was perfectly willing that churches (being himself a member), and Sunday-schools, and missionary enterprises should go on. In fact, I do not believe he ever opposed anything in his life. No one was more willing to vote town-taxes and road-

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repairs and school-house than he. If you could call him spirited at all, he was public-spirited.

And with all this, he was never "very well;" he had from boyhood "enjoyed poor health." You would say he was not a man who would ever catch anything—not even an epidemic; but he was a person whom diseases would be likely to overtake—even the slowest of slow fevers. And he wasn't a man to shake off anything. And yet sickness seemed to trouble him no more than poverty. He was not discontented; he never grumbled. I am not sure but that he relished a "spell of sickness" in haying-time.

An admirably balanced man, who accepts the world as it is, and evidently lives on the experience of others. I have never seen a man with less envy or more cheerfulness, or so contented with as little reason for being so. The only drawback to his future is that rest beyond the grave will not be much change for him, and he has no works to follow him.—*Backlog Studies.*

SUSAN AND ANNA B. WARNER.—

WARNER, SUSAN, an American author, born at New York in 1819; died at Highland Falls, near West Point, N. Y., in 1885. Her first novel, *The Wide, Wide World*, was published in 1851, under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell." Her other works are: *Queechy* (1852), *The Law and the Testimony* (1853), *The Hills of the Shatemuc* (1856), *The Old Helmet* (1863), *Melbourne House* (1864), *Daisy* (1868), *A Story of Small Beginnings* (1872), the *Say and Do* series (1875), *Diana* (1876), *My Desire* (1877), *The Broken Walls of Jerusalem* (1878), *The Kingdom of Judah* (1878), *The End of a Coil* (1880), *The Letter of Credit* (1881), *Stephen, M.D.* (1883). In conjunction with her sister she wrote *Say and Seal* (1860), *Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf* (1863-1869), *Books of Blessing* (1868), *Wych-Hazel* (1876).

Her sister, ANNA BARTLETT WARNER, born at New York in 1820, has written much under the pseudonym of "Amy Lothrop." Besides the works written in conjunction with her sister, Susan Warner, she is the author of several novels, and many works designed for juvenile readers. Among these are: *Dollars and Cents* (1853), *My Brother's Keeper* (1855), *Three Little Spades* (1870), *Stories of Vinegar Hill* (1871), *The Fourth Watch* (1872), *Gardening by Myself* (1872), *The Other Shore* (1873), *Miss Titler's Vegetable Garden* (1875), *A Bag of Stories* (1883), *Daisy Plains* (1886), *Cross Corners* (1887), *Patience* (1891), *Up and Down the House* (1892), several volumes of Poems.

AUTUMN NUTS AND LEAVES.

In a hollow, rather a deep hollow—behind the crest of the hill, as Fleda had said, they

came at last to a noble group of large hickory-trees, with one or two chestnuts standing in attendance on the outskirts; and also, as Fleda had said, or hoped, the place was so far from convenient access that nobody had visited them; they were thick hung with fruit. If the spirit of the game had been wanting or failing in Mr. Carleton, it must have been roused again into full life at the joyous heartiness of Fleda's exclamations. At any rate, no boy could have taken to the business better. He cut, with her permission, a long, stout pole in the woods; and swinging himself lightly into one of the trees, showed that he was master of the art of whipping them. Fleda was delighted, but not surprised; for from the first moment of Mr. Carleton's proposing to go with her she had been privately sure that he would not prove an inactive or inefficient ally. By whatever slight tokens she might read this, in whatever fine characters of the eye or speech or manner, she knew it; and knew it just as well before they reached the hickory-trees as she did afterward.

When one of the trees was well stripped, the young gentleman mounted into another, while Fleda set herself to hull and gather up the nuts under the one first beaten. She could make but little headway, however, compared with her companion; the nuts fell a great deal faster than she could put them in her basket. The trees were heavy laden, and Mr. Carleton seemed determined to have the whole crop; from the second tree he went to the third. Fleda was bewildered with her happiness; this was doing business in style. She tried to calculate what the whole quantity would be, but it went beyond her; one basketful would not take it, nor two, nor three. "It wouldn't begin to," said Fleda to herself. She went on hulling and gathering with all possible industry.

After the third tree was finished, Mr. Carleton threw down his pole, and resting himself

upon the ground at the foot, told Fleda he would wait a few moments before he began again. Fleda thereupon left off her work too, and going for her little tin pail presently offered it to him, temptingly stocked with pieces of apple-pie. When he had smilingly taken one, she next brought him a sheet of white paper with slices of young cheese.

"No, thank you," said he.

"Cheese is very good with apple-pie," said Fleda, competently.

"Is it?" said he, laughing. "Well upon that—I think you would teach me a good many things, Miss Fleda, if I were to stay here long enough."

"I wish you would stay and try, Sir," said Fleda, who did not know exactly what to make of the shade of seriousness which crossed his face. It was gone almost instantly.

"I think anything is better eaten out in the woods than it is at home," said Fleda.

"Well, I don't know," said her friend. "I have no doubt that this is the case with cheese and apple-pie, and especially under hickory-trees which one has been contending with pretty sharply. If a touch of your wand, Fairy, could transform one of these shells into a goblet of Lafitte or Amontillado we should have nothing to wish for."

"Amontillado" was unintelligible to Fleda, but "goblet" was intelligible.

"I am sorry," she said, "I don't know where there is any spring up here; but we shall come to one going down the mountain."

"Do you know where all the springs are?"

"No, not all, I suppose," said Fleda, "but I know a good many. I have gone about through the woods so much, and I always look for the springs." . . .

They descended the mountain now with hasty step, for the day was wearing well on. At the spot where he had stood so long when they went up, Mr. Carleton paused again for a minute. In mountain scenery every hour makes

a change. The sun was lower now, and the lights and shadows more strongly contrasted; the sky of a yet calmer blue, cool, and clear toward the horizon. The scene said still the same thing it had said a few hours before, with a touch more of sadness; it seemed to whisper, "All things have an end; thy time may not be forever; do what thou wouldst do; 'while ye have light, believe in the light that ye may be children of the light.'"

Whether Mr. Carleton read it so or not, he stood for a minute motionless, and went down the mountain looking so grave that Fleda did not venture to speak to him till they reached the neighborhood of the spring.

"What are you searching for, Miss Fleda?" said her friend.

She was making a busy quest here and there by the side of the little stream.

"I was looking to see if I could find a mullein-leaf," said Fleda.

"A mullein-leaf? what do you want it for?"

"I want it to make a drinking-cup of," said Fleda, her intent bright eyes peering keenly about in every direction.

"A mullein-leaf! that is too rough; one of these golden leaves—what are they?—will do better, won't it?"

"That is hickory," said Fleda. "No; the mullein-leaf is the best, because it holds the water so nicely. Here it is."

And folding up one of the largest leaves into a most artist-like cup, she presented it to Mr. Carleton.

"For me was all that trouble?" said he. "I don't deserve it."

"You wanted something, Sir," said Fleda. "The water is very cold and nice."

He stooped to the bright little stream, and filled his rural goblet several times.

"I never knew what it was to have a Fairy for my cup-bearer before," said he. "That was better than anything Bordeaux or Xeres ever sent forth."

He seemed to have swallowed his seriousness, or thrown it away with the mullein-leaf.

"This is the best spring in all grandpa's ground," said Fleda. "The water is as good as can be."

"How came you to be such a wood and water spirit? You must live out of doors. Do the trees ever talk to you. I sometimes think they do to me."

"I don't know. I think I talk to them," said Fleda.

"It's the same thing," said her companion, smiling. "Such beautiful woods!"

"Were you never in the country in the fall, Sir?"

"Not here; in my own country often enough. But the woods in England do not put on such a gay face, Miss Fleda, when they are going to be stripped of their Summer dress; they look sober upon it; the leaves wither and grow brown and the woods have a dull russet color. Your trees are true Yankees—they 'never say die!'"—*Queechy*.

THE FLOWER GIFTS.

Nothing had been heard of little Dick's garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to see it, she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by, and the showers had come to make everything look fresh, Sam proposed that they should take a walk that way, and see Dick's balsams.

"We'll see if they look like yours, Clover," said little Primrose.

"But has Dick got any heart's-ease, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"I think not."

"Then I'd better take him some," said Prim, with a very grave face.

"But you'll kill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they are all full of flowers," said Clover; "or at least kill the flowers."

"It's only the flowers I mean to take" re-

plied Primrose, as gravely as before. "I'll take Dick a bunch of 'em."

"What's that for?" said Sam, putting his hand under her chin, and bringing her little sober face into view.

"Because," said Prim, "I've been thinking about it a great deal—about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart's-ease, I shouldn't like to say I'd never given Dick one."

"Oh, if that's all," said Lily, "I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do 'em good too—they want cutting."

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparing hand, Primrose crouched down by her patch of heart's-ease, carefully cutting one of each shade and tint that she could find, putting them lovingly together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

"Exquisite!" said Sam, watching her. Prim started up and smiled.

"Dear me, how splendid!" said Lily, running up, with her hands full of petunias; "but just look at these! What will you take, Clover?"

"I think—I shall not take anything," said Clover slowly.

"Nothing! out of all your garden!" said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

"I'm not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of my flowers," she said in a low voice "Maybe I can find——" And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half-open rosebud, which she quietly put in Prim's hand, to go with the heart's-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden—he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him now that he had flowers to show. He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures. Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose

to see the very same flowers in Dick's garden that there were in Clover's—the beautiful camelia-flowered balsams and the graceful amaranths and the showy zinnias; even a canary-vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

"But where did you get them all?" cried Lily.

"A lady," said Dick. "She's a good one; and that's all I know."

"Where does she live?" inquired Sam.

"Don't know, Sir," said Dick. "Nobody didn't tell me that. Man that fetched 'em—that's the seeds and little green things—he said, says he, 'These be out of the young lady's own garden,' says he."

"Young lady!" said Lily. "Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she's got such loads of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of 'em and all."

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road, and when Sam looked at her he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep from laughing. It must have pleased him—Clover's face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something—for the first thing he did when they were all outside the gate was to put his arm around Clover and give her a good hearty kiss. Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting embrace, Prim said,

"Mamma, I don't think God will ever ask Clover what she's done with her flowers."

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Because," answered Primrose sedately, "I think he told her what to do with 'em—and I think she's done it."—*Three Little Spades.*

SAMUEL WARREN.—

WARREN, SAMUEL, an English jurist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, born in Wales in 1807; died in 1877. He began the study of medicine at Edinburgh, but entered Lincoln's Inn London, as a student of law; was called to the bar in 1837, and made Queen's Counsel in 1851. In 1854 he became Recorder of Hull, retaining that position until 1874. In 1856 he was returned to Parliament for Medhurst, but resigned his seat in 1859 upon accepting the appointment of one of the two Masters in Lunacy. His first notable work was the *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1830-31. These narratives were told with such apparent verisimilitude that they were generally supposed to be records of the actual experience of the author, and it is not easy to believe but that some of them at least had a foundation in fact. They certainly bear traces of the early medical studies of the young lawyer, and are of higher value than any of his later writings. The long novel, *Ten Thousand a Year* (1839), contains many striking delineations of legal and aristocratic life, but is marred by broad caricature of the lower classes. The shorter novel, *Now and Then* (1847), on which he prided himself, met with less favor than it deserved, and was his last work of fiction. In 1851, upon occasion of the Great Exhibition in London, he put forth a rhapsodical apologue, *The Lily and the Bee*, of very slight merit. He also published at various times many works upon legal and social topics. Among these are: *Introduction to Law Studies* (1835), an annotated edition of a portion of *Blackstones Commentaries* (1836), *The Opium*

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Question (1840), *Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors* (1848), *The Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Present Age* (1853), *Labor, its Rights, Difficulties, Dignity, and Consolations* (1856).

A SLIGHT COLD.

Consider a "Slight Cold" to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave; or as occasioned by the damp finger of Death laid upon you, as it were, to mark you for his, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called "croaking," and laughed at as such by those who are "awearied of the painful round of life," and are on the lookout for their dismissal from it; but let it be learnt by heart, and be remembered as having the force and truth of gospel by all those who would "measure out their span upon the earth," and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness; who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward as long necks, narrow chicken chests, very fair complexions, exquisite sympathy with atmospheric variations; or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic or consumptive character—if they choose to neglect a Slight Cold.

Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now, if we call "a Slight Cold," the egg, and Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthma, Consumption, the venomous reptile, the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this "egg" may be deposited and hatched: Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere—especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or standing in a draught however slight—it is the breath of Death, reader,

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and laden with the vapors of the grave. Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may, slowly, imperceptibly, but surely, cherish the creature that shall at last creep inextricably inwards, and lie coiled about your very vitals. Once more—again—again—again—I would say, Attend to this all ye who think it a small matter to neglect a Slight Cold.—*Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician.*

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

“’Tis no use talking to me, mother, I *will* go to Mrs. P——’s party to-night, if I die for it—that’s flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he’s going to leave town to-morrow, so up I go to dress”

“Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week; and Dr.—— says, late hours are the worst things in the world for you.”

“Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense.”

“Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh, dear, dear, what a night it is, too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You’ll be wet, and catch cold, rely on it. Come, now, won’t you stop and keep *me* company to-night? That’s a good girl!”

“Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I’ll go to Mrs. P——’s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!” singing jauntily.

Oh! she shall dance all dressed in white,
So ledylike.

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner, in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother’s wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous,

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and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. . . .

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor—the sallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint ; and the last visits I had paid her, were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, etc. ; but Mrs. J.'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant girl by the way, for not starching some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlor, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made overhead in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, etc., had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

“Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night !” exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire ; “Oh ! it must be because young Lieutenant N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and

it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!” She heard the wind howling so dismally without that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine.

“Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?” she again inquired. She listened—“I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask.” She rang the bell, and the servant appeared.

“Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?”

“La, no, ma'am;” replied the girl; “I took up the curling-irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am.”

“Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants anything; and tell her it's half-past nine o'clock,” said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went up-stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and, after a moment's pause, opened the door, and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. “Why, la, ma'am!” commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, “here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and” — Betty staggered, horror-struck to the bed, and, uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up-stairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss J—— was dead.

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. . . . On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors, who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of

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death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass hung with a little white drapery ; and various articles of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, brooches, curling-papers, ribbons, gloves, etc. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table ; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy, fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision ; and the skinny, sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death, thus leering through the tinsel of fashion—the “vain show” of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life ! . . .

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly, for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence ; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball*.—*Diary of a Late Physician.*

JOSEPH WARTON.—

WARTON, JOSEPH, D. D., an English author, was born at Dunsford, Surrey, in 1722, and died at Wickham in 1800. His education was at Winchester and Oxford. He was successively Curate at Basingstoke, Rector of Winslade, then of Tunworth, Master at Winchester, Prebendary of St. Paul's and of Winchester. Besides translations of Virgil, he wrote an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope* (Vol. I. 1756, Vol. II. 1782), and numerous critical papers in *The Adventurer*; he also edited the works of Pope and of Dryden. His *Odes on Various Subjects* (1746) show how slight a foundation was required in his day for a poetic reputation. The following extracts from what is regarded as the best of his odes illustrate his degree of pictorial ability, and also the versifying affectations that were then termed "elegant."

TO FANCY.

O lover of the desert hail !
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside ;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between ;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seemed to sit alone.
Majestic on a craggy throne ;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and mosses o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorne blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest ;

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Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly-soothing sound. . . .

Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ ;
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh !
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek ;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where to avoid cold winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire ;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat !
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear ;
" Give me another horse," I cry,
Lo ! the base Gallic squadrons fly. . . .

When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose ;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To summer tells her tender tale :
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

THOMAS WARTON.—

WARTON, THOMAS, historian of English poetry, born in 1728 and died 1790. He was a son of Thomas Warton, a professor of poetry at Oxford, and a brother of Joseph, and was himself appointed to the same position in 1757, also occupying a curacy and vicarship. His great work was a learned *History of English Poetry from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century* (1774-78). Besides this, he wrote an elaborate Essay on Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and edited the minor poems of Milton, with abundant notes. He enjoyed the distinction of being poet-laureate, but his poetry little deserves "the muse's laurel," excepting a few lines like the following excellent sonnet :

ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy
ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the
scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so
pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime
mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
MONASTICON.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,

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Who turns of these proud domes the historic
page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured
stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers

ANCIENT ENGLISH ROMANCE.

The most ancient English metrical romance which I can discover is entitled the *Geste of King Horne*. It was evidently written after the crusades had begun, is mentioned by Chaucer, and probably still remains in its original state. I will first give the substance of the story, and afterwards add some specimens of the composition. But I must premise, that this story occurs in very old French metre in the MSS. of the British Museum, so that probably it is a translation: a circumstance which will throw light on an argument pursued hereafter, proving that most of our metrical romances are translated from the French. [But notice Saxon names.—*Ed. Cyc.*]

Mury, king of the Saracens, lands in the kingdom of Suddene, where he kills the king named Allof. The queen, Godylt, escapes; but Mury seizes on her son Horne, a beautiful youth aged fifteen years; and puts him into a galley, with two of his playfellows, Achulph and Fykenyld: the vessel being driven on the coast of the kingdom of Westnesse, the young prince is found by Aylmar, king of that country, brought to court, and delivered by Athelbrus his steward, to be educated in hawking, harping, tilting, and other courtly accomplishments. Here the princess Rymenild falls in love with him, declares her passion, and is be-

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trothed. Horne, in consequence of this engagement, leaves the princess for seven years ; to demonstrate, according to the ritual of chivalry, that by seeking and accomplishing dangerous enterprises he deserved her affection. He proves a most valorous and invincible knight : and at the end of seven years, having killed king Mury, recovered his father's kingdom, and achieved many signal exploits, recovers the princess Rymenild from the hands of his treacherous knight and companion Fykenyld. . . .

The poem itself begins and proceeds thus :

Alle hes ben blythe, that to my songe ylythe :
A songe yet uille ou singe of Allof the god
 kyng,
Kynge he was by weste the whiles hit y leste ;
And Godylt his gode quene, no feyroke myhte
 bene,
And huere sone hihte Horne, feyroke childe ne
 myht be borne :
For reyne ne myhte by ryne ne sonne myhte
 shine
Feyror childe than he was, bryht so ever eny
 glas,
So whyte so eny lilye floure, so rose red was
 his colour ;
He was feyre ant eke bold, and of fyfteene wyn-
 ter old,
This non his yliche in none kinges ryche.

History of English Poetry.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, first President of the United States, born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, December 14, 1799. The *Life of Washington* has been ably written by John Marshall (1805), succinctly by Jared Sparks, as a prefix to *The Writings of Washington* (1834), and best of all upon the whole, by Washington Irving (1855). There are numerous other Lives of Washington, among which is a curious *Vita Washingtonii*, written in Latin by Francis Glass, an obscure schoolmaster in Ohio (1835). Washington deserves a place in the history of literature, although he wrote nothing especially designed for publication except his "Farewell Address" to the American people, and this, though drawn up from his own memoranda, submitted to his revisal, and copied out by himself, was, as a composition, essentially the work of Alexander Hamilton. The *Writings of George Washington*, selected and edited by Jared Sparks (12 vols., 1838-1840), consist in great part of Letters of a public or private nature, and are of special historical and biographical value. *The Writings of George Washington, including his Diaries and Correspondence*, and edited by Worthington C. Ford, appeared in 1889.

RESPECTING HIS STEPSON, JOHN PARK CUSTIS.

I write to you on a subject of importance, and of no small embarrassment to me. My son-in-law and ward, Mr. Custis, has, as I have been informed, paid his addresses to your second daughter; and, having made some progress in her affections, has solicited her in marriage. How far a union of this sort may be

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agreeable to you, you best can tell ; but I should think myself wanting in candor were I not to confess that Miss Nelly's amiable qualities are acknowledged on all hands, and that an alliance with your family will be pleasing to his. This acknowledgment being made, you must permit me to add, Sir, that at this, or in any short time, his youth, inexperience, and unripened education are, and will be insuperable obstacles, in my opinion, to the completion of the marriage.

As his guardian, I conceive it my indispensable duty to endeavor to carry him through a regular course of education (many branches of which, I am sorry to say, he is totally deficient in), and to guide his youth to a more advanced age, before an event on which his own peace and the happiness of another depend takes place. . . .

If the affection which they have avowed for each other is fixed upon a solid basis, it will receive no diminution in the course of two or three years ; in which time he may prosecute his studies, and thereby render himself more deserving of the young lady, and useful to society. If, unfortunately—as they are both young—there should be an abatement of affection on either side, or both, it had better precede than follow marriage.

Delivering my sentiments thus freely will not, I hope, lead you into a belief that I am desirous of breaking off the match. To postpone it is all I have in view ; for I shall recommend to the young gentleman, with the warmth that becomes a man of honor, to consider himself engaged to your daughter as if the indissoluble knot were tied ; and as the surest means of effecting this, to apply himself closely to his studies ; by which he will in a great measure avoid those little flirtations with other young ladies, that may, by dividing the attention, contribute not a little to divide the affection.
—*To Mr. Calvert : 1773.*

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ON THE EARLY DISPUTES WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. But the manner of doing it, to answer the purpose effectually, is the point in question. That no man should scruple or hesitate a moment in defense of so valuable a blessing, is clearly my opinion; yet arms should be the last recourse—the *dernier ressort*. We have already it is said, proved the inefficacy of addresses to the throne, and remonstrances to Parliament. How far their attention to our rights and interests is to be awakened, or alarmed by starving their trade and manufactures remains to be tried. The Northern Colonies, it appears, are endeavoring to adopt this scheme. In my opinion, it is a good one, and must be attended with salutary effects, provided it can be carried pretty generally into execution. . . .

That there will be a difficulty attending it everywhere from clashing interests, and selfish, designing men ever attentive to their own gain, and watchful of every turn that can assist their designing views; and in the tobacco colonies, where the trade is so diffused, and in a manner wholly conducted by factors for their principals at home, these difficulties are considerably enhanced, but I think not insurmountably increased, if the gentlemen in their several counties will be at some pains to explain matters to the people, and stimulate them to purchase none but certain enumerated articles out of any of the stores, after a definite period, and neither import or purchase any themselves. . . .

I can see but one class of people—the merchants excepted—who will not, or ought not, to wish well to the scheme: namely they who live genteelly and hospitably on their estates.

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Such as these, were they not to consider the valuable object in view, and the good of others, might think it hard to be curtailed in their living and enjoyments.—*To George Mason: 1769.*

ACCEPTING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

You may believe me, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this employment, I have used every effort in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. . . .

I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the Fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen.—*To His Wife: June 1775.*

ON PROFANITY IN THE ARMY.

That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue-duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing—a vice heretofore little known in an

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American army—is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence endeavor to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven upon our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests it.—*General Order, August 3, 1775.*

GOD RULING THE AFFAIRS OF NATIONS.

It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations and whose Providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes; and may enable every instrument employed in the administration to execute with success the functions allotted to its charge.

In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency, and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessing

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which the past seems to presage.—*Inaugural Address, April 30, 1789.*

TO LAFAYETTE, ON SLAVERY.

The scheme which you propose, as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart, and I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work. Your purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it. There is not a man living who wishes more earnestly than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it. But there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished; and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting. I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law.

TESTAMENTARY EMANCIPATION OF HIS SLAVES.

I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page thereof subscribed with my name, to be my last Will and Testament, revoking all others.

Item. Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in *my own right* shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended by such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage, with

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the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor ; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to emancipate them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others who, on account of their infancy, be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live ; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the Court until they arrive at the age of twenty-five years ; and, in cases where no record can be produced whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final.

The negroes thus bound are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever. And I do, moreover, most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which are then on the ground are harvested, particularly as respects the aged or infirm ; seeing that a regular and permanent fund be established for their support, as long as there are subjects requiring it ; not trusting to the uncertain provision to be made by individuals.

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And to my mulatto man, William, calling himself William Lee, I give immediate freedom, or, if he should prefer it (on account of the accidents which have befallen him, and which have rendered him incapable of walking or of any active employment), to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so; in either case, however, I allow him an annuity of thirty dollars, during his natural life, which shall be independent of the victuals and clothes he has been accustomed to receive, if he chooses the last alternative; but in full with his freedom, if he prefers the first; and this I give him as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me, and for his faithful services during the Revolutionary War.

Besides the slaves which Washington held in his own right there were some thirty or forty belonging to the estate of Bartholomew Dandridge, the deceased brother of Mrs. Washington; these had been levied upon by execution, and bought in by Washington, who had suffered them to remain in the possession of Bartholomew's widow during her life; upon her death they were also to be manumitted in a manner similar to those already provided for. The will is a very long one, as there was much property of various kinds to be devised; and the will had been drawn up by himself "no professional character having been consulted, or having had any agency in the draft." It closes with a provision designed to prevent any possible litigation in respect to its provisions.

FORESTALLING LITIGATION.

I hope and trust that no disputes will arise. But if, contrary to expectation, the case should be otherwise, from the want of legal expressions or the usual technical terms, or because

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too much has been said on any of the devices to be consonant with law, my will and direction expressly is, that all disputes (if unhappily any should arise) shall be decided by three impartial and intelligent men, known for their probity and good understanding, two to be chosen by the disputants, each having the choice of one, and the third by those two; which three men, thus chosen, shall unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare their sense of the testator's intention; and such decision is, to all intents and purposes, to be as binding on the parties as if it had been given in the Supreme Court of the United States.

This will, which, as Washington says, "had occupied many of my leisure hours," was executed on July 9, 1799. He had entered upon his sixty-seventh year; but there was every reason to anticipate for him several more years of earthly life, instead of the six months which were allotted to him.

DAVID ATWOOD WASSON.—

WASSON, DAVID ATWOOD, a Unitarian minister, essayist, and poet, born at Brooksville, Me., in 1823; died in 1887. Curiously, the family name is remotely connected with that of Gustavus Vasa and George Washington. The subject of this notice was educated at N. Yarmouth, Phillips Academy at Andover, Bowdoin College, and the Theological Seminary at Bangor. In 1851, he became pastor at Groveland, Mass. The next year, having departed from the ancient faith, he undertook a new independent church in the same place. Several years after this he became colleague of the Rev. T. W. Higginson at Worcester, then traveled abroad, resided in Concord, was minister of Theodore Parker's Society in Boston (1865-7), passed some years in Germany, and retired to West Medford, Mass. His remarkably vigorous essays and reviews appeared mostly in the *Christian Examiner* and *Atlantic Monthly*. A selection with memoir, has been published by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham (1889); also a volume of *Poems*.

SUFFRAGE A TRUST.

The moral right to assume any controlling or important function in society cannot be rationally conceived of otherwise than as contingent upon the ability to exercise it with good effect to all concerned. Doubtless there may be a natural right of every man to put a written or printed name into a wooden box, if such be his pleasure; but that which distinguishes a vote is its acknowledged power to bind the community as a whole; and this power is no property of the individual simply as such. Whence this power? To answer the question were to write or recite a primary chapter in political philosophy, for which this is not the

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place. But the upshot of the matter is simply this: Suffrage is a means to an end, and legitimate only as it serves toward an end. Moreover, it is an *instituted* means, one part of the entire political system, and grounded like every other part in the Constitution of the State. It implies, not indeed a formal contract, but a moral engagement, to which the corporate community in its wholeness, including men, women, and minors, is one party, the individual voter another. He is engaged to promote the public welfare, and the corporate community is engaged to acknowledge his expression of choice as authoritative. Hence the voter is a political functionary, and in a place of trust, no less truly than the governor of the Commonwealth. Governor Butler is in his place to act under the Constitution for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the end that it may be ordered in justice, and wisely provided for; and every man who voted for or against him, was at the polls to act under the same Constitution, for the same corporate body and to the same end. One of the remonstrants before the committee said that suffrage is not a private right, but a political privilege. He was thinking toward the truth, but "privilege" is not the word, for it signifies a somewhat conferred or conceded for the particular benefit of the recipient. Suffrage is a functional trust, instituted and assigned not for the particular benefit of the voter, or the voting class, but for that of the civil community in its present wholeness and historic continuity. No other conception of it is either rational or moral. When, therefore, some one comes forward to say, "I claim suffrage as my right," let our legislators remember that there is another right, of which they are the present custodians, and which is not merely putative or asserted, but as unquestionable as it is important. It is the grand right of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to be ordered and ruled in the best way without injurious or

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needless costs. Here is a right worth talking of, a right to which every possible right to vote is subsidiary, and one, too, which appertains to the infant in the cradle no less than to any adult, male or female.

FAITH IN THE UNSEEN.

Man has believed in the unseen; he has said that the unseen is greatest, most real, infinitely greater and more real than the seen. He has gone down on his knees, trembling, glowing, rapt away into an unspeakable ecstasy of awe and adoration before it; immeasurable hopes have descended upon him as from the heaven of heavens; immeasurable anticipations have lighted up his life from within with beams beside which the radiance of the richest noon is pale; grand imaginations, whose splendors surpass sunset glories, or the infinite beauty and promise of the purest dawn, have hovered over his being;—and all this has been so, because by his nature as man it must be so; it is spontaneous, and therefore unquestionable. Man has not walked on the earth alone, but on sky-floors; and it is just when he has quitted sensual earth, and begun to inhabit a world that sprang, as it were, out of his own soul, that he began to be human, and to have a history. The oldest fact in history that we know of is spiritual belief.—*Essays, Religious, Social, Political.*

MRS. CLARA ERSKINE WATERS.—

WATERS, MRS. CLARA ERSKINE (CLEMENT), an American author, born at St. Louis, Mo., in 1834. Clement was the name of her first husband, and her books still bear that name; she is now the wife of Edwin F. Waters, and lives in Cambridge, Mass. She has traveled much in Europe and the Orient, and has made a voyage around the world. Her *Simple Story of the Orient* appeared in 1869; *Eleanor Maitland*, a novel, and *Egypt*, in 1881; *Charlotte Cushman* in 1882; *The Queen of the Adriatic* (1893); *Naples the City of Parthenope* (1894). Her valuable publications on the Fine Arts are: *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art* (1871), *Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and Their Works* (1873), *Artists of the 19th Century*, Lawrence Hutton co-author (1879), *Outline History of Painting for Young People and Students* (1883), the same, of sculpture (1885), *Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints* (1886), *Stories of Art and Artists* (1886), *Handbook of Christian Symbols*, Katherine E. Conway co-author, (new cheap ed.). Beside these works, Mrs. Waters has translated a volume of Renan's lectures, and Henri Greville's *Dosia's Daughter*, and edited Carl von Lutzow's *Treasures of Italian Art*.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

John Landseer taught his son to look to Nature above all else as his model, and Haydon, the painter, who instructed his brothers, advised Edwin to dissect animals as other artists dissected their subjects. These two pieces of advice may be said to have been the only important teaching which Edwin Landseer received; he followed them both faithfully, and when thirteen years old made his first exhibition at the Royal Academy. During fifty-eight years, there were but six in

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which he did not send his pictures there. When fourteen, he entered the Academy schools, and divided his time between sketching from the wild beasts at Exeter Change, and drawing in the classes. He was a handsome, manly boy, and the keeper, Fuseli, was very fond of him, calling him, as a mark of affection, "My little dog boy."

He was very industrious, and painted many pictures; the best one of what are known as his early works is the "Cat's-Paw," and represents a monkey using the paw of a cat to push hot chesnuts from the top of a stove: the struggles of the cat are unavailing. . . .

Up to this time the master seems to have thought only of making exact likenesses of animals, just as other painters had done before him; but he now began to put something more into his works and to show the peculiar power which made him so remarkable,—a power which he was the first to manifest in his pictures. I mean that he began to paint animals in their relation to man, and to show how they are his imitators, his servants, friends, and companions. . . .

Sir Walter Scott was in London when the "Cat's-Paw" was exhibited, and was so pleased by the picture that he sought out the young painter and invited him to go home with him. Sir Walter's well-known love for dogs was a foundation for the intimate affection which grew up between himself and Landseer. In 1824 the painter first saw Scotland, and during fifty years he studied its people, its scenery, its customs; he loved them all, and could ever draw new subjects and new enthusiasm from the breezy North. Sir Walter wrote in his journal: "Landseer's dogs are the most magnificent things I ever saw; leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." The friendship of Sir Walter had a great effect upon the young painter; it developed the imagination and romance of his nature, and he was affected by the human life of Scotland, so that he painted

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the shepherd, the gillie, and the poacher, and made his pictures speak the tenderness and truth, as well as the fearlessness and the hardihood of the Gaelic race. The free, vigorous Northern life brought to the surface that which the habits of a London gentleman in brilliant society never could have developed; one critic has said: "It taught him true power; it freed his imagination; it braced up all his loose ability; it elevated and refined his mind; it developed his latent poetry; it completed his education." . . .

Between 1835 and 1866 he painted almost numberless pictures of the queen, of various members of her family, and of the pets of the royal household. In 1850 he was knighted, and was at the very height of his popularity and success. . .

An anecdote of Sydney Smith relates that when some one asked him to sit to Landseer for his portrait, he replied: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing." . .

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions; and from the time when as a boy he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked: "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter; but it turned out to be only the body of the dead "Nero" of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvellous, and was once shown in a rare way at an evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not admit that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at precisely the same time a stag's head with antlers with the other.—*Stories of Art and Artists.*

HENRY CLAY WATSON.—

WATSON, HENRY CLAY, an American author, born at Baltimore in 1831; died in California in 1869. He was an editor of Philadelphia journals, the *North American* and the *Evening Journal*; and, in his last days, of the *Sacramento Times*. Besides some volumes of hunting scenes, he published *Camp-Fires of the Revolution* (1851), *Nights in a Block-House* (1852), *The Old Bell of Independence* (1852), revised as *Noble Deeds of our Fathers* (1888), *The Yankee Teapot* (1853), *Lives of the Presidents of the United States* (1853), *Heroic Women of History* (1853), *The Ladies Glee-Book* (1854), *The Masonic Musical Manual* (1855), and *The Camp-Fires of Napoleon* (1856),

THE YOUNG SENTINEL.

As he approached, the captain was in the act of calling Arthur Stewart, a beardless boy then, from the ranks, to act as a sentinel during the night. The general, with mingled emotions of surprise and anger, stepped up to the captain, and taking him a little one side, said: "Captain Wetherbe, what is the meaning of this? Are you so thoughtless and imprudent as to select a boy for a sentinel? . . . You know that the British army is almost within musket-shot of the American lines. Are we not in imminent danger of being attacked to-night?" . . .

Stewart had taken his post as sentinel, during the first part of the night. It so happened that General Putnam had occasion to pass outside the lines. On his way, he did not encounter Arthur Stewart, but another sentinel; who, ascertaining that it was the general, immediately allowed him to pass. After being absent a short time, he made toward the lines, as though he intended to return. In his course he encountered Stewart. "Who goes there?" inquired the sentinel. "General Putnam," was

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the reply. "We know no General Putnam here," Stewart answered. "But *I* am General Putnam," returned that person : by this time growing somewhat earnest. "Give the countersign," returned Stewart. It so happened, that the general had forgotten what the countersign was ; or at least could not, at the moment, call it to mind. "I have forgotten it," was the reply. "This is a pretty story from the lips of General Putnam. You are a British officer, sent over here as a spy," returned Stewart, who was well aware that he was addressing Putnam ; for the moon was shining brightly, and revealed the features of the general ; but he had the staff in his own hand, and he meant to use it. "I warrant you, I am not," said the general ; and he attempted to pass on. "Pass that line, Sir, and you are a dead man !" exclaimed Stewart, at the same time cocking his gun. "Stop where you are, or I'll make you stop," continued the sentinel, as the general disregarded his first notice. Hastily raising his gun to his shoulder and taking a somewhat deliberate aim, he pulled the trigger ; but, for some reason or other, the discharge did not follow. "Hold ! hold !" exclaimed Putnam. "I do hold," was the reply. "The gun holds its charge a great deal better than I intended it should ;" immediately priming his musket for a second trial. "You are not priming that gun for me ?" asked Putman anxiously. "That depends entirely upon the circumstances. I warn you, once more, not to pass those lines." "But I am your general," continued Putman. "I deny it, unless you give the countersign." Here the general was at fault. He strove to recall the important word ; but all was in vain. "Boy," said he, "do you not know me ? I *am* General Putnam." "A British officer, more like. If you are Putnam, as you say, why don't you give me the countersign. So sure as I am my mother's son, if you attempt to pass those lines, I'll make cold meat of you. I'm a sentinel. I know my duty ; though there are some people

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in the world, who are marvellously inclined to question it." At this, Putnam, finding that further parley would be useless, desisted; and the boy, deliberately shouldering his musket, began, with a great deal of assumed haughtiness to pace the ground as before.

Here was the redoubtable General Putnam, the hero of a hundred battles, kept at bay by a stripling of seventeen. This scene, in my humble judgment, would have been a fine subject for a painter's pencil. Putnam, finding that the boy was in earnest—for he had alarming proof of it—durst not, for his life, proceed a step further. He waited until Stewart was relieved; when the other sentinel, finding he was, in truth, General Putnam, allowed him to pass without giving the countersign. But the general's feelings were terribly excited. . . . A sense of honor and justice returned; and, sending for the boy on the morrow, he thus addressed him: . . . "Did you know the man who encountered you, while at your post?" "I suspected who he might be," returned the boy. . . . "That's right," said the general; "you did just as I myself would have done, had I been in your place. We have nothing to fear from the British, or any other enemy, with such soldiers as you. Discipline is the soul of the army." . . . Arthur was, shortly afterwards, promoted to the rank of ensign.—*Camp-Fires of the Revolution.*

JOHN WATSON.—

WATSON, REV. JOHN (Ian Maclaren), Scotch clergyman and author. He was born in Manningtree, Essex, England, in 1849. Though born in England, he is of pure Scotch blood. For a few years after his birth, his parents lived in London, but most of his childhood was spent in Perth and Stirling, Scotland. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and studied for the ministry at New College, Edinburgh. While at New College he made the acquaintance of such men as Dr. James Stalker, Prof. Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith and others. These friends, all students, founded a society called *The Gaiety Club*, which still holds regular meetings. For a short time after finishing his theological studies he was assistant to Dr. J. H. Wilson of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh. He then became minister of the Free Church in Logie-almond, Perthshire, now known as Drumtochty. From Perthshire he went to Glasgow as colleague of Dr. Samuel Miller of St. Matthew's Church. A few years later he became the minister of a Presbyterian Church in Sefton Park, Liverpool. It was not until 1893 that Mr. Watson became known as a writer. He has published *Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

The minister asked Burnbrae to pray, and the Spirit descended on that good man, of simple heart :

“Almichty Father, we are a’ Thy puir and sinfu’ bairns, wha wearied o’ hame and gae



IAN MACLAREN (John Watson).

awa' intae the far country. Forgive us, for we didna ken what we were leavin' or the sair hert we gied oor Father. It was weary wark tae live wi' oor sins, but we wud never hev come back had it no been for oor Elder Brither. He cam' a long road tae find us, and a sore travail He had afore He set us free. He's been a gude Brither tae us, and we've been a heavy chairge tae Him. May He keep a firm haud o' us and keep us in the richt road, and bring us back gin we wander, and tell us a' we need tae know till the gloamin' come. Gither us in then, we pray Thee, and a' we luv, no a bairn missin', and may we sit doon for ever in oor ain Father's House. Amen."

As Burnbrae said Amen, Carmichael opened his eyes, and had a vision which will remain with him until the day break and the shadows flee away.

The six elders—three small farmers, a tailor, a stonemason, and a shepherd—were standing beneath the lamp, and the light fell like a halo on their bent heads. That poor little vestry had disappeared, and this present world was forgotten. The sons of God had come into their heritage. "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—*Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush.*

WILLIAM WATSON.—

WATSON, WILLIAM, English poet. He was born in Wharfedale, Yorkshire, and very early gave promise of literary genius, but it was not until he published *Wordsworth's Grave* (1892), that his real merit as a poet was recognized. His books are now in demand both by book-lovers and the general reader. Besides the one above mentioned, he has published, *Lachrymæ Musarum*, a tribute to the memory of Lord Tennyson, and the finest written on the death of that poet; *Epigrams of Life, Art, and Nature*; *The Prince's Quest*, a collection of love lyrics; *The Floping Angels*; *Excursions in Criticism*, reprinted from the *Spectator* (1893); *Odes and Other Poems* (1894); and *The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems* (1895).

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

The old rude church, with bare, bald tower,
is here ;

Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows ;
Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
And with cold murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near.
His hills, his lakes, his streams are with
him yet.

Surely the heart that read her own heart clear
Nature forgets not soon : 'tis we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity
Have slighted ; faithless, done his deep
faith wrong ;
Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
To misbegotten strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,
The vagrant soul returning to herself
Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

WILLIAM WATSON.—

To him and to the power that with him dwell:—
Inflowings that divulged not whence they
came ;
And that secluded spirit unknowable,
The mystery we make darker with a name ;

The somewhat which we name but cannot
know,
Ev'n as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever
show
And ever hide him, and which are not he.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM.

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head.
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er ;
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him ! nevermore
Meadows of thine, smooth lawn as wild sea-
shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous
fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute :
The singer of undying songs is dead.

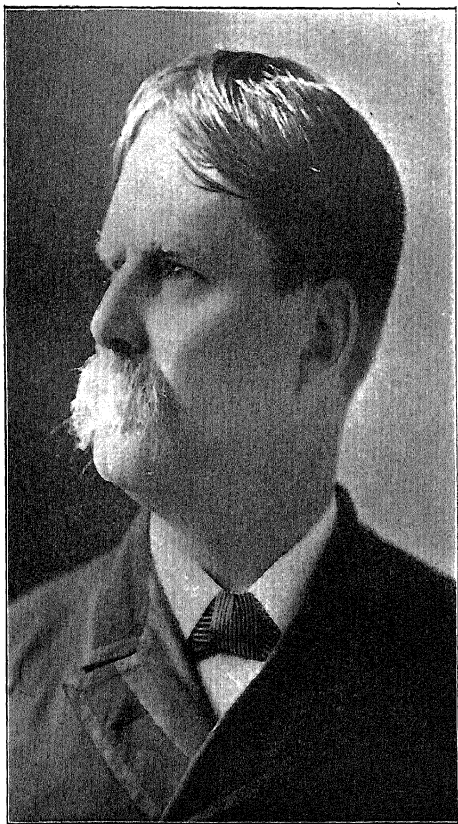
HENRY WATTERSON.—

WATTERSON, HENRY, an American orator and journalist, born at Washington, D. C., Feb. 16, 1840. He became editor of the *Democratic Review*, in that city, in 1858; and of the *Nashville Republican Banner*, in 1861. During the war he served as a staff officer and as chief of scouts in the Confederate army. In 1868 he founded the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, of which he is still the editor. He sat for a short time (in 1876-7 in Congress) to fill a vacancy. He has been a prolific contributor to periodicals; and is author of *Oddities of Southern Life and Character*.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

That promissory note, executed by me subject to the endorsement of the city of Louisville and discounted by you in the city of Pittsburgh a year ago—it has matured—and we are here to cancel it! You, who were so prompt and so generous about it, will not be displeased to learn that it puts us to no inconvenience to pay it. On the contrary, it having been one of those obligations on which the interest compounding day by day was designed to eat up the principal, its discharge leaves us poor only in the regret that we may not repeat the transaction every twelve months and convert this central point of the universe into a permanent Encampment for the Grand Army of the Republic.

Except that historic distinctions have long been obliterated here, it might be mentioned that I appear before you as the representative alike of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray in that great sectional combat, which, whatever else it did or did not, left no shadow upon American soldiership, no stain upon American manhood. But, in Kentucky, the war ended thirty years ago. Familiar in-



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tercommunication between those who fought in it upon opposing sides ; marriage and giving in marriage ; the rearing of a common progeny ; the ministrations of private friendship ; the all-subduing influence of home and church and school, of wife and child, have culminated in such a closely-knit web of interest and affections that none of us care to disentangle the threads that compose it, and few of us could do so if we would.

Here, at least, the lesson has been taught and learned that

“ You cannot chain the eagle,
And you dare not harm the dove ;
But every gate
Hate bars to hate,
Will open wide to love ! ”

And the flag ! God bless the flag ! As the heart of McCallum More warmed to the tartan, do all hearts warm to the flag ! Have you, upon your round sight-seeing, missed it hereabout ? Does it make itself on any hand conspicuous by its absence ? Can you doubt the loyal sincerity of those who from house-top and roof-tree have thrown it to the breeze ? Let some sacrilegious hand be raised to haul it down and see how many gray beards who wore gray coats, will rally to it ! No, no, comrades ; the people en masse do not deal in subterfuges ; they do not stoop to conquer ; they may be wrong ; they may be perverse ; but they never dissemble. These are honest flags, with honest hearts behind them. They are the symbols of a nationality as precious to us as to you. They fly at last as Webster would have had them fly, bearing no such mottoes as “ What is all this worth,” or “ liberty first and union afterward,” but blazing in letters of living light upon their ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, those words dear to every American heart, “ Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

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And why not? What is left for you and me to cavil about, far less to fight about? When Hamilton and Madison agreed in supporting a Constitution wholly acceptable to neither of them, they compromised some differences and they left some other differences open to double construction; and among these latter, was the exact relation of the States to the General Government. The institution of African slavery, with its irreconcilable conditions, got between the North and the South, and—. But I am not here to recite the history of the United States. You know what happened as well as I do, and we all know that there does not remain a shred of those old issues to divide us. There is not a Southern man to-day who would recall slavery if he could. There is not a Southern man to-day who would lightly brook the effort of a State to withdraw from the Union. Slavery is gone. Secession is dead. The Union, with its system of Statehood still intact, survives; and with it a power and glory among men passing the dreams of the fathers of the Republic. You and I may fold our arms and go to sleep, leaving to younger men to hold and defend a property tenfold greater than that received by us, its ownership unclouded and its title-deeds recorded in Heaven:

It is, therefore, with a kind of exultation that I fling open the gates of this gateway to the South! I bid you welcome in the name of the people whose voice is the voice of God. You came, and we resisted you; you come, and we greet you; for times change and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; not a reminiscence of its passions. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and whichever way you turn on either side, deepening as you advance—across the Chaplin Hills, where Jackson fell, to Stone's River, where Rosy fought—and on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga and over Missionary Ridge, and down by Resaca and Kennesaw,

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and Allatoona, where Corse “held the fort,” as a second time you march to the sea—pausing awhile about Atlanta to look with wonder on a scene risen as by the hand of enchantment—thence returning by way of Franklin and Nashville—you shall encounter, as you pass those moldering heaps, which remind you of your valor and travail, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes, with Grant and Sherman, and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars as if repeating the words of the Master—“Charity for all—malice toward none.”

We too have our graves, we too had our heroes! All, all are comrades now upon the other side, where you and I must shortly join them; blessed, thrice blessed, we who have lived to see fulfilled the psalmist’s prophecy of peace:

“Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men;
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

“Peace in the crowded town;
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain;
Peace in the highway and the flow’ry lane,
Peace o’er the wind-swept down.

“Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace, peace, peace in all our homes,
And all our hearts!”

[Speech to the old soldier’s delivered at the
Natl. G. A. R. Encampment, at Louisville,
Ky., September, 1895.]

ISAAC WATTS.—

WATTS, ISAAC, an English dissenting clergyman and author, born at Southampton in 1674; died near London in 1748. He was a precocious child; composed verses, as we are told, before he was three years old, began to study Latin at four and could read easy authors at five. Being a Dissenter he could not enter one of the Universities, but received a thorough education, and became tutor in a private family. In 1698 he was chosen assistant minister of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London, of which he became pastor in 1702. Owing to feeble health he resigned this charge, and in 1712 was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, near London, to become an inmate of his family. Here he remained during the remaining thirty-six years of his life, preaching not unfrequently, and writing many books in prose and verse. His *Works*, comprise about a dozen octavo volumes. The greater portion of his prose writings consist of sermons and theological treatises; he, however wrote several short treatises on astronomy and geography; and his *Logic*, and its continuation on *The Improvement of the Mind*, are still esteemed as standard works. His *Poems* are all of a religious character, many of them written for children. He versified the entire Book of *Psalms*, and many of his *Hymns* find a place in the Hymn-Books of all denominations of Christians.

A PROBLEM IN ETHICS.

In many things which we do, we ought not only to consider the mere naked action itself, but the persons towards whom, the time when, the place where, the manner how, the end for

which the action was done, together with the effects that must or may follow, and all other surrounding circumstances, must necessarily be taken into our view in order to determine whether the action, which is indifferent in itself, be either lawful or unlawful, good or evil, wise or foolish, decent or indecent, proper or improper, as it is so circumstantiated. Let me give a plain instance for the illustration of this matter:—

Mario kills a dog—which, considered in itself, seems to be an indifferent action. Now, the dog was Timon's, and not his own; this makes it look unlawful. But Timon bid him do it: this gives it an appearance of lawfulness.—Again, it was done at church, and in time of divine service: these circumstances added, cast on it an air of irreligion.—But the dog flew at Mario, and put him in danger of his life: this relieves the seeming impiety of the action.—Yet Mario might have escaped thence: therefore the action appears to be improper.—But the dog was known to be mad: this further circumstance makes it almost necessary that the dog should be slain, lest he should worry the assembly, and do much mischief.—Yet again, Mario killed him with a pistol which he happened to have in his pocket since yesterday's journey; now hereby the whole congregation was terrified and discomposed, and divine worship was broken off: this carries an appearance of great indecency and impropriety in it. But after all, when we consider a further circumstance, that Mario being thus violently assaulted by a mad dog had no way of escaping, and had no other weapon about him, it seems to take away all the color of impropriety, indecency; or unlawfulness, and to allow that the preservation of one or many lives will justify the act as wise and good. Now all these concurrent appendices of the action ought to be surveyed in order to pronounce with justice and accuracy concerning it — *The Improvement of the Mind.*

ISAAC WATTS.—

TRUE RICHES.

I am not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do ;
'Tis enough that I can say.
I've possessed myself to-day ;
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir of the best part of me.

Glittering stones and golden things,
Wealth and honors, that have wings
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own.
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose ;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crowned,
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows. .
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Ripening into solid truth ;
Fruits refined of noble taste—
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love ;
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise ;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoice to raise my feet
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more,
Earth has no resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the pole ;
Nothing can describe the soul. . .

ISAAC WATTS.—

Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are ;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age ;
Harts or horses strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half-way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly, wandering mind,
Loath to be too much confined,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores—
Narrow shores of flesh and sense—
Picking shells and pebbles thence ;
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her ;
Foreign visits still receiving,
And to herself a stranger living.
Never, never, would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native shore ;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

ISAAC WATTS.—

Oh! could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Caanan that we love
With unbeckluded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

MY DEAR REDEEMER.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew—
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.—

WAYLAND, FRANCIS, an American educator and author, President of Brown University, born at New York in 1796; died at Providence, R. I., in 1865. He was graduated at Union College, in 1813, and studied medicine, but soon after pursued a theological course at Andover. After a four years' tutorship at Union College, and a pastorate in Boston, he was elected, in 1826, Professor of Mathematics and Natural History at Union, and the next year assumed the presidency of Brown University, retiring after twenty-eight years of service, to a pastorate in Providence. He published *Thoughts on the Collegiate System in the United States* (1842), recommending a modernization of the old curriculum, *Elements of Moral Science* (1835), *Elements of Political Economy* (1837), *Limitations of Human Reason* (1840), *Life of Adoniram Judson* (1853), *Intellectual Philosophy* (1854), *Letters on the Ministry* (1863), *Christianity and Slavery* (1845), also occasional sermons and addresses. The following extract is from a sermon commemorating Hon. Nicholas Brown, after whom Brown University was named.

LIVING WORTHILY.

As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment, which is breathed in every object around him, is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The most magnificent nation that the world has ever seen, has here exhausted every effort to render illustrious her sons who have done worthily. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. In years long gone by, each one of these monuments has been watered

FRANCIS WAYLAND.—

by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisle and chapel, utters with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers by. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. Impressive and venerable though it be, it is the impressiveness of a solemn and mortifying failure. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

It is then obvious, that if we desire to live worthily, if we wish to fulfill the great purposes for which we were created, we must leave the record of our existence inscribed on the ever-during spirit. The impression there can never be effaced. "Time, which obliterates nations and the record of their existence," only renders the lineaments which we trace on mind deeper and more legible. From the very principles of our social nature, moral and intellectual character multiplies indefinitely its own likeness. This, then, is the appropriate field of labor for the immortal and ever-growing soul.

I know that the power thus given to us is frequently abused. I am aware that the most gifted intellect has frequently been prostituted to the dissemination of error, and that the highest capacity for action has been devoted to the perpetration of wrong. It is melancholy

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beyond expression, to behold an immortal spirit, by precept and example, urging forward its fellows to rebellion against God. But it is some alleviation to the pain of such a contemplation to remember, that in the constitution of our nature a limit has been fixed to the triumph of evil. Falsity in theory is everywhere confronted by the facts which present themselves to every man's observation. A lie has not power to change the ordinances of God. Every day discloses its utter worthlessness until it fades away from our recollection, and is numbered among the things that were. The indissoluble connection which our Creator has established between vice and misery, tends also continually to arrest the progress of evil, and to render odious whatever would render evil attractive. The conscience of man himself, when once the storm of passion has subsided, stamps it with moral disapprobation. The remorse of his own bosom forbids him to reveal to another his own atrocious principles. The innate affections of the heart teach us to shield those whom we love from the contaminations of vice. Hence, the effect of wicked example and of impure conceptions, meeting with ceaseless resistance in the social and moral impulses of the soul, becomes from age to age less apparent. Men are willing that such examples should be forgotten, and they sink into oblivion. Thus is it that, in the words of inspiration, "the memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

It is then manifest, that we accomplish the highest purposes of our existence, not merely by exerting the power which God has given us upon the spirit of man, but by exerting that power for the purpose of promoting his happiness and confirming his virtue.—*Discourses in Brown University, 1841, Nov. 3.*

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.—

WEBB, CHARLES HENRY, an American author, born at Rouse's Point, N.Y., in 1834. In early youth he ran away to sea, and on his return went to Illinois. From 1860 to 1863 he was editorially connected with the New York *Times*, in 1863-4 the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and in 1864 became editor of *The Californian*. He also wrote in the N. Y. *Tribune* and other papers under the well-known name of "John Paul." His books are: *Laffith Lank, or Lunacy*, a travesty of Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt* (1867), *St. Twel'mo, or the Cuneiform Cyclopedist of Chattanooga*, a travesty of Mrs. Wilson's *St. Elmo* (1868), *John Paul's Book* (1874), *The Wickedest Woman in New York* (1875), *Parodies, Prose, and Verse* (1876), *Sea-weed, and what we Seed: My Vacation at Long Branch and Saratoga* (1876), *Vagrom Verses* (1888). He is also the author of two plays: *Our Friend from Victoria* (1865), and *Arrah-na-Poke*, a burlesque of Dion Boucicault's *Arrah-na-Pogue* (1865). He also edited *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*.

GOING UP THE HUDSON.

One of the greatest pleasures of steaming up the North River is that of leaving the red-walled city behind you. It enables you to turn your back on it in a contemptuous way; or if perchance you look back at the retreating houses and fading streets, it is only with a quick glance of dislike, not the lingering look of affection. There is a feeling of unspeakable relief when you get beyond the confines of the city, opposite that blessed part of Mannahatta where no streets are graded and where the grass has not yet forgotten how to grow. It is the same feeling of relief that comes over one on emerging from a crowded room into the open air. The lungs expand and the muscles of the heart have a broader play.

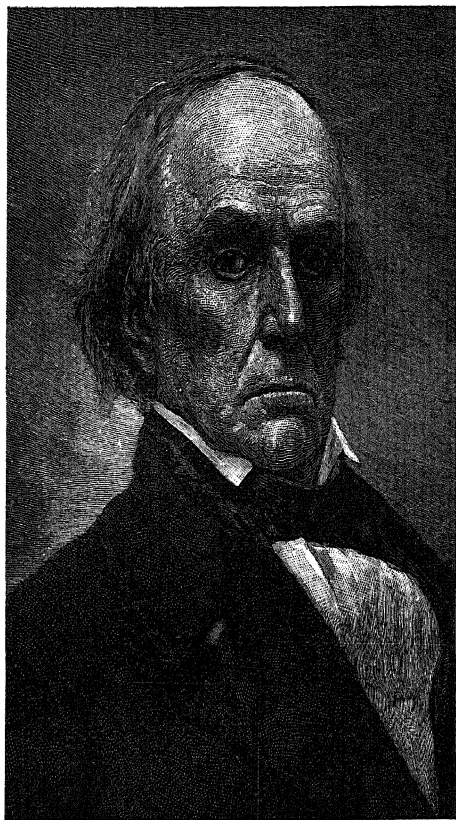
It has been urged against the river route that the scenery becomes monotonous ; that after having been once seen it is "rather a bore than otherwise." Monotonous indeed ! The man who made that remark must have got sadly wearied of his mother's face in infancy, possibly he tired of hearing the same step always around the cradle, and considered the old lady "rather a bore than otherwise." But the scenery of the Hudson is never the same—hourly and daily it changes. Anthony's Nose is every day growing redder, and you never saw the trees wear the same shade of green two hours in succession. It is true, that going up the river by night you do not see much of the scenery, after all—but then you have the satisfaction of knowing it is there.

It is pleasant, too, to see the moon rise on the water ; to watch her fair face when she peers over the hill-tops, blushing at first, as though aware that profane eyes are gazing on her unveiled beauties ; and then gliding with quiet grace to her canopied throne, the Zenith. The face of Miss Moon was freckled the last night I went up the river. I suspect that she had been kissing the sun behind the curtains down yonder, and this supposition would also account for her late rising. Although not given to making overtures to strangers, I could not forbear remarking to a rather gruff-looking gentleman—the pilot, I think—that the moonlight was beautiful. . . .

It had been a beautiful day and was then a beautiful night. And between the beauties of a June day, and the witcheries of a June night, it is hard to choose. While the one woos you with blonde loveliness, the other comes with brunette beauty, dark-eyed and dark-tressed, her tresses woven with diamonds and her brow bound by a tiara of stars. If it is pleasant to see Day look through the windows of the East, and then come tripping over the meadows, it is grand to see Night come down in her simple majesty, muffling the hill-tops beneath her hood,

and spreading her robes of velvet over the conscious evergreens. On the whole, I give my heart and hand to the brunette beauty.

By the way, there is one feature of the river that I nearly forgot to mention; it is quite as prominent a feature as Anthony's Nose, yet you look for it in "Hand-Books of the Hudson," in vain. The inventors of various hair lotions, liniments, aperients and other abominations, have turned the rocks along the river-side into a medium for advertising their wares. The Highlands declare the glory of some wretched cough syrup, the Palisades are vocal with the praises of pills, and unless some happy deluge washes off the inscriptions they will remain to puzzle the geologists and archæologists of a remote generation. There is no saying when this style of advertising was initiated. It is not improbable that it has existed from a very early day, and that the inscriptions on the pyramids, which have occasioned so many conjectures, are simply the handiwork of an Egyptian Barnum, setting forth the attractions of some fossil "fat boy," or calling on every one to come and see a nondescript from the interior of Mesopotamia. Our brick walls will perhaps puzzle posterity in this way quite as much as the pyramidal piles of Cheops and his people have puzzled us.—*John Paul's Book.*



DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—

WEBSTER, DANIEL, an American statesman, born at Salisbury, N. H., Jan 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1801; commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and the next year entered upon practice at Portsmouth, N. H. In 1812 he was elected to Congress from New Hampshire, and was re-elected in 1814. In 1816 he removed to Boston, and soon acquired an extensive legal practice. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston, and in 1827 was chosen to the U. S. Senate, and held that position until 1841, when he became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. Harrison, retaining that place during a portion of the administration of Mr. Tyler, who became President upon the death of Mr. Harrison. In 1850 he again became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. Fillmore. His health beginning visibly to decline he tendered his resignation of the Secretaryship, which was declined by the President. The closing months of his life were passed at his residence of Marshfield, a few miles from Boston.

The *Works* of Daniel Webster consist of *Orations*, *Discourses*, and *Addresses* on various occasions; *Legal Arguments*; *Speeches* and *Debates* in Congress, and *Diplomatic Papers*. Two volumes of his *Private Correspondence*, edited by his son, were published in 1858. His *Life* has been written by several persons, notably by George Ticknor Curtis (1869). Many personal details are given in *Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries*, by C. W. March (1850).

DANIEL WEBSTER.—

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

[*Discourse at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1820.*]

Let us rejoice that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn which commences the third century of the history of New England. Auspicious indeed—bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men—full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity, is the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims. . . .

We have come to this Rock to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration for their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations that are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavored to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard for whatever advances human knowledge or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

There is a local feeling connected with this occasion too strong to be resisted—a sort of *genius of the place* which inspires and awes. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity, and civilization, and letters made their first lodgment in a vast extent of country covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here at the sea-

DANIEL WEBSTER.—

son of the year at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group on its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold that benumbed, and listen to the winds that pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims.

We seem even to behold them as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience; and we see—what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil—chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decision and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation: all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion to fill us with reverence and admiration. . . .

The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose saw the Pilgrims already *at home* in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing in the wanderings of heroes so distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotected and unprovided for on the shore of a rude and fear-

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ful wilderness ; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man. Everything was civilized but the physical world. Institutions, containing in substance all that ages had done for human governments, were organized in a forest. Cultivated Mind was to act on uncultivated Nature ; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence, with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of the Christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity ! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun ? Who would desire the power of going back to the age of fable ? Who would wish for an origin obscured in the darkness of antiquity ? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say that her first existence was with intelligence, her first breath the inspiration of liberty, her first principle the truth of divine religion ? . . .

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation ; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and that of civil and religious liberty ; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when from the long distance of a hundred years they shall look back upon us, they shall know at least that we are possessed of affections which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

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What the gentleman contends for is, that it is constitutional to interrupt the administration itself, in the hands of those who are chosen and sworn to administer it, by the direct interference, in the form of law, of the States, in virtue of their sovereign capacity. The inherent right of the People to reform their Government I do not deny; and they have another right, and that is to resist unconstitutional laws without overturning the Government. It is no doctrine of mine that unconstitutional laws bind the People. The great question is, whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws? On this the main debate hinges. The proposition that, in case of a supposed violation of the Constitution by Congress, the States have a constitutional right to interfere and annul the law of Congress is the proposition of the gentleman. I do not admit it.

If the gentleman had intended no more than to assert the right of revolution for justifiable cause, he would have said only what all agree to. But I cannot conceive that there can be a middle course between submission to the laws, when regularly pronounced constitutional, on

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This leads us to inquire into the origin of this Government and the source of its power.—Whose agent is it?—Is it the creature of the State Legislatures, or the creature of the People?—If the Government of the United States be the agent of the State Governments, then they may control it—provided they can agree upon the manner of controlling it; if it is the agent of the People, then the People can control it, restrain it, modify, or reform it. It is observable enough that the doctrine for which the honorable gentleman contends leads him to the necessity of maintaining not only that this General Government is the creature of the States, but that it is the creature of each of the States severally; so that each may assert the power for itself of determining whether it acts within the limits of its authority. It is the servant of four-and-twenty masters, of different wills and different purposes; and yet bound to obey all.

This absurdity (for it seems no less) arises from a misconception of the origin of this Government, and its true character. It is the People's Constitution, the People's Government, made for the People; made by the People; and answerable to the People. The People of the United States have declared

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The National Government possesses those powers which it can be shown the People have conferred upon it—and no more. All the rest belongs to the State Governments, or to the People themselves. So far as the People have restrained State sovereignty by the expression of their will in the Constitution of the United States, so far, it must be admitted, State sovereignty is effectually controlled. I do not contend that it is, or ought to be controlled further. The sentiment to which I have referred propounds that State sovereignty is only to be controlled by its own “feeling of justice.” That is to say, it is not to be controlled at all; for one who is to follow his feelings, is under no legal control.

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JOHN WEBSTER.—

WEBSTER, JOHN (1582-1638), an English dramatist of whose life little is known. He wrote in collaboration with Ford and Dekker between 1601 and 1624. His individual plays are the *Duchess of Malfi*, *Guise, or the Massacre of France*, *The Devil's Law-Case*, *Appius and Virginia*, and *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*. The first of these was produced in 1612, the last in 1623. Webster has been called the "dramatist of terror and of pity." Hazlitt calls him "the noble-minded." His plays were first published collectively by Dyce in 1830.

LAMENTATION FOR MARCELLO.

Francisco de Medicis.—I met even now
with the most piteous sight.

Flaminese.—Thou meet'st another here, a
pitiful Degraded courtier.

Fran. de Med.—Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
Such as old grandams watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with,—that,
believe me,

I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water.

Flam.—I will see them.

Fran. de Med.—'Twere much uncharity in
you; for your sight
Will add unto their tears.

Flam.—I will see them,
They are behind the traverse; I'll discover
Their superstitious howling. [*Draws the
curtain.*]

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and three other Ladies
discovered winding MARCELLO's corse.

Cor.—This rosemary is withered; pray get
fresh.
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,

JOHN WEBSTER.—

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head ;
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day
Hallowed it with my prayers : I did not think
He should have wore it.

Zanche.—Look you who are yonder.

Cor.—O, reach me the flowers.

Zanche.—Her ladyship's foolish.

Lady.—Alas, her grief
Hath turned her child again !

Cor.—You're very welcome ;
There's rosemary for you ;—and rue for you ;—
[To FLAMINEO.

Heart's-ease for you ; I pray make much of it :
I have left more for myself.

Fran. de. Med.—Lady, who's this ?

Cor.—You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Flam.—So.

Zanche.—'Tis Flamineo.

Cor.—Will you make me such a fool ? here's
a white hand ;
Can blood so soon be washed out ? let me see ;
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-
tops,
And the strange cricket i' the oven sings and
hops,
When yellow spots upon your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon 't, how 'tis speckled ! h' 'as handled a
toad, sure,

Cowslip-water is good for the memory :
Pray, buy me three ounces of 't.

Flam.—I would I were from hence.

Cor.—Do you hear, sir ?

I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wout, when she heard the bell toll, to sing
o'er

Unto her lute.

Flam.—Do, an you will, do.

Cor.—"Call for the robin-red-breast and the
wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover

JOHN WEBSTER.—

The friendless bodies of unburied men,
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no
harm :
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a
quarrel ;
But I have an answer for them ;
" Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church tithes truly."
His wealth is summed, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.
Bless you all, good people.

Exeunt CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and Ladies.

Flam.—I have a strange thing in me, to the
which

I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion. I pray, leave me.

The White Devil.

INTEGRITY.

These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow ;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleased to make them lords of
truth :

Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the
end.

The Duchess of Malfi

NOAH WEBSTER.—

WEBSTER, NOAH, an American lexicographer, born at West Hartford, Conn. in 1758; died at New Haven in 1843. He graduated at Yale in 1778; taught a school at Hartford, at the same time studying law, and was admitted to the bar in 1781. He did not, however, enter upon practice, but became principal of an academy at Goshen, N. Y., where he prepared his *Spelling-Book*, which appeared in 1783, and was followed by a *Grammar* (1785), and a *Reading-Book* (1787). In 1789 he took up his residence in Stratford, Conn., where he practiced law until 1793. He then removed to New York, where he established the *Minerva*, a daily newspaper devoted to the support of Washington's administration, and also wrote much separately on political topics. In 1798 he removed to New Haven, where, in 1806, he published a compendious *Dictionary of the English Language* and set about the preparation of his great *American Dictionary of the English Language*. This work occupied him fully twenty years, during half of which he resided at Amherst, Mass., his income being wholly derived from the sale of his *Spelling-Book*, of which numerous editions were published. The dictionary was published in England in 1828, in two octavo volumes. His subsequent works were numerous, the most notable among which are a defensive History of the Hartford Convention and a Collection of Papers on Political, Literary, and Moral Subjects published in 1843.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF HUMAN LANGUAGE.

If we admit—what is the literal and obvious interpretation of the Scriptural narrative—that vocal sounds or words were used in the com-

NOAH WEBSTER.—

munications between God and the progenitors of the human race, it results that Adam was not only endowed with intellect for understanding his Maker, or the signification of words, but was furnished both with the faculty of speech and with speech itself, or the knowledge and use of words as signs of ideas, and this before the formation of the woman. Hence we may infer that language was conferred upon Adam, in the same manner as all his other faculties and knowledge, by supernatural power; or, in other words, was of divine origin. For supposing Adam to have had all the intellectual powers of any adult individual of the species who has ever lived, we cannot admit as probable, or even possible, that he should have invented even a barren language, as soon as he was created, without supernatural aid.

It may indeed be doubted whether without such aid men would ever have learned the use of the organs of speech so far as to form a language. At any rate, the invention of words and the construction of a language must have been a slow process, and must have required a much longer time than that which passed between the creation of Adam and of Eve. It is therefore probable that language, as well as the faculty of speech, was the immediate gift of God. We are not, however, to suppose the language of our first parents in paradise to have been copious, like most modern languages; or the identical language they used to be now in existence. Many of the primitive radical words may, and probably do, exist in various languages; but observation teaches that languages must improve and undergo great changes as knowledge increases, and be subject to continual alterations from other causes incident to men in Society.—*Preface to Dictionary.*

DAVID AMES WELLS.—

WELLS, DAVID AMES, an American economist, born at Springfield, Mass., June 17, 1828. He graduated at Williams' College, and then engaged in scientific studies at Harvard under Agassiz. From 1850 to 1860 he edited a number of compiled works on the natural sciences, and in 1864 issued a political tract entitled *Our Burden and Our Strength*, which had an enormous circulation. He held several public offices from 1866 to 1873. He was at first a protectionist, but later became a free-trader and wrote numerous books and pamphlets advocating "Free Trade." Besides his reports as government and state commissioner there have appeared, *The Creed of the Free-Trader* (1875), *Why We Trade, and How We Trade* (1878), *Our Merchant Marine* (1882), *Practical Economics* (1885), and *Relation of the Tariff to Wages* (1888).

LAND TAX.

"Money property" except in coin is imaginary, and cannot exist. There are rights to property of great value. The right to inherit property is valuable; and a mortgage on land is a certificate of right or interest in the property, but it is not property. Land under lease is as much "money property" as a mortgage on the same land; both will yield an income of money. Labor will command money, and is a valuable power to acquire property, but it is not property. If we could make property by making debts, it cannot be doubted that a national debt would be a national blessing. Attacking the bugbear of "money property" is an assault on all property; for "money property" is the mere representative of property. If we tax the representative, the tax must fall upon the thing represented.

FRIEDRICH L. Z. WERNER.—

WERNER, FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS, a German dramatic poet, born at Königsberg in 1768; died at Vienna in 1823. His father was professor of history and eloquence. Friedrich held civil office in several places, traveled, became a Roman Catholic priest in 1811, and was a popular preacher at Vienna. Much impressed by the death of his mother and of a friend, both on the 24th of February, he wrote a tragic piece with that date as title, and this led to a series of fatalistic tragedies, written by him and others, termed *Destiny Dramas*. The greater part of his dramas were published in six volumes (1817–18), twenty-five sermons in 1836, and his entire poetical works with some sermons in 1839–41. Some of his weird dramas relate to mystical societies and the initiation of candidates into spiritual arcana.

STORY OF THE FALLEN MASTER.

So now, when the foundation stone was laid,
The Lord called forth the Master, Baffometus,
And said to him, "Go and complete thy
temple!"

But in his heart the Master thought: "What
boots it

Building thee a temple?" and took the stones,
And built himself a dwelling; and what stones
Were left he gave for filthy gold and silver.

Now after forty moons the Lord returned,
And spake: "Where is thy temple, Baffo-
metus?"

The Master said: "I had to build myself
A dwelling; grant me other forty weeks."

And after forty weeks, the Lord returns,
And asks: "Where is thy temple, Baffometus?"

He said: "There were no stones (but he had
sold them

For filthy gold); "so wait yet forty days."

FRIEDRICH L. Z. WERNER.—

In forty days thereafter came the Lord,
And cried: "Where is thy temple, Baffo-
metus?"

Then like a millstone fell it on his soul,
How he for lucre had betrayed his Lord;
But yet to other sin the fiend did tempt him,
And he answered saying, "Give me forty
hours!"

And when the forty hours were gone, the Lord
Came down in wrath: "My temple, Baffometus?"
Then fell he, quaking, on his face, and cried
For mercy; but the Lord was wroth, and
said:

"Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies,
And those the stones I lent thee for my temple
Hast sold them for a purse of filthy gold,
Lo! I will cast thee forth, and with the
mammon

Will chastise thee, until a Saviour rise
Of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy tres-
pass."

Then did the Lord lift up the purse of gold;
And shook the gold into a melting-pot,
And set the melting-pot upon the sun,
So that the metal fused into a fluid mass.
And then he dipped a finger in the same,
And, straightway, touching Baffometus,
Anoints him on the chin and brow and cheeks.
Then was the face of Baffometus changed:
His eyeballs rolled like fire-flames;
His nose became a crooked vulture's-bill;
The tongue hung bloody from his throat; the
flesh

Went from his hollow cheeks; and of his hair
Grew snakes, and of the snakes grew Devil's-
horns.

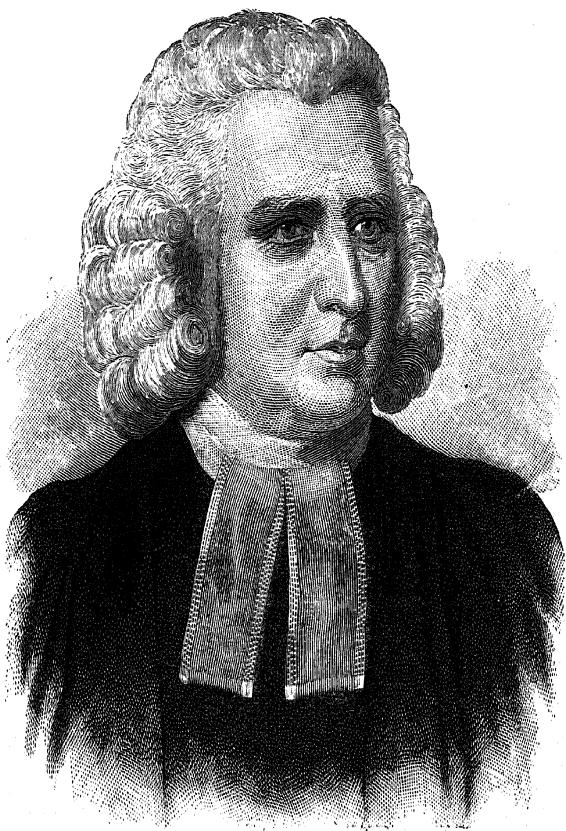
Again the Lord put forth his finger with the
gold,

And pressed it upon Baffometus' heart;
Whereby the heart did bleed and wither up,
And all his members bled and withered up,
And fell away, the one and then the other.
At last his back itself sunk into ashes:
The head alone continued gilt and living;

FRIEDRICH L. Z. WERNER.—

And instead of back, grew dragon's-talons,
Which destroyed all life from off the earth.
Then from the ground the Lord took up the
heart,
Which, as he touched it, also grew of gold,
And placed it on the brow of Baffometus ;
And of the other metal in the pot
He made for him a burning crown of gold,
And crushed it on his serpent-hair, so that
E'en to the bone and brain the circlet scorched
him ;
And round the neck he twisted golden chains
Which strangled him and pressed his breath
together.
What in the pot remained he poured upon the
ground,
Athwart, along, and there it formed a cross ;
The which he lifted and laid upon his neck,
And bent him that he could not raise his
head.
Two Deaths, moreover, he appointed warders
To guard him : Death of Life, and Death of
Hope.
The sword of the first he sees not, but it smites
him ;
The other's palm he sees, but it escapes him ;
So languishes the outcast Baffometus
Four thousand years and four and forty moons,
Till once a Saviour rise from his own seed,
Redeem his trespass, and deliver him.
This is the story of the Fallen Master.

The Templars in Cyprus.



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C. Wesley

CHARLES WESLEY.—

WESLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman and poet, born at Epworth in 1708 ; died in 1788. He was a younger brother of John Wesley, with whom he studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and with whom he went to Georgia in 1735, returning with him to England after about two years. He was an earnest collaborator with John Wesley in the so-called " Methodist " movement, was an eloquent preacher, and a voluminous writer on theological topics. Charles Wesley is distinctively known as the hymnist of the Methodists, and many of his hymns rank among the best in our language. From his mother he inherited a high musical genius, which he transmitted to his own children, two of whom—Samuel and Charles—became eminent composers.

JESUS, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE.

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do ;
On Thee—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind ;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear ;
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;

CHARLES WESLEY.—

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
I want a heart to pray—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suffering less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.
I want a true regard;
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE.

Eternal beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and heaven above—
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
Thankful I take the cup from Thee—
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

CHARLES WESLEY.—

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought begone ;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
Speak to my warring passions—" Peace !"
Say to my trembling heart—" Be still !"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.
O Death ! where is thy sting ? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave ?
Who shall contend with God ? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale
With milk and honey flow.
O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

CHARLES WESLEY.—

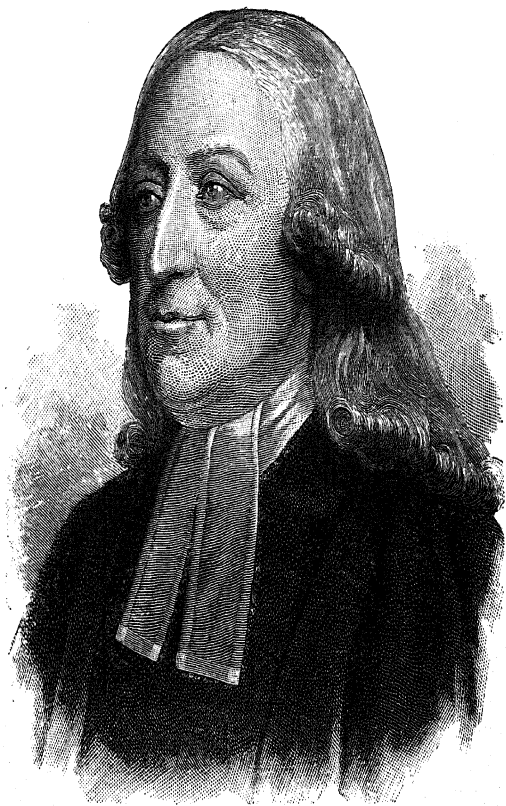
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.



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John Wesley

JOHN WESLEY.—

WESLEY, JOHN, founder of Methodism, an English divine, born at Epworth in 1703; died at London in 1791. His father, Samuel Wesley (1662–1735), for forty years Rector of Epworth was the author of several works, among which are a *Life of Christ* and a ponderous folio in Latin, of *Dissertations on the Book of Job*. His mother, Susannah Wesley (1669–1742), a woman of much talent and devoted piety, had a strong influence in the development of her seventeen children, several of whom attained considerable eminence. John Wesley, the fourth son, was placed, at the age of eleven, in the Charterhouse School at London. At sixteen he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, and at twenty-three was chosen a Fellow of Lincoln College, and soon afterward was made Master of Arts, and Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classes. At this period he is described as “a superior classical scholar, a thoughtful and polished writer, and a skilful logician.” He was admitted to deacon’s Orders in the Anglican Church in 1725, to priest’s Orders in 1728, and acted for some time as curate to his father, but was subsequently summoned back to his official duties at Oxford. While here John Wesley, his brother Charles, and several other students formed themselves into a club, for religious study, the members of which were jeeringly styled “Methodists,” on account of the strict mode of life which they adopted. This name has been adopted by the followers of Wesley in the United States, but in Great Britain they usually style themselves “Wesleyans.” In 1735 he was invited by General Oglethorpe to go out with him as missionary chaplain to his colony of Georgia. He remained here

JOHN WESLEY.—

more than two years, when he returned to England. In London he fell in with Peter Bohlen, a Moravian preacher, from whose discourse he became convinced of the possibility of a far higher state of religious life than he had ever known. Indeed, he considers himself to have been an “unconverted” man until May, 1748, when listening to the reading of Luther’s comments upon “justification by faith,” he “felt his heart strangely warmed,” by an altogether new religious feeling. He soon afterwards visited Herrnhut, the chief seat of the Moravians, in Germany, and on his return began what was to be the work of his life. He did not propose to separate himself from the Anglican Church; and never did formally leave it. He claimed it to be his right, and felt it to be his duty, to preach the gospel whenever and wherever he could find an audience—out of doors or indoors, and that no incumbent or bishop had a right to inhibit his ministrations within their respective parishes or dioceses.

The Bishop of Bristol having loftily announced that Wesley had “no business to preach within his diocese,” Wesley replied :

WESLEY, TO THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

My business on earth is to do what good I can; wherever, therefore, I think I can do most good, there I must stay, so long as I think so. At present I think I can do most good here; therefore here I stay. Being ordained a priest, by the authority I then received, I am a priest of the Church Universal; and being ordained Fellow of a College, I was not limited to any particular cure, but to have an indeterminate commission to preach the word of God in any part of the Church of England. I conceive not therefore that in preaching here by this commission I break any human law. When I

JOHN WESLEY.—

am convinced I do, then it will be time to ask, Shall I obey God or man? But should I be convinced in the meanwhile that I could advance the glory of God and the salvation of souls in another place more than in Bristol, in that hour, by God's help, I will go hence, which till then I may not do.

He was soon convinced upon this point. He had organized a church at Bristol as early as April, 1739. In July, 1740, he made a formal organization in London, and began his work as a minister without the supervision of the bishops of the Established Church. He indeed considered himself, in virtue of his ordination, as much a bishop of the Church as any other man, with as much authority to confer ordination as any other bishop. This ministry of his continued for fully fifty years, during which he travelled about 4,500 miles every year, generally preached two, three, or even four times a day, supervised all the details of his "bishopric," which comprehended all the British Islands; carried on an immense correspondence, and conducted a great publishing business, all the profits of which enured to his Society, which at his death numbered more than 120,000 enrolled members, besides which were at least four times as many regular attendants upon Wesleyan ministrations. He continued his active labors to the very close of his life; his last sermon being delivered only eight days before his death in his eighty-eighth year. He naturally extended his spiritual jurisdiction over the British colonies. This supervision was continued after the colonies in America had achieved their independence; and in 1784 he proceeded to organize the Methodists in the United States into a separate Episcopal

JOHN WESLEY.—

body, for whose use he compiled a liturgy, and ordained Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury as missionary bishops.

To Asbury, who had been for several years laboring in America, and to Coke, who was just to embark thither, Wesley addressed a formal statement of the reasons which had induced him to take this step.

WESLEY, TO THE METHODIST BISHOPS.

Lord King's *Account of the Primitive Church* convinced me many years ago that Bishops and Presbyters are the same Order, and consequently have the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned from time to time to exercise this right by ordaining a part of our travelling preachers. But I have still refused; not only for peace's sake, but because I was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the national Church to which I belong.

But the case is widely different between England and North America. Here there are Bishops who have a legal jurisdiction. In North America are none, neither any parish minister; so that for hundreds of miles together there is none either to baptize or administer the Lord's Supper. Here, therefore, my scruples are at an end; and I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no order, and invade no man's rights, by appointing and sending laborers into the harvest. . . .

If any one will point out a more rational and scriptural way of feeding and guiding these poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it. At present I cannot see any better method than that I have taken.

It has been indeed proposed to invite the English Bishops to ordain part of our preachers for America. But to this I object: (1) I desired the Bishop of London to ordain one, but could not prevail. (2) If they consented, we know the slowness of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay. (3) If they

JOHN WESLEY.—

would ordain them now, they would likewise expect to govern them. And how grievously would this entangle us ! (4) As our American brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty to follow the Scriptures and the Primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God hath so strangely made them free.

Viewed in the light of its results, this act of Wesley, performed at the age of four-score, was the most important of his life. From it resulted the form taken by the Methodist Church in America, which differs materially from that established by him in Great Britain, and has far outstripped it in numbers and efficiency.

Wesley discouraged the marriage of his preachers ; but at the age of fifty-four he himself was married to Mrs. Vazeille, the widow of a wealthy London merchant. The connection proved a most uncongenial one, and in a few years a formal separation took place. She survived this separation for twenty years ; he for thirty.—The *Life of Wesley* has been well written by Robert Southey (1820), and in very minute detail by the Rev. Luke Tyerman (1857).—The *Works* of Wesley are very numerous. They embrace sermons, essays, translations and abridgments, many of them designed for text-books in the schools of his societies. He also wrote many hymns, in part free translations from German hymnists. In theology he belonged to the Arminian as distinguished from the Calvinistic school. Of his dogmatic productions the most notable is his sermon on "Free Grace," from the text Rom. viii. 32. Several of

JOHN WESLEY.—

Wesley's associates, notably Whitefield, were extreme Calvinists, and to him the sermon was addressed upon its publication. At the close Wesley thus sums up his arraignment of the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination.

THE DOCTRINE OF PREDESTINATION.

Though you use softer words than some, you mean the selfsame thing: and God's decree concerning the Election of Grace, according to your account of it, amounts to neither more nor less than what others call "God's Decree of Reprobation." Call it therefore by what name you please—Election, Pretermission, Predestination, or Reprobation.—it comes in the end to the same thing. The sense of all is plainly this: By virtue of an eternal unchangeable, irresistible decree of God, one part of mankind are infallibly saved, and the rest infallibly damned; it being impossible that any of the former should be damned, or that any of the latter should be saved. . . .

This doctrine is full of blasphemy, for it represents our Blessed Lord as a hypocrite and dissembler, in saying one thing and meaning another; in pretending a love which he has not. It also represents the most holy God as more false, more cruel, and more unjust than the Devil; for in point of fact it says that God has condemned millions of souls to everlasting fire for continuing in sin, which, for want of grace He gives them not, they are unable to avoid. . . .

This is the blasphemy clearly contained in the horrible decree of Predestination. And here I fix my foot. On this I join issue with every assertor of it. You represent God as worse than the Devil. But you say you will prove it by Scripture. Hold! What will you prove by Scripture? That God is worse than the Devil? It cannot be. Whatever the Scripture proves, it can never prove this. Whatever its true meaning may be, this cannot

JOHN WESLEY.—

be its true meaning. Do you ask “What is its true meaning then?” If I say, “I know not,” you have gained nothing; for there are many Scriptures the true sense whereof neither you nor I shall know till death is swallowed up in victory.

DIVINE LOVE.

(*From the German of GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.*)

Thou hidden Love of God! whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Only I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The Sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove,
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee!
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more—but Christ in me—may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

O Love! thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;

JOHN WESLEY.—

Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may “Abba, Father,” cry.

Ah, no! ne’er will I backward turn
Thine, wholly thine, alone I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth’s toys, for Thee his constant flame.
Oh, help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
“I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!”
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.



STANLEY WEYMAN.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN—

WEYMAN, STANLEY J., an English novelist, born at Ludlow, Salop, in 1855. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1878 he was classical instructor in the King's School, Chester. read law and was admitted to the bar in 1881, and practiced until 1890. His first writings appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1883. Among his principal works are: *The House of the Wolf* (1890), *Francis Cludde* (1891), *The New Rector* (1891). *A Gentleman of France* (1893), *Under the Red Robe* (1894), *My Lady Rotha* (1894), *The Red Cockade* (1895), *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France* (1895).

THE ROAD TO PARIS.

I remember hearing Marshal Bassompierre, who, of all men within my knowledge, had the widest experience, say that not dangers, but discomforts, prove a man, and show what he is; and that the worst sores in life are caused by crumpled rose-leaves and not by thorns.

I am inclined to agree with this. For I remember that when I came from my room on the morning after the arrest, and found hall and parlor and passage empty, and all the common rooms of the house deserted, and no meal laid, and when I divined anew from this discovery the feeling of the house towards me,—however natural and to be expected,—I felt as sharp a pang as when, the night before, I had had to face discovery and open rage and scorn. I stood in the silent, empty parlor, and looked round me with a sense of desolation; of something lost and gone, which I could not replace. The morning was gray and cloudy, the air sharp; a shower was falling. The rose-bushes at the window swayed in the wind, and where I could remember the hot sunshine lying on the

floor and table, the rain beat in and stained the boards. The main door flapped and creaked to and fro. I thought of other days, and meals I had taken there, and of the scent of flowers, and I fled to the hall in despair.

But here, too, was no sign of life or company, no comfort, no attendance. The ashes of the logs, by whose blaze Mademoiselle had told me the secret, lay on the hearth white and cold; and now and then a drop of moisture, sliding down the great chimney, pattered among them. The great door stood open as if the house had no longer anything to guard. The only living thing to be seen was a hound which roamed about restlessly, now gazing at the empty hearth, now lying down with pricked ears and watchful eyes. Some leaves which had been blown in rustled in a corner.

I went out moodily into the garden, and wandered down one path, and up another, looking at the dripping woods and remembering things, until I came to the stone seat. On it, against the wall, trickling with rain-drops, and with a dead leaf half filling its narrow neck, stood the pitcher of food. I thought how much had happened since Mademoiselle took her hand off it and the sergeant's lantern disclosed it to me. And sighing grimly, I went in again through the parlor door.

A woman was on her knees, kindling the belated fire. I stood a moment, looking at her doubtfully, wondering how she would bear herself, and what she would say to me: and then she turned and I cried out her name in horror, for it was Madame.—*Under The Red Robe.*

RICHARD WHATELY.—

WHATELY, RICHARD, Archbishop of Dublin, and author, born in London in 1787; died in Dublin in 1863. He finished his studies at Oxford, and had a fellowship there, after which he was Rector of Halesworth in Suffolk, Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, and, in 1830, Professor of Political Economy. In 1831, he became Archbishop of Dublin. He did much to forward the cause of general education, and to promote liberal views in the English church. Among his numerous works are: *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* (1819), a burlesque aimed at the "destructive school" of criticism, *Essays on the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion* (1825), *Elements of Logic* (1826), *Elements of Rhetoric* (1828), *Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul* (1828), *Political Economy* (1831), *Introduction to the Study of St. Paul's Epistles* (1849), *English Synonyms* (1851), *Scripture Doctrine Concerning the Sacraments* (1857), *Lessons on Mind* (1859), *Lessons on the British Constitution* (1859), *Lectures on the Parables* (1860), *Lectures on Prayer* (1860), *Rise, Progress, and Corruption of Christianity* (1860), *Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews* (1861), *Remains* (1864).

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

Though Bacon dwelt on the importance of setting out from an accurate knowledge of facts, and on the absurdity of attempting to substitute the reasoning process for an investigation of nature, it would be a great mistake to imagine that he meant to disparage the reasoning process, or to substitute for skill and correctness in that, a mere accumulated knowledge of a multitude of facts. And any one would be far indeed from being a follower of Bacon who should despise logical accuracy, and trust to

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what is often called experience; meaning by that an extensive but crude and undigested observation. For, as books, though indispensably necessary for a student, are of no use to one who has not learned to read, though he distinctly sees black marks on white paper, so is all experience and acquaintance with facts unprofitable to one whose mind has not been trained to read rightly the volume of nature and of human transactions spread before him.

When complaints are made—often not altogether without reason—of the prevailing ignorance of facts, on such and such subjects, it will often be found that the parties censured, though possessing less knowledge than is desirable, yet possess more than they know what to do with. Their deficiency in arranging and applying their knowledge, in combining facts, and correctly deducing, and rightly employing, general principles, will be perhaps greater than their ignorance of facts. Now, to attempt remedying this defect by imparting to them additional knowledge—to confer the advantage of wider experience on those who have not skill in profiting by experience—is to attempt enlarging the prospect of a short-sighted man by bringing him to the top of a hill. Since he could not, on the plain, see distinctly the objects before him, the wider horizon from the hill-top is utterly lost on him. . . . If Bacon had lived in the present day, I am convinced he would have made his chief complaint against unmethodized inquiry, and careless and illogical reasoning.—*Lecture on Bacon's Essays.*

ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION.

You may hear plausible descriptions given of a supposed race of savages subsisting on wild fruits, herbs, and roots, and on the precarious supplies of hunting and fishing; and then, of the supposed process by which they emerged from this state, and gradually invented the various arts of life, till they became a decidedly civilized people. One man, it has been sup-

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posed, wishing to save himself the trouble of roaming through the woods in search of wild fruits and roots, would bethink himself of collecting the seeds of these, and cultivating them in a plot of ground cleared and broken up for the purpose. And finding that he could thus raise more than enough for himself, he might agree with some of his neighbors to exchange a part of his produce for some of the game or fish taken by them. Another man again, it has been supposed, would contrive to save himself the labor and uncertainty of hunting, by catching some kinds of wild animals alive, and keeping them in an enclosure to breed, that he might have a supply always at hand. And again others, it is supposed, might devote themselves to the occupation of dressing skins for clothing, or of building huts or canoes, or of making bows and arrows, or various kinds of tools; each exchanging his productions with his neighbors for food. And each, by devoting his attention to some one kind of manufacture, would acquire increased skill in that, and strike out new inventions. . .

Such descriptions as the above, of what it is supposed has actually taken place, or of what possibly might take place, are likely to appear plausible, at the first glance, to those who do not inquire carefully and reflect attentively. But, on examination, all these suppositions will be found to be completely at variance with all history, and inconsistent with the character of such beings as real savages actually are. Such a process of inventions and improvements as that just described is what we may safely say never did, and never possibly can, take place in any tribe of savages left wholly to themselves.

As for the ancient Germans, and the Britons and Gauls, all of whom we have pretty full accounts of in the works of Cæsar and Tacitus, they did indeed fall considerably short, in civilization, of the Greeks and Romans, who were accustomed to comprehend under one sweeping

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term of "barbarians" all nations but themselves. But it would be absurd to reckon as savages, nations which, according to the authors just mentioned, cultivated their land, kept cattle, employed horses in their wars, and made use of metals for their weapons and other instruments. A people so far advanced as that, would not be unlikely, under favorable circumstances, to advance further still, and to attain, step by step, to a high degree of civilization.

But as for savages properly so styled—that is, people sunk as low, or anything near as low, as many tribes that our voyagers have made us acquainted with—there is no one instance recorded of any of them rising into a civilized condition, or, indeed, rising at all, without instruction and assistance from a people already civilized. We have numerous accounts of various savage tribes, in different parts of the globe—in hot countries and in cold, in fertile and in barren, in maritime and in inland situations—who have been visited from time to time, at considerable intervals, by navigators, but have had no settled intercourse with civilized people; and all of them appear to have continued, from age to age, in the same rude condition. Of the savages of *Tierra del Fuego*, for instance, it is remarked by Mr. Darwin, the naturalist (who was in the "*Beagle*" on its second voyage of discovery) that they, "in one respect, resemble the brute animals, inasmuch as they make no improvements." As birds, for instance, which have an instinct for building nests, build them, each species, just as at first, after countless generations; so it is, says he, with this people. "Their canoe, which is their most skilful work of art—and a wretched canoe it is—is exactly the same as 250 years ago." The New Zealanders, again, whom Tasman first discovered in 1642, and who were visited for the second time by Cook, 127 years after, were found by him exactly in the same condition. And yet these last were very far from being in as low a state as the New Hollanders; for they cultivated the

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ground, raising crops of the Cumera (or sweet potato), and clothed themselves, not with skins, but with mats woven by themselves. . .

Then again, if we look at ancient historical records and traditions concerning nations that are reported to have risen from a savage to a civilized state, we find that in every instance they appear to have had the advantage of the instruction and example of civilized men living among them. They always have some tradition of some foreigner, or some Being from heaven, as having first taught them the arts of life. . . But there is no need to inquire, even if we could do so with any hope of success, what mixture there may be of truth and fable in any of these traditions. For our present purpose it is enough to have pointed out that they all agree in one thing, in representing civilization as having been introduced (whenever it *has* been introduced) not from *within*, but from *without*. . .

When you try to fancy yourself in the situation of a savage, it may perhaps occur to you that you would set your mind to work to contrive means for bettering your condition, and that you might hit upon such and such useful and very obvious contrivances; and hence you may be led to think it natural that savages should do so, and that some tribes of them may have advanced themselves in the way above described, without any external help. But what leads some persons to fancy this possible (though it appears to have never really occurred) is, that they themselves are *not* savages, but have some degree of mental cultivation, and some of the habits of thought of civilized men. And they imagine themselves merely destitute of the *knowledge* of some things which they actually know; but they cannot succeed in divesting themselves, in imagination, of the civilized *character*. And hence they form to themselves an incorrect notion of what a savage really is.—*Lecture on the Origin of Civilization.*

WILLIAM WHEWELL.—

WHEWELL, WILLIAM, an English educator and philosopher, born at Lancaster, in 1794; died at Cambridge in 1866. Of humble parentage, he was educated at Heversham School and at Trinity, Cambridge. From 1828 to 1832, he was Professor of Mineralogy, and from 1838 to 1855, of Moral Theology; from 1841 to his death, he was master of Trinity College. In the learned societies of Great Britain, he was active and distinguished; his wonderful variety and amount of knowledge were spoken of by Sir John Herschel as unsurpassed. His great works were a *History of the Inductive Sciences* (1837), and the *Philosophy* of the same (1840); other works were the *Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy and General Physics* (1833), *Architectural Notes on German Churches* (1835), *Principles of English University Education* (1837), *Liberal Education* (3 parts, 1845-52), *The Plurality of Worlds* (1853), *Elements of Morality* (1845), *Systematic Morality* (1846), *History of Moral Philosophy in England* (1852), *Platonic Dialogues* (1859-61), *Political Economy* (1863), *Translations from German verse, and English hexameters* (1847), besides numerous scientific papers, sermons, etc. A volume of his correspondence was printed in 1876.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

The copiousness with which properties, as to us it seems, merely ornamental, are diffused through the creation, may well excite our wonder. Almost all have felt, as it were, a perplexity chastened by the sense of beauty, when they have thought of the myriads of fair and gorgeous objects that exist and perish without any eye to witness their glories—the flowers that are born to blush unseen in the wilderness—the gems, so wondrously fashioned, that stud

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the untrodden caverns—the living things with adornments of yet richer workmanship that, solitary and unknown, glitter and die. Nor is science without food for such feelings. At every step she discloses things and laws pregnant with unobtrusive splendor. She has unravelled the web of light in which all things are involved, and has found its texture even more wonderful and exquisite than she could have thought. This she has done in our own days—and these admirable properties the sunbeams had borne about with them since light was created, contented, as it were, with their unseen glories. What, then, shall we say? These forms, these appearances of pervading beauty, though we know not their end and meaning, still touch all thoughtful minds with a sense of hidden delight, a still and grateful admiration. They come over our meditations like strains and snatches of a sweet and distant symphony—sweet indeed, but to us distant and broken, and overpowered by the din of more earthly perceptions—taught but at intervals—eluding our attempts to learn it as a whole, but ever and anon returning on our ears, and elevating our thoughts of the fabric of this world. We might, indeed, well believe that this harmony breathes not for us alone—that it has nearer listeners—more delighted auditors. But even in us it raises no unworthy thoughts—even in us it impresses a conviction, indestructible by harsher voices, that far beyond all that we can know and conceive, the universe is full of symmetry and order and beauty and life.

FACT AND THEORY.

The distinction between Theory (that is, true Theory) and Fact, is this: that in Theory the Ideas are considered as distinct from the Facts; in Facts, though Ideas may be involved, they are not, in our apprehension, separated from the sensations. In a fact, the ideas are applied so readily and familiarly, and incorporated with the sensations so entirely, that we do

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not see *them*, we see *through them*. . . . A person who, knowing the Fact of the earth's annual motion, refers it distinctly to its mechanical cause, conceives the sun's attraction as a Fact, just as he conceives as a Fact the action of the wind which turns the sails of a mill. He cannot see the force in either case; he supplies it out of his own ideas. And thus, a true Theory is a Fact; a Fact is a familiar Theory. That which is a Fact under one aspect, is a Theory under another. The more recondite Theories when firmly established are Facts; the simplest Facts involve something of the nature of a Theory. Theory and Fact correspond, in a certain degree, with Ideas and Sensations, as to the nature of their opposition. But the Facts are Facts, so far as the Ideas have been combined with the Sensations and absorbed in them; the Theories are Theories, so far as the Ideas are kept distinct from the Sensations, and so far as it is considered still a question whether those can be made to agree with these. . . .

Even in the case in which our perceptions appear to be most direct, and least to involve any interpretations of our own,—in the simple process of seeing,—who does not know how much we, by an act of the mind, add to that which our senses received? Does any one fancy that he sees a solid cube? It is easy to show that the solidity of the figure, the relative position of its faces and edges to each other, are inferences of the spectator; no more conveyed to his conviction by the eye alone, than they would be if he were looking at a painted representation of a cube. The scene of nature is a picture without depth of substance, no less than the scene of art; and in the one case as in the other, it is the mind which, by an act of its own, discovers that color and shape denote distance and solidity. Most men are unconscious of this perpetual habit of reading the language of the external world, and translating as they read. The draughtsman, indeed, is compelled,

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for his purposes, to return back in thought from the solid bodies which he has inferred, to the shapes of the surface which he really sees. He knows that there is a mask of theory over the whole face of nature, if it be *theory* to infer more than we *see*. But other men, unaware of this masquerade, hold it to be a fact that they see cubes and spheres, spacious apartments and winding avenues. And these things are facts to them, because they are unconscious of the mental operation by which they have penetrated nature's disguise.

And thus we have an intelligible distinction of Fact and Theory, if we consider Theory as a conscious, and Fact as an unconscious, inference, from the phenomena which are presented to our senses. . . .

The terms of this antithesis are often used in a vehement and peremptory manner. Thus we are often told that such a thing is *a Fact*; A FACT and not a Theory, with all the emphasis which, in speaking or writing, tone or italics or capitals can give. We see from what has been said, that when this is urged, before we can estimate the truth, or the value of the assertion, we must ask to whom is it a Fact? what habits of thought, what previous information, what Ideas does it imply, to conceive the Fact as a Fact? Does not the apprehension of the Fact imply assumptions which may with equal justice be called Theory, and which are perhaps false Theory?—in which case, the Fact is no Fact.—*History of Scientific Ideas.*

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.—

WHIPPLE, EDWIN PERCY, an American critic and essayist, born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1819 ; died at Boston in 1886. He was educated in the High School of Salem, and began to write for newspapers at the age of fourteen. From his fifteenth year, he lived in Boston, and at times was editorially connected with the *Globe* and the *Transcript*. His masterly critique on Macaulay made him known, and he soon entered on his career as a prominent lecturer throughout the United States. His published volumes are : *Essays and Reviews* (2 vols. 1848-9), *Literature and Life* (1849), *Character and Characteristic Men* (1866), *Success and its Conditions* (1870), *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1876), and, published after his death, *Recollections of Eminent Men* (1887), *American Literature and other Papers* (1887), *Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics* (1888). The following extract is from a severe review that enforces prime truths and exhibits the author's power of expression, but overlooks the value of Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words*, first in reminding one of a word *felt* in the memory, but not at the moment recalled, and, secondly in reminding one of synonyms that may be used when there is a tendency to the repetition of a word—uses that render the book a very desirable addition to handy volumes for occasional reference.

MISUSE OF WORDS.

It is supposed that the development and the discipline of thought are to be conducted apart from the development and discipline of the power of expressing thought. Fill your head with words, and when you get an idea fitted to them—this is the current mode, prolific in famished intellects and starveling expressions. Hence

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the prevailing lack of intellectual conscientiousness, or closeness of expression to the thing,—a palpable interval between them being revealed at the first probe of analysis. Words and things having thus no vital principle of union ; being, in fact, attached or tied together, they can be easily detached or unbound, and the expression accordingly bears but the similitude of life.

But it is honorable to human nature that men hate to write unless inspired to write. As soon as rhetoric becomes a mechanical exercise it becomes a joyless drudgery, and drudgery ends in a mental disgust which impairs even the power to drudge. There is consequently a continual tendency to rebel against commonplace, even among those engaged in its service. But the passage from this intellectual apathy to intellectual character commonly lies through intellectual anarchy. The literature of facts connected by truisms, and the literature of things connected by principles, are divided by a wide, chaotic domain, appropriated to the literature of desperation ; and generally the first token that a writer has become disgusted with the truisms of the understanding is his ostentatious parade of the paradoxes of sensibility. He begins to rave the moment he ceases to repeat.

Now the vital processes of thought and expression are processes of no single faculty or impulse, but of a whole nature, and mere sensibility, or mere understanding, or mere imagination, or mere will, can never of itself produce the effects of that collected, concentrated, personal power, in which will, intellect, and sensibility are all consolidated in one individuality. The utmost strain and stir of the impulses can but mimic strength, when they are disconnected from character. Passion, in the minds of the anarchists of letters, instead of being poured through the intellect to stimulate intelligence into power, frets and foams into mere passionateness. It does not condense the faculty in

which it inheres, but diffuses the faculty to which it coheres. It makes especial claim to force ; but the force of simple sensibility is a pretentious force, evincing no general might of nature, no innate, original, self-centered energy. It blusters furiously about its personal vigor, and lays a bullying emphasis on the "ME," but its self-assertion is without self-poise or self-might. The grand object of its tempestuous conceit is to make a little nature, split into fragmentary faculties and impulses, look like a great nature, stirred by strong passions, illumined by positive ideas, and directed to definite ends. And it must be admitted that, so far as the public is concerned, it often succeeds in the deception. Commonplace, though crazed into strange shapes by the *delirium tremens* of sensibility, and uttering itself in strange shrieks and screams, is essentially commonplace still, but it often passes for the fine frenzy and upward, rocket-like rush of impassioned imagination. The writer, therefore, who is enabled, by a felicitous deformity of nature, to indulge in it, contrives to make many sensible people guilty of the blasphemy of calling him a genius ; if he have the knack of rhyming, and can set to music his agonies of weakness and ecstasies of imbecility, he is puffed as a great poet, superior to all the restraints of artistic law ; and he is allowed to huddle together appetite and aspiration, earth and heaven, man and God, in a truculent fashion peculiarly his own. Hence such "popular" poems as Mr. Bailey's "Festus" and Mr. Robert Montgomery's "Satan."

The misuse of words in this literature of ungoverned or ungovernable sensibility has become so general as to threaten the validity of all definitions. The connection between sign and thing signified has been so severed that it resembles the logic of that eminent master of argumentation, of whom it was said "that his premises might be afflicted with the confluent small-pox without his conclusion being in any

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danger of catching it." Objects are distorted, relations disturbed, language put upon the rack to torment it into intensity, and the whole composition seems, like Tennyson's organ, to be "groaning for power," yet the result both of the mental and verbal bombast is simply a feverish feebleness, equally infecting thought and style. Big and passionate as are the words, and terrible as has been their execution in competent hands, they resolutely refuse to do the work of dunces and maniacs. The spirits are called, but they decline to come.

Yet this resounding emptiness of diction is not without popularity and influence, though its popularity has no deep roots, and its influence is shallow. Its superficial effectiveness is indicated, not more by the success of the passionate men who fall naturally into it, than by the success of the shrewd men who coldly imitate it. Thus Sheridan, who of all orators had the least sensibility and the most wit and cunning, adopted in many of his speeches a style as bloated as his own face, full of fustian deliberately manufactured, and rant betraying the most painful elaboration. Our own legislative eloquence is singularly rich in speeches whose diction is a happy compound of politic wrath and flimsy fancies, glowing with rage worthy of Counsellor Philip's philippics, and spangled with flowers that might have been gathered in the garden of Mr. Hervey's "Meditations." But we should do great injustice to these orators if we supposed them as foolish as they try to make themselves appear in their eloquence; and it is safe to impute more than ordinary reptile sagacity, and more than ordinary skill in party management, to those politicians who indulge in more than ordinary nonsense in their declamations. The incapacity to feel, which their bombast evinces, proves they are in no danger of being whirled into imprudences by the mad emotions they affect. Such oratory, however, has a brassy taint and ring inexpressibly dis-

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tasteful both to the physical and intellectual sense, and its deliberate hypocrisy of feeling is a sure sign of profligacy of mind.

It is only, however, when sensibility is genuine and predominant, that it produces that anarchy of the intellect in which the literature of desperation, as contrasted with the literature of inspiration, has its source. The chief characteristic of this literature is absence of restraint. Its law is lawlessness. It is developed according to no interior principle of growth; it adapts itself to no exterior principle of art. In view of this, it is somewhat singular that so large a portion of its products should be characterized by such essential mediocrity, since it might be supposed that an ordinary nature, disordered by passion, and unrestrained by law, with a brain made irritable, if not sensitive, by internal rage, would exhibit some hysteric bursts of genius. But a sharp inspection reveals, in a majority of cases, that it is the old commonplace galvanized. Its heat is not that of fire, but of hot water, and no fusing power is perceptible in its weltering expanse. . . .

Even in those writers in whom this sensibility is connected with some genius, and the elements of whose minds exhibit marks of spontaneous power, we are continually impressed with the impotence of anarchy to create, or combine, or portray. They never present the thing itself about which they rave, but only their feelings about the thing. They project into nature and life the same confusion of objects and relations which exists in their own minds, and stir without satisfying. That misrepresentation is a mental as well as moral offense, and that no intellect is sound unless it be conscientiously close to the truth of things, in perception and expression, are maxims which they scorn to allow as checks on their freedom of impulse. But with all their bluster, they cannot conceal the limitation of their natures in the impudence of their claims.—*Literature and Life.*

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.—

WHITCHER, FRANCES MIRIAM, an American author, born at Whitestown, N.Y., in 1811; died there in 1852. She was the daughter of Lewis Berry, was educated in village-schools, and in 1847 was married to the Rev. Benjamin W. Whitcher, pastor of a Protestant Episcopal Church at Elmira, N. Y., where she resided until 1850. She contributed to magazines and journals, and illustrated some of her works. Her writings were published collectively after her death. These are: *The Widow Bedott Papers*, with an Introduction by Alice B. Neal (1855); and *Widow Spriggins, Mary Elmer, and Other Sketches*, edited with a Memoir by Mrs. M. L. Ward Whitcher (1867).

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' by the fire, I was knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertickeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything uncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he ginerally called me "Silly," 'cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you; he had a sollem countenance naterally—and after he got

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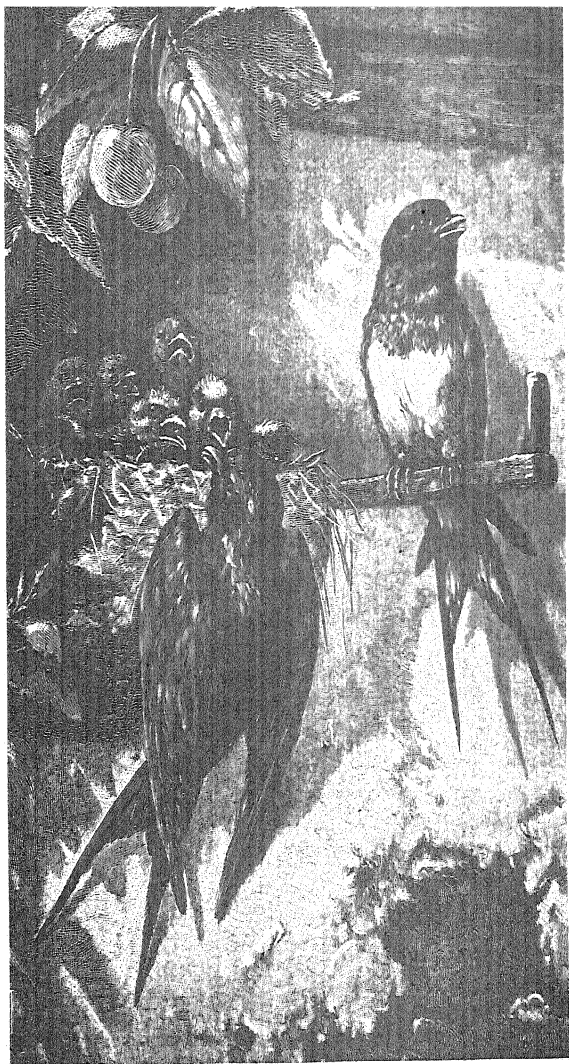
to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldn't wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why it is an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadn't seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married and for five or six year after I shouldn't desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out of health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes ! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him ! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold ! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes ! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round forever more, and never comin' to the pint.

Now there's Miss Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejustest individooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what my husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly;" says I, "What?" I didn't say "What, Hezekier?" for I didn't like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin. "Hezekier

Bedott," says I, "well, I would give up if I had sich a name;" but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you had this minute o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott. It's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly," I says, says I, "What?" If I didn't say "What," when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on saying "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay particular attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say, didn't know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldn't wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but *he* didn't. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one hoss slay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them ~~are~~ flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there husband was took with a dretful crick in his

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back. Now *that* was what I call a *perdickement*, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didn't. He only said, says he, "Consarn it." How did we get out, did you ask? Why we might a been sittin' there to this day fur as *I* know if there hadn't a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team end they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly," (I could see by the light o' the fire, there didn't happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company) I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was uncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all Poor critters!*"—*Widow Bedott Papers.*



THE HOUSE-MARTEN.

" . . . they soon become impatient of confinement,
and sit all day with their heads out."

Painting by G. Suess.

GILBERT WHITE.—

WHITE, GILBERT, an English clergyman and naturalist, born at Selborne, Hampshire, in 1720; died in 1793, at Oxford, where he had received his education, after his schooling at Basingstoke under the Rev. Thomas Warton. He was a Fellow of Oriel College, and was made one of the senior proctors of the university in 1752. He soon fixed his residence in his native village, where he passed a quiet life in study, especially in close observation of nature. His principal work, *The Natural History of Selborne* (1789; new "edition with notes by Frank Buckland," 1875), is a model of its kind, of enduring interest; it was soon translated into German. It deals with a great variety of phenomena that came under the author's notice, and is in the form of letters. Thomas Brown's edition (1875) contains *Observations on Various Parts of Nature* and *The Naturalist's Calendar*, first published after the author's death. In 1876, appeared a volume of White's unpublished letters.

THE HOUSE-MARTEN.

SELBORNE, *November 20, 1773.*

DEAR SIR,—In obedience to your injunctions, I sit down to give you some account of the house-marten, or marlet; and, if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the British *hirundines*,—the swallow, the swift, and the bank-marten.

A few house-martens begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the *hirundines* in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or

GILBERT WHITE.—

else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the marten begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws, to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall, without any projecting ledge under it, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and, thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but, by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (informed at first, perhaps, by this little bird), raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist, lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method, in about ten or twelve days, is formed an hemispheric nest, with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm, and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then, nothing is more common than for a house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labor is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as Nature seldom works in vain.

martens will breed on for several years together in the same nest, when it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell, or crust, of the nest is a sort of rustic work, full of knobs and protuberances on the outside ; nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all ; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers ; and sometimes by a bed of moss, interwoven with wool. . . .

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents ; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a sleight, that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions, before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood ; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering, on sunny mornings and evenings, round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August ; and, therefore, we may conclude, that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes altogether ; but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These, approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished ; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those that breed in a ready finished house get

GILBERT WHITE.—

the start, in hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labors in the long days before four in the morning: when they fix their materials, they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes, in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed, that martens usually build to a northeast or northwest aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests: but instances are also remembered where they bred for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifled inn-yard against a wall facing to the south.

Birds in general are wise in their choice of situation; but, in this neighborhood, every summer, is seen a strong proof to the contrary, at a house without eaves, in an exposed district, where sometimes martens build year by year in the corners of windows. But as the corners of these windows (which face to the southeast and southwest) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose, from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house. It is a piteous sight to see them laboring when half their nest is washed away, and bringing dirt "*generis lapsi sarcire ruinas.*" Thus is instinct a most wonderfully unequal faculty; in some instances so much above reason, in other respects so far below it! Martens love to frequent towers, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand; nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough, but even in the Strand and Fleet Street; but then it was obvious, from the dinginess of their aspect, that their feathers partook of the filth of that sooty atmosphere. Martens are by far the least agile of the four species; their wings and tails are short, and therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns, and quick glancing evolutions as the swallow. Accord-

ingly, they make use of a placid, easy motion, in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping along together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all swallow kind: in 1772, they had nestlings on to October twenty-first, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines, the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods: till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits of that river, where they roost. They retire, the bulk of them I mean, in vast flocks together, about the beginning of October; but have appeared of late years, in a considerable flight, in this neighborhood, for one day or two, as late as November the third or sixth, after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They, therefore, withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived, indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, or somewhere; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.
—*Natural History of Selborne.*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.—

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, an English poet, born at Nottingham in 1785; died at Cambridge in 1806. He was the son of a butcher, and assisted in his father's shop until the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver; but was soon afterwards placed in an attorney's office, where he applied his leisure hours to study, acquiring some knowledge of Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Before he was sixteen he had gained several prizes offered by periodicals, and in 1803 he put forth a small volume of poems, with the hope, he says that its publication would enable him "to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honorable station in the scale of society." A sizarship was obtained for him at St. John's College, Cambridge, and friends furnished funds sufficient for his maintenance while preparing himself for the Church. At the close of his first term he was pronounced to be the first man of his year. His health broke down under his severe studies, and he died soon after entering upon his twenty-second year. His *Remains* were edited by Southey, with a touching *Memoir*, and a memorial tablet, with a medallion portrait by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints Church, Cambridge. Kirke White's poems were, with the exception of a few stanzas, written before his twentieth year, and previous to his entering the University. *Clifton Grove*, the longest of his poems, is somewhat after the manner of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. He left uncompleted a more ambitious effort.—*The Christian*.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.—

One star alone, of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks :
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned ; and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose :
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds !

Thee, when young Spring first questioned
Winter's sway
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark the victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the
storm
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk of life
She rears her head
Obscure and unobserved

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.—

While every bleaching breeze that on her
blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

THE OMNIPRESENT.

What art thou, Mighty One? and where thy
seat?

Thou broadest on the calm that cheers the
lands,

And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleets;
Stern on the dark-wrought car of cloud and
wind,

Thou guidest the northern storm of night's
dead noon,

Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturbest the sleeping giant of the Ind.

In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude

Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought, the confines of his throne to
trace,

Who glows through all the fields of bound-
less space.

TIME.

Time moveth not; our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages, and revolving years,
Ordained to chronicle our passing days.
So the young sailor, in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eye, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.—

WHITE, RICHARD GRANT, an American author, born at New York in 1821; died there in 1885. He graduated at the University of the City of New York; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. But he previously had turned his attention to literature, and never entered upon legal practice. Before he had reached his majority he published anonymously a fine sonnet upon Washington, which came to be attributed to more than one poet of note—among whom were Wordsworth and Landor. Without being ostensibly the editor of any periodical, he was editorially connected with several newspapers and magazines. For more than twenty years, ending in 1878—he held positions in the United States revenue service at New York. His works, while covering a wide range of topics, relate mainly to general philology, and especially to Shakspeare and his writings. His most important works are: *Handbook of Christian Art* (1853), *Shakspeare's Scholar* (1854), *Three Parts of Henry VI.* (1859), *National Hymns* (1861), *Life and Genius of Shakspeare* (1865), *The New Gospel of Peace* (1866), *Words and their Uses*, (1870), *England Without and Within* (1881), *The Fate of Mansfield Humphrey*, a novel (1884), *Studies in Shakspeare* (1885).

WASHINGTON : PATER PATRIÆ.

High over all whom might or mind made great
Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder
hearts,
Exalted not by politicians' arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master Fate
And skill to rule a young divided state,
Greater by what was not than what was done,
Alone on History's height stands Wash-
ington ;

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.—

And teeming Time shall not bring forth his
mate.

For only he, of men, on earth was sent
In all the might of mind's integrity ;
Ne'er as in him truth, strength, and wisdom
blent ;

And that his glory might eternal be,
A boundless country is his monument,
A mighty nation his posterity.

SHAKSPEARE'S CREATIVE GENIUS.

Shakspeare used the skeletons of former life that had drifted down to him upon the stream of time, and were cast at his feet a heap of mere dead matter. But he clothed them with flesh and blood, and breathed into their nostrils ; and they lived and moved with a life that was individual and self-existent after he had once thrown it off from his own exuberant intellectual vitality. He made his plays no galleries of portraits of his contemporaries, carefully seeking his models through the social scale, from king to beggar. His teeming brain bred lowlier beggars and kinglier kings than all Europe could have furnished as subjects for his portraiture. He found in his own consciousness ideals, the like of which, for beauty or deformity, neither he nor any other man had ever looked upon. In his heart were the motives, the passions of all humanity ; in his mind the capability, if not the actuality, of all human thought. Nature in forming him, alone of all the poets, had laid that touch upon his soul which enabled him to live at will throughout all time, among all peoples.

Capable thus, in his complete and symmetrical nature, of feeling with and thinking for all mankind, he found in an isolated and momentary phase of his own existence, the law which governed the life of those to whom that single phase was their whole sphere. From the germ within himself he produced the perfect individual, as it had been or might have been developed. The eternal laws of human life were his servants by

his heaven-bestowed prerogative, and he was yet their instrument. Conformed to them because instinct with them, obedient to yet swaying them, he used their subtle and unerring powers to work out from seemingly trivial and independent truths the vast problems of humanity; and standing ever within the limits of his own experience, he read and reproduced the inner life of those on the loftiest heights or in the lowest depths of being, with the certainty of the physiologist who from the study of his own organization re-creates the monsters of the ante-human world, or of the astronomer who, not moving from his narrow study, announced the place, form, movement, and condition of a planet then hid from earthly eyes in the abyss of space.

Shakespeare thus suffered not even a temporary absorption of his personages; he lost not the least consciousness of selfhood, or the creator's power over the clay he was moulding. He was at no time a murderer in his heart because he drew Macbeth, or mad because he made King Lear. We see that, although he thinks with the brain and feels with the soul of each of his personages by turns, he has the power of deliberate introspection during this strange metempsychosis, and of standing outside of his transmuted self, and regarding these forms which his mind takes on as we do; in a word, of being at the same time actor and spectator.—*Life and Genius of Shakspeare.*

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.—

WHITEFIELD, GEORGE, an English clergyman, born at Gloucester, England, in 1714; died at Newburyport, Mass., in 1770. At an early age, he was given to fasting and to composing sermons. While in college at Oxford, he was a friend of Charles Wesley and one of the club called Methodists from their religious habits. He was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester in 1736, preached with great effect, and the next year visited America. Returning to England, he went about holding outdoor meetings and gathering immense crowds. He made seven voyages to America, preaching throughout the colonies with such power that he was called "the wonder of the age;" as many as 20,000 people, it is said, listened to him on Boston Common. His few extant sermons, given extempore and afterwards written out by himself, "contain" he prefaced, "the sum and substance," on which, "according to the freedom and assistance given from above," he had enlarged. Aside from their earnest spirit, they do not seem remarkable, in cold type. In doctrine he was Calvinistic; in charity abundant, as witnessed by his zeal in establishing an orphan asylum at Savannah, Georgia. A collection of his sermons, tracts, and letters was published in six volumes, London, 1771; and his journals were printed some years before his death. The following extract is from a volume of fifteen sermons (1740).

CHRIST OUR REDEMPTION.

The glories of the upper world crowd in so fast upon my soul, that I am lost in the contemplation of them. Brethren, the redemption spoken of is unutterable; we cannot here find it out—eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor

has it entered into the hearts of the most holy men living, to conceive how great it is. Was I to entertain you whole ages with an account of it, when you come to heaven, you must say with Sheba, Not half, no, not one thousandth part was told us. All we can do here, is to go to Mount Pisgah, and by the eye of faith, take a distant view of the promised land.—We may see it, as Abraham did Christ, afar off, and rejoice in it, but here we only know in part. Blessed be God, there is a time coming, when we shall know God, even as we are known, and God will be all in all. “Lord Jesus, accomplish the number of thine elect! Lord Jesus, hasten thy kingdom.”

And now, where are the scoffers of these last days, who count the lives of Christians madness, and their end to be without honor? Were your eyes open, and your senses to discern spiritual things, you would not speak all manner of evil against the children of God, but you would esteem them the excellent ones of the earth, and envy their happiness; your souls would hunger and thirst after it—you also would become fools for Christ’s sake. You boast of wisdom; so did the philosophers of Corinth; but your wisdom is the foolishness of folly in the sight of God. What does your wisdom avail you, if it does not make you wise unto salvation? Can you, with all your wisdom, propose a more consistent scheme to build your salvation on, than what has been laid down before you? Can you with all the strength of natural reason, find out a better way of acceptance with God, than by the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ? Is it right to think your own works can in any measure deserve or procure it? If not, why will you not believe in him? Why will you not submit to his righteousness? Can you deny that you are fallen creatures? Do you not find that you are full of disorders, and that these disorders make you unhappy? Do you not find that you cannot change your own hearts? Have you not re-

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.—

solved many and many a time, and have not your corruptions yet dominion over you? Are you not bond-slaves to your lusts, and led captive by the devil at his will? Why then will you not come to Christ for sanctification? Do you not desire to die the death of the righteous, and that your future state may be like theirs? I am persuaded you cannot bear the thoughts of being annihilated, much less of being miserable forever. Whatever you may pretend, if you speak truth, you must confess, that conscience breaks in upon you in your more sober intervals whether you will or not, and even constrains you to believe that hell is no painted fire. And why then will you not come to Christ? He alone can procure you everlasting redemption. Haste, haste away to him, poor beguiled sinners. You lack wisdom, ask it of Christ; who knows but he may give it you? He is able. For he is the wisdom of the Father. He is that wisdom which was from everlasting; you have no righteousness; away to Christ; he is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. You are unholy, fly to the Lord Jesus; he is full of grace and truth, and of his fulness all may receive that believe in him. You are afraid to die, let this drive you to Christ; he has the keys of death and hell. In him is plenteous redemption; he alone can open the door which leads to everlasting life. Let not the deceived reasoner boast any longer of his pretended reason. Whatever you may think, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world, not to believe on Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent. Why, why will you die? Why will you not come unto him, that you may have life? Oh, every one that thirsteth, come unto the waters of life and drink freely. Come, buy without money and without price. Were these blessed privileges in the text to be purchased by money, you might say, we are poor and cannot buy. Or if they were to be conferred only on sinners of such a rank or degree, then you might say, how can such sinners as we expect

to be so highly favored? But they are to be freely given of God to the worst of sinners—to us, says the apostle—to me a persecutor to you Corinthians, who were unclean, drunkards, covetous persons, idolaters. Therefore each poor sinner may say then, Why not unto me? Has Christ but one blessing? What if he has blessed millions, by turning them away from their iniquities? yet he still continues the same. He lives forever to make intercession, and therefore will bless you, even you also, though Esau-like, you have been profane, and hitherto despised your heavenly Father's birthright. Even now, if you believe, Christ will be made unto you of God, *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

But I must turn again to believers, for whose instruction, as I observed before, this discourse was particularly intended. You see, brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, what great blessings are treasured up for you in Jesus Christ your Head, and what you are entitled to by believing on his name; take heed, therefore, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. Think often how highly you are favored, and remember you have not chosen Christ, but Christ hath chosen you. Put on (as the elect of God) humbleness of mind, and glory, but oh, let it be only in the Lord. For you have nothing but what you have received of God; by nature you were as foolish, as legal, as unholy, and in as damnable a condition as others; be pitiful therefore, be courteous, and as sanctification is a progressive work, beware of thinking you have already attained. Let him that is holy, be holy still, knowing that he who is most pure in heart, shall hereafter enjoy the clearest vision of God. Let indwelling sin be your daily burden, and not only bewail and lament, but see that you subdue it daily by the power of divine grace, and look up to Jesus continually to be the Finisher as well as the Author of your faith.—*Sermon on I. Cor. i. 30.*

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.—

WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN, an American poet, born at Providence, R. I., in 1803; died there in 1878. She was the daughter of Nicholas Power, and in 1828 was married to John W. Whitman, a lawyer of Boston. He died in 1833, and in 1848 she was betrothed to Edgar Allan Poe, but the engagement was broken off on the eve of their intended marriage. Mrs. Whitman published a book entitled *Edgar Poe and his Critics* (1860). Two collections of her poems have been published, *Hours of Life, and Other Poems* (1843), and *Poems* (1870).

A NIGHT IN AUGUST.

How softly comes the summer wind
At evening o'er the hill,
Forever murmuring of thee
When the busy crowds are still;
The way-side flowers seem to guess
And whisper of my happiness.

The jasmine twines her snowy stars
Into a fairer wreath;
The lily lifts her proud tiars
More royally beneath;
The snow-drop with her fairy bells,
In silver time, the story tells.

Through all the dusk and dewy hours,
The banded stars above
Are singing, in their airy towers
The melodies of love;
And clouds of shadowy silver fly
All night like doves athwart the sky.

Fair Dian lulls the throbbing stars
Into Elysian dreams;
And, rippling through my latticed bars,
Her brooding glory streams
Around me, like the golden shower
That reigned through Danaë's guarded tower.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.—

And when the waning moon doth glide
 Into the valleys gray ;
When, like the music of a dream
 The night-wind dies away ;
When all the way-side flowers have furled
Their wings with morning dews impearled,
A low, bewildering melody
 Seems murmuring in my ear,—
Tones such as in the twilight wood
 The aspen thrills to hear,
When Faunus slumbers on the hill,
And all the entranced boughs are still.

THE OLD MIRROR.

Of I see at twilight,
 In the hollow gloom
Of the dim old mirror,
 Phantasmal faces loom :
Noble antique faces,
 Sad as with the weight
Of some ancient sorrow
 Some ancestral fate :
Little rose-lipped faces
 Locks of golden shine,
Laughing eyes of childhood
 Looking into mine :
Sweet auroral faces,
 Like the morning's bloom ;
Ah, how long and long ago
 Shrouded for the tomb !
In a bridal chamber
 Once the mirror hung ;
Draperies of Indian looms
 Over it were flung.
From its gilded sconces,
 Fretted now with mold,
Waxen tapers glimmered
 On carcanets of gold.
Perfumes of the summer night
 Were through the lattice blown,
Scents of briar-roses
 And meadows newly mown.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.—

The mirror then looked eastward
And caught the morning bloom,
And flooded with its rosy gold
The dream-light of the room.

To-night 'tis looking westward
Toward the sunset wall;
The wintry day is waning,
The dead leaves drift and fall.

All about the hearth-stone
The whitening ashes blow,
The wind is wailing an old song
Heard long and long ago.

Like the dead leaves drifting
Through the wintry air,
Like white ashes sifting
O'er the hearth-stone bare.

Sad ancestral faces,
Wan as moon-lit snow
Haunt the dim old mirror
That knew them long ago.



WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN.—

WHITMAN, WALT, an American poet, born on Long Island, in 1819; died 1892. He was educated at the public schools of Brooklyn and New York, and subsequently followed various occupations; among which were those of printer, teacher, carpenter, and journalist, making in the meantime extended tours in the United States and Canada. During the greater part of the civil war he served as a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals; and at its close was appointed a Government clerk at Washington. In 1873 he had a severe paralytic attack. This was followed by others, which crippled him physically, and he took up his residence at Camden, N. J. His first notable work, *Leaves of Grass*, was published in 1855. It was subsequently much enlarged by successive additions, up to 1881, when he pronounced it "now finished to the end of its opportunities and powers." Besides this, he wrote many poems for periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes, among which are: *Drum-Taps* (1865), *Two Rivulets* (1873), *Specimen Days and Collect* (1883), *November Boughs* (1885), *Sands at Seventy* (1888), *Good-bye, My Fancy* (1891), and *Autobiographia* (1892), his personal history gleaned from his prose writings. He also put forth in 1870 a volume of prose essays, entitled *Democratic Vistas*, which was republished in 1888, with a new Preface. His *Complete Poems and Prose* appeared in one volume in the same year. Mr. Whitman's poems are marked by numerous idiosyncrasies in regard to the choice of topics, and to rhythmical form, which have furnished occasion for much criticism, favorable and unfavorable.

WALT WHITMAN.—

IN ALL, MYSELF.

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of
the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the
pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft upon myself, the latter I trans-
late into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the
man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be
a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the
mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about
enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the
President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there
everyone, and still pass on.
I am he that walks with the tender and grow-
ing night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the
night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close
magnetic nourishing night!
Night of South winds—night of the large few
stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer
night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the moun-
tains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just
tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of
the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and
clearer for my sake!

WALT WHITMAN.—

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-
blossom'd earth !
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore
to you I give love !
O unspeakable passionate love.

THE PÆAN OF JOY.

Now, trumpeter ! for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet ;
Sing to my soul !—renew its languishing faith
and hope ;
Rouse up my slow belief—give me some vision
of the future ;
Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.
O glad, exulting, culminating song !
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes !
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the
conqueror at last !
Hymns to the universal God from universal
Man—all joy !
A re-born race appears—a perfect world—all
joy !
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and
health—all joy !
Riotous laughing bacchanals, filled with joy !
War, sorrowing, suffering gone—the rank earth
purged—nothing but joy left !
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all
joy !
Joy ! joy ! in freedom, worship, love ! Joy in
the ecstasy of life !
Enough to merely be ! Enough to breathe !
Joy ! joy ! all over joy !

THE REALITIES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Great is Life, real and mystical, wherever and
whoever—
Great is Death :—sure as Life holds all parts to-
gether, Death holds all parts together ;
Death has just as much purpose as Life has :
Do you enjoy what Life confers ?
You shall enjoy what Death confers.

WALT WHITMAN.—

I do not understand the realities of Death, but
I know that they are great:
I do not understand the least reality of Life—
how then can I understand the realities
of Death?

UPON DEATH.

O Death!
Oh, the beautiful touch of Death, soothing and
benumbing a few moments, for reasons!
Oh, that of myself, discharging my excrementitious
body, to be burned, or reduced to
powder, or buried,
My real body doubtless left to me for other
spheres,
My voided body, nothing more to me, returning
to the purifications, further offices, eternal
uses of the earth!

IMMORTALITY.

Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom
the earth is solid and liquid;
You are he or she for whom the sun and the
moon hang in the sky;
For none more than you are the present and
the past;
For none more than you is immortality!
Each man to himself, and each woman to her-
self, is the word of the past and present,
and the word of immortality:
No one can acquire for another—not one!
No one can grow for another—not one!

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I
hear,
Those of mechanics singing his as it should be,
blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his
plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for
work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in
his boat, the deck hand singing on the
steamboat deck,

WALT WHITMAN.—

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench,
the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his
way in the morning, or at noon intermission
or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the
young wife at work, or of the girl sewing
or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and
to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the
party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with melodious mouths their strong
melodious songs.

OLD IRELAND.

Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrowful
mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd seated on
the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round
her shoulders,
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her
shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth most full of sorrow because
most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold
ground, with forehead between your knees,
O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white
hair so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that
grave.
It was an illusion, the son you love was not
really dead,
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again, young
and strong, in another country,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from
the grave.
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

WALT WHITMAN.—

YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE, AND NIGHT.

Youth, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace,
force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come after you
with equal grace, force, fascination?
Day full-blown and splendid—day of the im-
mense sun, action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close with millions of suns,
and sleep and restoring darkness.

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL.

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any
path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips nor eyes
are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that in-
accessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds
bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!)
them to fulfill, O soul.

WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes
wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current
flowing, forever flowing,
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless
waters of human tears?)
I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,

WALT WHITMAN.—

Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling
and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off
star,
Appearing and disappearing.
(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth;
On the frontiers, to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over).

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD.

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascend-
ed'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled
thee).
Now a blue point, far, far in beaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch
thee,
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating
vast).
Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the
shore with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy and
serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.
Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all
wings,)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and
hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through
space's realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn Amer-
ica,
That sport'st amid the lighting-flash and thun-
der-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my
soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

WALT WHITMAN.—

TO THOSE WHO'VE FAIL'D.

To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast,
To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers—to over-ardent
travelers—to pilots on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition— I'd rear a laurel-cover'd monument,
High, high above the rest—To all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

DIRGE FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up,—for you the flag is flung,—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths,—for you the shore a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;

WALT WHITMAN.—

But the ship, the ship is anchored safe, its
voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with
object won.

Exult, O shore, and ring, O bells!
But I with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at length I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy!

HEROIC DEATHS.

The final use of the greatest men of a Nation is, after all, not with reference to their deeds in themselves, or their direct bearing on their times or lands. The final use of a heroic-eminent life—especially of a heroic-eminent death—is its indirect filtering into the nation and the race, and to give, often at many removes, but unerringly, age after age, color and fibre to the personalism of the youth and maturity of that age, and of mankind. Then there is a cement to the whole people, subtler, more underlying than anything in written constitution, or courts or armies—namely, the cement of a death identified thoroughly with that people, at its head, and for its sake. Strange, (is it not?) that battles, martyrs, agonies, blood, even assassination, should so condense—perhaps only really, lastingly condense—a Nationality.

I repeat it—the grand deaths of the race—the dramatic deaths of every nationality—are its most important inheritance value—in some respects beyond its literature and art—(as the hero is beyond his finest portrait, and the battle itself beyond its choicest song or epic).—*The Death of Abraham Lincoln.*

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.—

WHITNEY, ADELINE DUTTON TRAIN, an American author, born at Boston, Mass., in 1824. After receiving her education in Boston, she was married to Seth D. Whitney in 1843. She has contributed to magazines, and is the author of *Footsteps on the Seas*, a poem (1857), *Mother Goose for Grown Folks* (1860; revised ed., 1882), *Boys at Chequasset* (1862), *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* (1863), *The Gayworthys* (1865), *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life* (1866), *Patience Strong's Outings* (1868), *Hitherto* (1869), *We Girls* (1870), *Real Folks* (1871), *Pansies*, poems (1872), *The Other Girls* (1873), *Sights and Insights* (1876), *Just How: a Key to the Cook Books* (1878), *Odd or Even* (1880), *Bonnyborough* (1885), *Homespun Yarns* (1886), *Holly-Tides* (1886), *Daffodils* (1887), *Bird Talk* (1887), *Ascutney Street* (1890) *A Golden Gossip* (1892), *White Memories: Three Poems* (1893).

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own:
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night.
Thy greater heaven hath grander light.
To-day is close; the hours are small,
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

Pansies.

A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every
year,
When the spring winds blows o'er the pleasant
places.
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

the fire. Some went off into corners. Some glowed beautiful, and some burned black, and some got covered up with ashes.

Barbara's pair were ominously still for a time, when all at once the larger gave a sort of unwilling lurch, without popping, and rolled off a little way, right toward the blaze.

"Gone to a warmer climate," whispered Leslie, like a tease. And then crack! the warmer climate, or something else, sent it back again, with a real bound, just as Barbara's gave a gentle little snap, and they both dropped quietly down against the fender together. . .

Who would be bold enough to try the looking-glass? To go out alone with it into the dark field, walking backwards, saying the rhyme to the stars which if there had been a moon ought by right to have been said to her:—

"Round and round, O stars so fair!
Ye travel, and search out everywhere.
I pray you, sweet stars, now show to me,
This night, who my future husband shall be!"

Somehow, we put it upon Leslie. She was the oldest; we made that the reason.

"I wouldn't do it for anything!" said Sarah Hobart. "I heard of a girl who tried it once, and saw a shroud!"

But Leslie was full of fun that evening, and ready to do anything. She took the little mirror that Ruth brought her from upstairs, put on a shawl, and we all went to the front door with her, to see her off.

"Round the piazza, and down the bank," said Barbara, "and backward all the way."

So Leslie backed out of the door, and we shut it upon her. The instant after, we heard a great laugh. Off the piazza, she had stepped backward against two gentlemen coming in. Doctor Ingleside was one, coming to get his supper; the other was a friend of his, just arrived in Z—"Doctor John Hautayne," he said, introducing him by his full name.—

We Girls: a Home Story.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.—

WHITNEY, WILLIAM DWIGHT, an American philologist and author, born at Northampton, Mass., in 1827. Died at New Haven, Conn., June 7, 1894. He was graduated at Williams College in 1845, and studied three years in Germany. Since 1854, he has been professor of Sanskrit and comparative philology in Yale College. As a Sanskrit scholar he has a European reputation. His numerous learned papers and books, especially on the Vedas, need not be named here. Many of the papers are included in *Oriental and Linguistic Studies*, three series (1872-5). Some of his metrical translations of the Vedas occur in these. Other works by him are: *Language and the Study of Language* (1867), *On the Material and Form in Language* (1872), *Darwinism and Language* (1874), *Life and Growth of Language* (1875), *Logical Consistency in Views of Language* (1880), *Mixture in Language* (1881), *French Grammar* (1886), and *Max Müller's Science of Language* (1893). His text-books, Sanskrit, German, French, and English, are well known. He was the editor-in-chief of the *Century Dictionary*.

THE ZOROASTRIAN RELIGION.

By the testimony of its own scriptures [the Avesta], the Iranian religion is with the fullest right styled the Zoroastrian: Zoroaster is acknowledged as its founder throughout the whole of the sacred writings; these are hardly more than a record of the revelations claimed to have been made to him by the supreme divinity. It is not, then, a religion which has grown up in the mind of a whole people, as the expression of their conceptions of things supernatural; it has received its form in the mind of an individual; it has been inculcated and taught by a single sage and thinker. Yet such a religion is not wont to be an entirely new creation.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.—

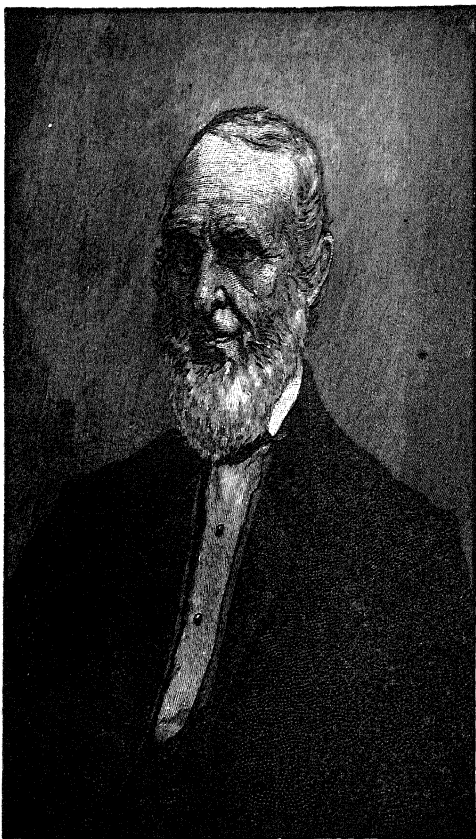
We are able, by the aid of the Indian Veda, to trace out with some distinctness the form of the original Aryan faith, held before the separation of the Indian and Persian nations. It was an almost pure nature-religion, a worship of the powers conceived to be the producers of all the various phenomena of the sensible creation; and, of course, a polytheism, as must be the first religion of any people who without higher light are striving to solve for themselves the problem of the universe. But even in the earliest Vedic religion appears a tendency towards an ethical and monotheistic development, evidenced especially by the lofty and ennobling attributes and authority ascribed to the god Varuna: and this tendency, afterwards unfortunately checked and rendered inoperative in the Indian branch of the race, seems to have gone on in Persia to an entire transformation of the natural religion into an ethical, of the polytheism into a monotheism; a transformation effected especially by the teachings of the religious reformer Zoroaster. It is far from improbable that Varuna himself is the god out of whom the Iranians made their supreme divinity: the ancient name, however, appears nowhere in their religious records; they have given him a new title, *Ahura-Mazdâ*, "Spiritual Mighty-one," or "Wise-one" (*Aura-Mazda* of the Inscriptions; *Oromasdes* and *Ormuzd* of the classics and modern Persians). The name itself indicates the origin of the conception to which it is given; a popular religion does not so entitle its creations, if indeed it brings forth any of so elevated and spiritual a character. *Ahura-Mazdâ* is a purely spiritual conception; he is clothed with no external form or human attributes; he is the creator and ruler of the universe, the author of all good; he is the only being to whom the name of God can with propriety be applied in the Iranian religion. Other beings, of subordinate rank and inferior dignity, are in some measure associated with him in the exercise of his authority;

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such are Mithra, an ancient sun-god, the almost inseparable companion of Varuna in the Vedic invocations, and the seven Amshaspands (*Amesha-Çpenta*, "Immortal Holy-ones"), whose identity with the Adityas of the Veda has been conjectured; they appear here, however, with new titles, expressive of moral attributes. The other gods of the original Aryan faith, although they have retained their ancient name of *daeva* (Sanskrit *deva*), have lost their individuality and dignity, and have been degraded into the demons. . . . At their head, and the chief embodiment of the spirit which inspires them, is *Angura-Mainyus* (*Arimanius*, *Ahri-man*), the "Sinful-minded," or "Malevolent"; his name is one given him as antithesis to the frequent epithet of Ahura-Mazdâ, *Çpento-Mainyus*, "holy-minded," or "benevolent." This side of the religion came to receive, however, a peculiar development, which finally converted the religion itself into dualism. Such was not its character at the period represented by the Avesta; then the demons were simply the embodiment of whatever evil influences existed in the universe, of all that man has to hate, and fear, and seek protection against. This was the Persian or Zoroastrian solution of the great problem of the origin of evil. There was wickedness, impurity, unhappiness, in the world; but this could not be the work of the holy and benevolent Creator Ahura-Mazdâ; the malevolence of Angura-Mainyus and his infernal legions must have produced it. Later, however, a reasoning and systematizing philosophy inquires: how came there to be such a malevolent being in the fair world of a benevolent Creator? can he have been produced by him? and why, if an inferior and subject power, is he not annihilated, or his power to harm taken away? and then arises the doctrine that the powers of good and of evil are independent and equal, ever warring with one another, neither able wholly to subdue its adversary. This latter phase of belief is known to have appeared

very early in the history of the Zoroastrian religion; the philosophers aided in its development by setting up an undefined being, *Zervanakerene*, "time unbounded," from which were made to originate the two hostile principles, and for which they sought to find a place among the original tenets of their religion by a misinterpretation of certain passages in the sacred texts.

Such being the constitution of the universe, such the powers by which it was governed, the revelation was made by the benevolent Creator to his chosen servant for the purpose of instructing mankind with reference to their condition, and of teaching them how to aid the good, how to avoid and overcome the evil. The general features of the method by which this end was to be attained are worthy of all praise and approval. It was by sedulously maintaining purity, in thought, word, and deed; by truthfulness, temperance, chastity; by prayer and homage to Ahura-Mazdâ and the other benevolent powers; by the performance of good works, by the destruction of noxious creatures; by everything that could contribute to the welfare and happiness of the human race. No cringing and deprecatory worship of the powers of evil was enjoined; toward them the attitude of the worshiper of Mazda was to be one of uncompromising hostility; by the power of a pure and righteous walk he was to confound and frustrate their malevolent attempts against his peace. . . . Fire was kept constantly burning in an enclosed space; not in a temple, for idols and temples have been alike unknown throughout the whole course of Persian history; and before it, as in a spot consecrated by the special presence of the divinity, were performed the chief rites of worship. . . . An object of worship, properly so called, it never was.—*Oriental and Linguistic Studies, 1st Series.*



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, an American poet, born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. Died at Hampden Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892. Of Quaker parentage, he always remained a member of the Society of Friends. Up to his eighteenth year he worked on the farm; then attended an academy for two years, writing occasional verses for the local newspaper, and in 1829 became editor of the *American Manufacturer* at Boston. In 1830 he became editor of the *Connecticut Mirror* at Hartford, and wrote a memoir of John G. C. Brainard, his predecessor. In 1836 he was elected Secretary of the newly-formed American Anti-Slavery Society, and became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* at Philadelphia. In 1840 he took up his permanent residence at Amesbury, Mass.

Whittier's poems appeared from time to time in separate volumes, sometimes made up mainly of pieces previously published in periodicals. The principal of the longer poems are: *Legends of New England* (1831), *Mogg Megone* (1836), *The Bridal of Pennacook* (1837), *In War Time* (1864), *Snow-Bound* (1865), *The Tent on the Beach* (1867), *Among the Hills* (1868), *The Vision of Echard*, and *Other Poems* (1877). The smaller poems, something like four hundred in number, constituting the greater portion of the whole, have been arranged by the author under several heads, among which are: "Legendary," "Voices of Freedom," "Voices of Labor," "Home Ballads," "Poems and Lyrics," and "Miscellaneous." Several volumes made up of his various prose writings have been published. The principal of these are: *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches* (1850), and *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies* of a later date.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

The first collected edition of Whittier's poems was published in 1857. It includes forty stanzas addressed to an infant who had been named after him. In this poem, of which only a portion is here given, the poet gives a picture of himself as he had come to be at the age of fifty.*

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—
A Green-leaf on your own Green-banks—
The memory of your friend

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides
The sobered brow and lessening hair;
For aught I know, the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine:
Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Still shall that name, as now, recall
The young leaf wet with morning dew,
The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

And thou, dear child, in riper days
When asked the reason of thy name,
Shalt answer: "One 'twere vain to praise
Or censure bore the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed him good,
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two;
He reconciled as best he could
Old faiths and fancies new.

"He loved his friends, forgave his foes;
And, if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men; his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise; but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

* Whittier's Poems by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

"He had his share of care and pain;
No holiday was life to him;
Still in the heirloom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

"Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way;
And cool, in summer noons he heard
The fountains plash and play,

"On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.

"He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days;
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways.

"The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul that waits
For more than man can teach.

"The cant of party, school and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn,
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on satire's horn.

"But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit's wings.

"He saw the old-time's groves and shrines,
In the long distance fair and dim;
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn.

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
God knew the heart, Devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell.

"While others trod the altar-stairs,
He faltered like the publican;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

“For, awed by Sinai’s Mount of Law,
The trembling faith alone sufficed,
That, through the cloud and flame, he saw
The sweet, sad face of Christ.

“And listening, with his forehead bowed,
Heard the divine compassions fill
The pauses of the trump and cloud
With whispers small and still.

“The words he spake, the thoughts he penned
Are mortal as his thoughts and brain;
But, if they served the Master’s end,
He has not lived in vain.”

Heaven make thee better than thy name,
Child of my friends! For thee I crave
What riches never brought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old;
God make thee beautiful within;
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin!

Imagination held in check
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind;
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth;
Life made by duty epical,
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And, green-leaved in the Eternal field
Of God, forever live!

During the ensuing twenty years were written not a few of Whittier’s best poems. A volume containing some of the latest of these, was published in 1877, concluding with the following retrospect of his past life of threescore years and ten :—

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

AT EVENTIDE.

Poor and inadequate the shadow-play
Of gain and loss, of waking and of dream,
Against Life's solemn background needs must
 seem
At this late hour. Yet not unthankfully
I call to mind the fountains by the way,
The breath of flowers, the bird-song on the
 spray,
Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of
 giving
And of receiving the great boon of living
In grand historic years when Liberty
Had need of word and work; quick sympathies
For all who fail and suffer; song's relief;
Nature's uncloying loveliness; and, chief,
The kind restraining hand of Providence;
The inward witness; the assuming sense
Of an Eternal Good which overlies
The sorrow of the world; Love which out-
 lives
All sin and wrong; Compassion which for-
 gives
To the uttermost; and Justice, whose clear
 eyes
Through lapse and failure look to the intent,
And judge our frailty by the life we meant.

Whittier's day did not close with the eventide of threescore years; there was a serene twilight of more than a half-score of years. His career as a poet has lasted for more than sixty years, beginning with the publication of his *Legends of New England*, in 1831.

SONG OF THE FREE.

Pride of New England! Soul of our fathers!
Think we all craven-like, when the storm
 gathers?
What though the tempest be over us lowering,
Where's the New-Englander shamefully cower-
 ing?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Graves green and holy around us are lying;—
Free were the sleepers all, living and dying.

Back with the Southerner's paddocks and
scourges!

Go—let him fetter down ocean's free surges!

Go—let him silence winds, clouds, and waters:—

Never New England's own free sons and
daughters!

Free as our rivers are oceanward going—

Free as the breezes are over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then, haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness—manhood and woman!

Deep let our pledges be: Freedom forever!

Truce with oppression—never, oh, never!

By our own birthright-gift, granted of Heaven—

Freedom for heart and lip, be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth, whisper no longer;

Speak as the tempest does, sterner and stronger.

Still be the tones of truth louder and firmer,

Startling the haughty South with the deep
murmur:

God and our charter's right, freedom forever!

Truce with oppression—never, oh, never!

ICHABOD!

So fallen! So lost! the light withdrawn

Which once he wore!

The glory from his gray hairs gone

Forever more!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath

A snare for all;

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,

Befit his fall.

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,

When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age,

Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark

A bright soul driven,

Fiend-goaded down the endless dark,

From hope and heaven!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Let not the land once proud of him
 Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
 Save power remains:
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The Man is dead.

Then pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

We cross the prairie, as of old
 The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
 The homestead of the free.
We go to rear a wall of men
 On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
 The rugged Northern pine.

We're flowing from our native hills,
 As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
 Is with us as we go.
Upbearing, like the Ark of God,
 The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God,
 Against the fraud of Man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
 That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
 Shall flout the setting sun.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

We'll tread the prairie, as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea ;
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.—1859.

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying
day :

“ I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in
Slavery's pay ;
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have
striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stairs put
up a prayer for me ! ”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out
to die ;

And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little
child pressed nigh.

Then the bold blue eyes grew tender, and the
old harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and
kissed the negro's child.

The shadows of his stormy life that moment
fell apart ;

And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave
the loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means reclaimed
the good intent,

And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's
aureole bent.

Perish with him the folly that seeks through
evil good !

Long live the generous purpose unstained with
human blood !

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought
which underlies ;

Not the Borderer's pride of daring but the
Christian's sacrifice !

Never more may you, Blue Ridge, the Northern
rifle hear,

Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the
negro's spear ;

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded
 passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice
 more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter
 snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares
 not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to
 Love.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
 The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strives below.
And calm and patient, Nature keeps
 Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
 Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers,
 Like jewels on her arms.
What mean the gladness of the plain,
 The joy of eve and morn;
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,
 And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
 And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
 And Nature changes not.
She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
 With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
 The war-field's crimson stain.

Still in the cannon's pause we hear
 Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
 She shares the eternal calm.
She knows the seed lies safe below

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

The fires that blast and burn ;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes ;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies !
Oh, give to us her finer ear !
Above this stormy din,
We too would hear the bells of cheer
Ring Peace and Freedom in.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten :
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.
“Halt ! ”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire ! ”—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word :

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

THE PEACE AUTUMN : 1865.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid ;
For Peace that sits at Plenty's quest
Beneath the homestead shade !
Bring pipe and gun, the sword's red scourge,
The negro's broken chains,
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge
To ploughshares for our plains.
Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers ;
All winds that blow, all streams that flow,
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours ;
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.
There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars uprise and fall ;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.
There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue ;
Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy ;
The passion of our mighty grief
And our exceeding joy !
A song of praise to Him who filled
The harvests sown in tears,
And gave each field a double yield
To feed our battle-years !
A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun ;
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
The hearts of men as one !

TELLING THE BEES.

Here is the place ; right over the hill
Runs the path I took ;
You can see the gap in the old wall still
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

There is the house, with the gate red barred,
And the poplars tall ;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-
yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun ;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow ;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun
glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the
breeze ;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and
throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love a year ;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep
near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the door-way sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—

"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

THE VANISHERS.

Sweetest of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westering knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
Thou and I have seen them too;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleam of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine!
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;
The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

SHUT IN.

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved ?
What matter how the north-wind raved ?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change !—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on !
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still ;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn ;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor !
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own !

Snow Bound.

KEPT IN MEMORY.

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still ?
With me one little year ago :—
The chill weight of the winter snow

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

For months upon her grave has lain;
And now when summer south winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went

With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?

Safe in thy immortality,

What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,

Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon

Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,

Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Snow Bound.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that
 flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
 up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks"! said the Judge; "a sweeter
 draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
 whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
 weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

“My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each
day.

“And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the
poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the
hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

“No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth’s bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller’s hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain,
“ Ah, that I were free again !

“ Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay.”

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o’er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, “ It might have been.”

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : “ It might have
been ! ”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

The later productions of Whittier include *The King's Missive* (1881), *Bay of Seven Islands* (1883), *Poems of Nature* (1886), *St. Gregory's Guest* (1886), *At Sundown* (1892). His complete works up to that date were published in 1888-89.

WICLIF.—

WICLIF, JOHN DE, an English patriot and reformer, born about 1330; died in 1384. The usually given date of his birth, 1324, is denied. His name, variously written Wycliffe, Wicklif, etc., is Wiclif in official documents of his time. At the age of fifteen he entered Oxford, then in its glory, with at one time the astonishing number of 30,000 students. About 1360, he became master of Balliol College; and for a while was royal chaplain. His life was full of work and stirring events, in his support of the King against papal claims, his publishing the principles of the Reformation (anterior to other reformers), opposing the ecclesiastical corruptions, sending forth preachers to the people, and giving to the people the Bible in their own tongue—the translation by him and his helpers, from the Latin vulgate, having been finished about the time of his death. He was repeatedly arraigned for heresy, and, finally prohibited from teaching in the university, retired to his rectory of Lutterworth. His buried remains, by order of the rival pope, Clement VIII., were disinterred, burned, and the ashes cast into the Swift, a branch of the Avon river. In the following extracts from his polemical writings, the ancient spelling is modernized.

THE SCRIPTURES.

I have learned by experience the truth of what you say (with reference to my appeal to the Scriptures). The chief cause, beyond doubt, of the existing state of things is our want of faith in Holy Scripture. We do not sincerely believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, or we should abide by the authority of His Word, in particular that of the Evangelists, as of infinitely greater weight than any other. Inasmuch as it is the will of the Holy Spirit that our atten-

tion should not be dispersed over a large number of objects, but concentrated on one sufficient source of instruction, it is His pleasure that the books of the Old and New Law should be *read* and *studied*, and that men should not be taken up with other books, which, true as they may be, and containing even Scripture truth, as they may by implication, are not to be confided in without caution and limitation. Hence St. Austin often enjoins on his readers not to place any faith in his word or writings, except in so far as they have their foundation in the Scriptures, wherein, as he often sayeth, all truth either directly or implicitly is contained. Of course we should judge in this manner with reference to the writings of other holy doctors, and much more with reference to the writings of the Roman Church, and of her doctors in these later times. If we follow this rule, the Scriptures will be held in due respect. . . .

We ought to believe in the authority of no man, unless he say the Word of God. It is impossible that any word or deed of the Christian should be of equal authority with Holy Scripture. The right understanding of Holy Scripture is being taught to us by the Holy Ghost just as the Scriptures were opened to the Apostles by Christ. But while Holy Scripture includes in itself all truth, partly mediately, partly immediately, reason is indispensable to the right understanding. . . .

The whole Scripture is *one word of God*; also the whole Law of Christ is *one perfect word* proceeding from the mouth of God; it is, therefore, not permitted to sever the Holy Scripture, but to allege it in its integrity according to the sense of the author. . . .

If God's word is the life of the world, and every word of God is the life of the human soul, how may any Antichrist, for dread of God, take it away from us that be Christian men, and thus suffer the people to die for hunger in heresy and blasphemy of men's laws, that corrupteth and slayeth the soul? . . .

The fiend seeketh many ways to mar men in belief and to stop them by saying that no books are belief. For if thou speakest of the Bible, then Antichrist's clerks say, How provest thou that it is Holy Writ more than another written book? Therefore men must use caution, and ask the question whether Christ left His Gospel here in order to comfort His Church. And if they say that He did, ask them which are these Gospels? These we call Holy Writ. But as Christian men should speak plainly to Antichrist, we say that Holy Writ is commonly taken in three manners. On the first manner Christ Himself is called in the Gospel Holy Writ. On the second manner Holy Writ is called the Truth, and this truth may not fail. On the third manner Holy Writ is the name given to the books that are written and made of ink and parchment. And this speech is not so proper as the first and second. But we take by belief that the second Writ, the truth written in the Book of Life, is Holy Writ, and God says it. This we know by belief, and this one belief makes us certain that these truths are Holy Writ. Thus though Holy Writ, on the third manner be burnt or cast in the sea, Holy Writ on the second manner may not fail, as Christ sayeth. . . .

As the faith of the Church is contained in the Scriptures, the more these are known in their true meaning, the better; and inasmuch as secular men should assuredly understand the faith they profess, that faith *should be taught to them in whatever language it may be best known to them.* Forasmuch also as the doctrines of our faith are more clearly and exactly expressed in the Scriptures, than they may probably be by priests; seeing, if I may so speak, that many Prelates are too ignorant of Holy Scripture, while others conceal many parts of it; and as the verbal instruction of priests have many other defects, the conclusion is abundantly manifest, that believers should ascertain for themselves what are the true mat-

ters of their faith, *by having the Scriptures in a language which all may understand.* For the laws made by Prelates are not to be received as matters of faith, nor are we to confide in their public instructions, nor in any of their words, but as they are founded in Holy Writ, since the Scriptures contain (according to St. Austin) the whole truth, and the translation of them into the English language should therefore do at least this good, viz., placing bishops and priests above suspicion as to the parts of it which they profess to explain. . . .

Other means (to convert the people), such as Friars, Prelates, the Pope, may all prove defective; and to provide against this, Christ and His Apostles evangelized the greater portion of the world, *by making known the Scriptures to the people in their own language.* To this end, indeed, did the Holy Spirit endow them with the gift of languages. Why then should not the living disciples of Christ do in this respect as they did in former times? . . .

We are not careful to explain how it has come to pass, but manifest it is that the Church has erred in this matter (the sole authority of the Church in spiritual things); and we claim accordingly to be exempt from its authority in this respect, *and to be left to the guidance of reason and Scripture.* Surely while it is permitted to others to choose mere men as their patrons, it might be permitted to us to choose Him as our patron who is very God of Man.—BUDDENSIEG'S *John Wiclif's Life and Writings.*

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND.—

WIELAND, CHRISTOPH MARTIN, a German poet, born at Oberholzheim, Swabia, in 1733; died at Weimar, in 1813. He composed German and Latin verses in his twelfth year; six years later he published *Ten Moral Letters*, and a poem, *Anti-Ovid*. After study at Tübingen, his epic on Arminius brought him into association with Bodmer of Zurich. He translated twenty-two of Shakespeare's plays (1762-6). In 1769, he became Professor of Philosophy at Erfurt; and, later, preceptor of the Grand-Duke Charles Augustus, with title of Councillor. His collected works are voluminous, consisting of poems, novels, and satires in verse and prose. The *Geschichte der Abderiten* (1774) has an English translation. *The Republic of Fools* (1861). His principal poetic work was an epic, *Oberon* (1780), a canto of which, with an ethical defense of Wieland, is in Longfellow's *Poetry of Europe*. The following extracts, from W. Taylor's translation (1829), are curiously suggestive in form, though not in poetic genius, of Tennyson's later Idyls of the King. *Geron* (Gyron) *the Courteous* was the favorite romance of Francis I. of France. The motto on Geron's sword was, "Loyalty surpasses all, as falsity disgraces all."

GERON THE COURTEOUS.

A purpled canopy o'erhung the seat
Of Arthur and his queen; an ivory stool
Was placed between them for the worthy Branor.

When these were seated, others took their
places,

In order due, beside the spacious board.
Now twenty youths in pewter dishes brought
The steaming food, and twenty others waited

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND.—

At the rich side-board, where from silver ewers
Streamed ale, mead, wine ; and trumpets shook
the hall,

As often as the two-eared cup went round. . . .

King Arthur took the old man's hand, and
said :

“Until today my eyes have ne'er beheld,
Sir Branor, one so stout and merciful :
God help me, but I should have liked to know
The fathers who begot such sons as these.”

Him the old knight replied to in this wise:

“Sire King, I've lived a hundred years and
more ;

Many a good man upon his nurse's lap
I've seen, and many a better helped to bury.
As yet there is no lack of doughty knights,
Or lovely ladies worthy of their service ;
But men like those of yore, I see not now,
So full of manhood, firmness, frankness, sense,
To honor, right, and truth, so tied and stead-
fast,

With hand and heart, and countenance, so open,
So without guile, as were King Meliad,
Hector the Brown, and Danayn the Red,
And my friend Geron, still surnamed the
Courteous.”

Branor continued thus: “At that time lived
In Brittany a noble knight, surnamed
Danayn the Red, who dwelt at Malouen ;
Geron the Courteous was his constant comrade,
And dearest friend ; together they had sworn
The bond to die for one another, and
Their fast affection was become a proverb.
The dame of Malouen, the wife of Danayn,
Was in all Brittany the fairest woman. . . .
They traveled for adventures to the courts
Of princes,—where at tournaments and skur-
ries

Fame could be earned ; and when they were
come back,

To Malouen, Sir Geron kept his way,
Renewed the silent covenant with his eyes,
So that who saw him always would have fancied

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND.—

The lovely dame of Malouen to him
Was nothing more than any other woman.

Unluckily, the lovely lady's heart
Was not so guarded as his own. She thought
At the first glance, that Geron was the man,
Above all other men, to whom a lady
Could not refuse the recompense of her love.

And lo ! it somehow happened,
That, just as Geron was approaching her,
He brushed against the low wall of the well,
Where he had piled his weapons on each other,
And the good sword slid down into the water.
Now, when he heard the splash, he quickly
leaves

The lovely lady, runs to save the sword,
And draws it out, and wipes it dry ;
And, as he looked along it narrowly
To see if 'twas uninjured, his eye caught
The golden letters on the blade inscribed
By Hector's order. As he read, he trembled.
He reads again ; it was as had the words
Never before impressed him. All the spell
At once was broke.

He stands with the good sword
Bare in his hand, and sinks into himself :
“Where am I ? God in heaven ! what a deed
I was come here to do.” And his knees tottered
Now at the thought. The sword still in his
hand,

He on the margin of the well sat down,
His back toward the lady, full of sorrow,
And sinking from one sad thought to another.

Now when the lady, who so late ago
Beheld him blithe and gay, thus suddenly
Perceived him falling in strange melancholy,
She was alarmed, and knew not what to think,
And came to him with gentle, timid step,
And said, “What ails you, Sir ; what are you
planning ? ”

Geron, unheeding her, still bent his eyes
Steadfast upon his sword, and made no answer.
She waited long, and, as he gave her none,
She stepped still nearer, and with tenderest
voice

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND.—

Again repeated, "My dear Sir, what ails you?"
He, deeply sighing, answered, "What I ail,—
May God in heaven have mercy on my soul!
Against my brother Danayn I have sinned,
And am not worthy now to live." He spoke
And once again began to eye his sword,
Then said, with broken voice: "Thou trusty
blade,

Into whose hands art thou now fallen? He
Was quite another man who used to wield thee.
No faithless thought e'er came across his heart
In his whole life. Forgive me: I no more
Can now deserve to wear thee. I'll avenge
Both thee and him, who once hoped better of
me,

When to my keeping he intrusted thee."
And now he raised his arm; and, ere the lady,
Helpless from terror, could attempt to hinder,
He ran his body through and through,—then
drew

The weapon out, and would have given himself
Another stab, but that the dame of Malouen,
With all the force of love and of despair
Fell on his arm.

"Good knight, for God's sake spare
Your precious life; slay not yourself, and me,
So cruelly for nothing."

"Lady," said he,
"Leave me my will. I don't deserve to live,
And wish to perish, rather than be false."

The lady sobbed aloud, and clung around him,

While this was passing, Danayn returned. . .
And as he passed this forest, near the well
A shriek of woe assailed him, and he turned
His horse, to seek the cause,—when lo! he
saw

Stretched in his blood, Sir Geron, bleeding
still;

And by him kneeled alone, in speechless an-
guish,

Wringing her hands, the lady. Danayn,
Instead of asking questions, from his horse,
Sprang, and proceeded to assist his friend.

Geron refuses to accept relief,—
He will not live,—and to his friend accuses

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND.—

Himself most bitterly,—hides nothing from
him,

But his wife's weakness,—takes upon himself
The load of all his gift,—and, when he thus
Had ended his confession, he held out
His hand, and said, "Now then forgive me,
brother,

If you are able. But, O let me die,
And do not hate my memory; for repentance
Did come before the deed. My faithlessness
Was only in my heart. Be my heart's blood
The fit atonement."

Noble Danayn

Conjures him by their holy friendship still
To live—and swears to him, that more than
ever

He now esteems and loves him. Overcome
By such affection, Geron then consents
For his dear friend to live."

Taylor's Hist. Surv. German Poetry.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.—

WILBERFORCE, SAMUEL, Bishop of Winchester, England, born at Broomfield House in 1805; died at Dorking in 1873. He was one of the most accomplished and influential debaters in the House of Lords. Educated at Oxford, he was successively Rector of Brightstone, Archdeacon of Surrey and Chaplain to Prince Albert, Canon of Westminster Cathedral, Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Oxford, and the same of Winchester. Among his writings are: *Eucharista* (1839), *Rocky Island, and Other Parables* (1840), *History of the Prot. Epis. Church in America* (1844), *Times of Secession Times of Revival* (1863), several volumes of sermons, and *Essays Contributed to the Quarterly Review* (2 vols. 1874). His chaplain, Rev. T. V. Fosbery, published a volume of selections, *Words of Counsel* (1875), from which the following extract is made.

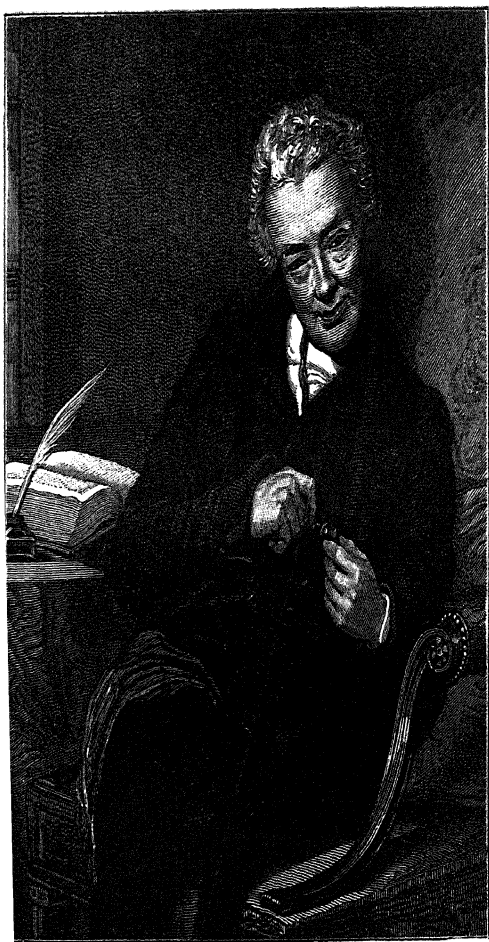
USE AND MISUSE OF SYMBOLS.

We find, then, the Early Church developing naturally its invisible vitality in certain outward forms and symbols. These when examined closely prove to be singularly simple and full of life; to be fit for all times and countries; to point all attention from themselves to the truths of which they are the shadow. They seem of themselves to proclaim, even aloud, that they were the offspring of a vigorous, healthy, loving, believing age, when,—not without the direct guiding of the One Spirit,—true faith and hearty love breathed out their own power into such holy forms. But as the Church lives on, the growth of outward symbols still continues; and as they multiply, a general change comes over them; still for a season they proceed from loving hearts, and from imaginative spirits, stirred to their lowest depths by the breath of mighty truths; but they are less simple; less meet for universal adaptation;

fitting rather certain persons, certain modes of life, or certain nations, than man in his simplicity. Yet another change may in a while be felt : and soon the outward symbol bears the stamp of this mingled parentage—nay, in very many symbols, the shadows of the error mark the fixed external portrait more deeply than the lines of truth. This age is to be known by the abundance and the splendor of its outward symbols ; by their tendency to set forth themselves rather than the truths for which they ought to witness ; to draw to themselves admiring eyes, even from the very truths of which they still profess to speak. They become indeed idols (*εἰδωλα*), instead of media for revealing God. Full of peril is such a time ; when holy aspirations are so wedded to the earth ; fuller still is that which follows ; for error, ever productive after its kind, here by the doubtful symbol propagates itself, and men are drawn away from Christ by that which professes to declare Him.

But to this period succeeds another which contents itself with maintaining and employing these creations of preceding ages. And this it may do until all is lost ; until the Divine Gift of the living Spirit is overlaid by these cumbrous embodiments of mingled truth and error ; until formality and utter death settle over all things. Or it may be that at such a time, God's great mercy raises up some champions of His truth who shall boldly break in upon the charmed circle, dissolve at once the foul enchantment, and restore all the misshaped and monstrous images around them to the simplicity of their primeval forms.

And what, after such a time, is the attempt to re-create the outward forms of earlier, and it may be, darker days ? What is it in any case but ignorantly to go against the universal law of being ; and it may be, to bring back forms which have been at once the consequence and cause of former wanderings.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.
(After Portrait by Richmond.)

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.—

WILBERFORCE, WILLIAM, an English philanthropist; born at Hull in 1759; died at London in 1833. He was educated at Cambridge. In his twenty-first year he entered Parliament, and finally ceased to be a member in his sixty-sixth year. He advocated a plan to reform elections, in 1786; helped to establish a society for the reformation of manners, in 1787; and in 1791 moved a bill to prevent further importations of negroes into the British colonies. The measure was adopted in 1807. His name is especially connected with the effort to abolish slavery in the colonies; and the act was passed not long before his death. Besides many addresses and pamphlets, he published a book of family prayers, and *A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes* (1797). His life was issued in 5 vols. (1838), and selections from his letters (1840). His tomb and statue are in Westminster Abbey.

THE PASSIONS IN RELIGION.

One cannot but suppose that like the organs of the body, so the elementary qualities and original passions of the mind were all given us for valuable purposes by our allwise Creator. It is indeed one of the sad evidences of our fallen condition, that they are now perpetually rebelling against the powers of reason and conscience, to which they should be subject. But even if revelation had been silent, natural reason might have in some degree presumed, that it would be the effect of a religion which should come from God, completely to repair the consequences of our superinduced depravity. The schemes of mere human wisdom had indeed tacitly confessed, that this was a task beyond their strength. Of the two most cele-

brated systems of philosophy, the one expressly confirmed the usurpation of the passions; while the other, despairing of being able to regulate, saw nothing left but to extinguish them. Christianity would not be driven to any such wretched expedients; it is her peculiar glory, and her main office, to bring all the faculties of our nature into their just subordination and dependence; that so the whole man, complete in all his functions, may be restored to the true ends of his being, and be devoted to the service and glory of God. “My son, give me thy heart”—“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart:” such are the direct and comprehensive claims which are made on us in the holy scriptures. We can scarcely indeed look into any part of the sacred volume without meeting abundant proofs, that it is the religion of the affections which God particularly requires. Love, zeal, gratitude, joy, hope, trust, are each of them specified; and are not allowed as weaknesses, but enjoined on us as our bounden duty, and commended to us as our acceptable worship. . . .

But it may be advisable here to guard against a mistaken supposition, that the force of the religious affections is to be mainly estimated by the degree of mere animal fervor, by ardors, and transports, and raptures, of which, from constitutional temperament, a person may be easily susceptible; or into which daily experience must convince us, that people of strong conceptions and of warm passions may work themselves without much difficulty, where their hearts are by no means truly or deeply interested. These high degrees of the passions bad men may experience, good men may want. They may be affected; they may be genuine; but whether genuine or affected, they form not the true standard by which the real nature or strength of the religious affections is to be determined. To ascertain these points, we must examine, whether they appear to be grounded in knowledge, to have their root in strong and

just conceptions of the great and manifold excellencies of their object, or to be ignorant, unmeaning, or vague ; whether they are natural and easy, or constrained and forced ; wakeful and apt to fix on their great objects, delighting in their proper nutriment, the exercises of prayer and praise, and religious contemplation ; or voluntarily omitting offered occasions of receiving it, looking forward to them with little expectation, looking back on them with little complacency, and being disappointed of them with little regret. We must observe whether these religious affections are mere occasional visitants, or the abiding inmates of the soul ; whether they have the mastery over the various passions and propensities, with which in their origin, and nature, and tendency, they are at open variance ; or whether, if the victory be not complete, the war is at least constant, and the breach irreconcilable. We must observe whether they moderate and regulate all the inferior appetites and desires which are culpable only in their excess, thus striving to reign in the bosom with a settled, undisputed predominance. We must examine whether, above all, they manifest themselves by prompting to the active discharge of the duties of life, the personal, and domestic, and relative, and professional, and social, and civil duties. Here the wideness of their range and universality of their influence, will generally distinguish them from those partial efforts of diligence and self-denial, to which mankind are prompted by subordinate motives. All proofs other than this deduced from conduct, are in some degree ambiguous ! This, this only, whether we argue from reason or from Scripture, is a sure infallible criterion.—*Pract. View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians.*

CARLOS WILCOX.—

WILCOX, CARLOS, an American clergyman, born at Newport, N. H., in 1794; died at Danbury, Conn., in 1827. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1813, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1817. In 1824-6 he was pastor of the North Church at Hartford, Conn., and then accepted a call to Danbury. While in college he projected a poem, *The Age of Benevolence* which was to consist of five books. The first was published in 1822, and fragments of others appeared after his death in a volume of his *Remains* published with a memoir (1828). His writings include sermons and poems which contain descriptions of rural scenes.

A BRIGHTENING PROSPECT.

The spring, made dreary by incessant rain,
Was well nigh gone, and not a glimpse appeared
Of vernal loveliness, but light-green turf
Round the deep bubbling fountain in the vale,
Or by the rivulet on the hill-side, near
Its cultivated base, fronting the south,
Where in the first warm rays of March it
 sprung
Amid dissolving snow:—save these mere
 specks
Of earliest verdure, with a few pale flowers,
In other years bright flowing soon as earth
Unveils her face, and a faint vermilion tinge
On clumps of maple of the softer kind,
Was nothing visible to give to May,
Though far advanced, an aspect more like hers
Than like November's universal gloom.
All day beneath the sheltering hovel stood
The drooping herd, or lingered near to ask
The food of winter. A few lonely birds,
Of those that in this northern clime remain
Throughout the year, and in the dawn of spring,
At pleasant noon, from their unknown retreat
Come suddenly to view with lively notes

CARLOS WILCOX.—

Or those that soonest to this clime return
From warmer regions, in thick groves were
 seen,
But with their feathers ruffled, and despoiled
Of all their glossy lustre, sitting mute
Or only skipping, with a single chirp,
In quest of food. Whene'er the heavy clouds,
That half way down the mountain side oft
 hung,
As if o'erloaded with their watery store,
Were parted, though with motion unobserved,
Through their dark opening, white with snow
 appeared
Its lowest, e'en its cultivated, peaks.
With sinking heart the husbandman surveyed
The melancholy scene, and much his fears
On famine dwelt ; when, suddenly awaked
At the first glimpse of daylight, by the sound
Long time unheard, of cheerful martins, near
His window, round their dwelling chirping
 quick,
With spirits by hope enlivened up he sprung
To look abroad, and to his joy beheld
A sky without the remnant of a cloud.

The Age of Benevolence.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.—

WILCOX, ELLA (WHEELER), an American poet, born at Johnstown Centre, Wis., about 1845. She was educated at the University of Wisconsin. At an early age she began to write for newspapers and periodicals. She has published *Drops of Water* (1872), *Maurine* (1875), *Shells* (1883), *Poems of Passion* (1883), *Mal Momlée*, a novel (1885), *Poems of Pleasure* (1888), *A Double Life*, a novel (1891), *How Salvator Won*, reciting poem (1891), *Sweet Danger*, a novel (1892), *Men, Women and Emotion*, 45 chapters of advice to married folks (1893), *Song of the Sandwich*, a comic poem (1893), *Was it Suicide?* collection of stories (1893).

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure ;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre ;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.
One has a song that is free and strong,
But the music he writes is minor ;
And the sad, sad strain is replete with pain,
And the singer becomes a repiner.
And he thinks God gave him a dirge-like ray,
Nor knows that the words are cheery ;
And the song seems lonely and solemn—only
Because the music is dreary.
And the song of another has through the words
An under current of sadness ;
But he sets to it music of ringing chords,
And makes it a pean of gladness.
So whether our songs are sad or not,
We can give the world more pleasure,
And better ourselves, by setting the words
To a glad, triumphant measure.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.—

GHOSTS.

There are ghosts in the room,
As I sit here alone, from the dark corners there
They come out of the gloom. [chair.
And they stand at my side, and they lean on my

There's the ghost of a hope
That lighted my days with a fanciful glow.
In her hand is the rope
That strangled her life out. Hope was slain
long ago.

But her ghost comes to-night,
With its skeleton face, and expressionless eyes,
And it stands in the light,
And mocks me, and jeers me with sobs and
with sighs.

There's the ghost of a joy,
A frail, fragile thing, and I prized it too much,
And the hands that destroy
Clasped it close, and it died at the withering
touch.

There's the ghost of a love,
Born with joy, reared with Hope, died in pain
and unrest,
But he towers above
All the others—this ghost : yet a ghost at the
best.

I am weary, and fain
Would forget all these dead : but the gibber-
ing host
Make the struggle in vain,
In each shadowy corner, there lurketh a ghost.

LADY WILDE.—

WILDE, LADY JANE FRANCESCA SPERANZA, an English authoress, born about 1830; died at London, February 5, 1896; She was the daughter of Charles Elgee, and was married in 1851 to William Robert Wills Wilde, an eminent oculist of Dublin, born in 1810; died in 1876. Lady Wilde has devoted her attention to literature, and her poems and writings are animated by the theme of national regeneration. Her countrymen regard her as the national poetess of Ireland. Her *Poems* were published under the name of "Speranza" in 1847. Her other books are: *Ugo Bassi*, a tale in verse of the Italian Revolution (1857); *The First Temptation* (1863); *Poems* (1864); the conclusion of her husband's *Memoir of Béranger* (1880); *Driftwood from Scandinavia* (1884); and *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland* (1887); and *Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland* (1890).

LA VIA DOLOROSA.

I wander here, I wander there,
Through the desert of life, all wearily;
No joy on earth for the pilgrim soul—
On, on forever, drearily;
O'er the mountain height,
In the tempest night,
Through the mist and the gloom,
We press on to the tomb,
While the death-like pall of a midnight sky
Hangs over past and futurity.

And the echo of wandering feet I hear,
And human voices and hearts are near;
But lonely, lonely each one goeth
On his dark path, and little knoweth
Of love, kind words, or sympathy.
Oh! fain would I lay me down and die;
For the upward glance of a tearful eye,
Is all I have known of humanity.

LADY WILDE.—

Yet must I on, tho' darker and drearer,
And lonelier ever the pathway seems,
And the spectral shadow of death draws nearer,
And rare and faint are the sun-light gleams;
And unseen power impelleth us on—
No pause, no rest for the weary one,
Till we reach the shores of the fathomless sea
Where Time poureth down to Eternity.

CELTIC ART.

The peculiarities which characterize true Celtic art, whether in stone, metal work, or manuscript illumination, consist in the excessive and minute elaborations of intricate ornamental details, such as the spirals, the interlaced ribands, and the entwined serpents and other animal forms, so familiar to the students of our national art treasures in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. These forms are invariably found in all Irish decoration. The initial letters and ornamentations of the ancient manuscripts are reproduced in the gigantic stone crosses and the more delicate metal work of the shrines and reliquaries; and from this identity of ornamentation the age can be determined of all art monuments or remains, and objects readily classified as contemporaneous. The Irish adhered with wonderful fidelity to their peculiar art ideas for at least eight hundred years; and while the Saxons coquetted with Frankish art, and finally gave themselves up wholly to Norman influence, the Irish continued their exclusive devotion to the ancient and national Celtic type. . . .

Irish art, however, died out with Irish Nationality; and in two centuries or so, after the Norman conquest, it ceased to exist, and was replaced by the pseudo-Roman or Irish Romanesque style. Irish art can be easily traced throughout the Continent by the peculiar ornamentation which characterized it; and wherever, amongst the early manuscripts in foreign libraries, one is found surpassing all the rest in the singular beauty and firmness of the writ-

LADY WILDE.—

ing, and the exquisite delicacy of the minute and elaborate illuminations, there at once an Irish hand is recognized as worker, or an Irish intellect as teacher. The same symbols and ideas run through all of them—there are the same strange, elongated, contorted, inter-twined figures ; the same rich mosaics of inter-laced lines—so minute, so delicate, so rich in brilliant colors, that the border of the page seems powdered with crushed jewels. There is something almost melancholy in this devotion to a species of art in which there was nothing to stimulate the feelings or to warm the heart. No representations of Nature's glories in tree or flower, or the splendor of human beauty ; the artist's aim being rather, it would seem, to kill the human in him, by forcing his genius to work only on the cold abstractions of spirals and curves, and endless geometrical involutions, and the infinite monotony of those interlaced lines, still coiling on, forever and ever, through the centuries, like the windings of the serpent of evil, which they were meant to symbolize, through the successive generations of our fated humanity. Truly, these artists offered up the sacrifice of love. Their lives and the labor of their lives were given humbly, silently, reverently, to God, and the glory of God's word. They had no other aim in life, and when the work was done, a work so beautiful that even now the world cannot equal it, there was no vainglorious boast of himself came from the lips of the artist worker, but the manuscript ends with some simple devotional words, his name, and the desire to be remembered as the writer, like the *orate pro me* on the ancient tombstones ; this was all he asked or hoped for in return for the years of youth and life he had incarnated in the illuminated pages of the Gospels.—*Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland.*

OSCAR WILDE.—

WILDE, OSCAR, a British poet, born at Dublin in 1856. He is the son of Sir William and Lady Wilde ("Speranza"). He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the Newdigate prize for English verse. He became known about 1881 as "the poet and apostle of æstheticism." In 1882 he came on a lecturing tour to the United States. He was for a time the manager of the *Women's World* of London. He is the author of *Poems* (1881), *The Happy Prince, and Other Tales* (1888), *Dorian Gray*, a novel (1890), and several plays including *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892), *Salome* (1893).

LE REVEILLON.

The sky is laced with fitful red,
The circling mists and shadows flee,
The dawn is rising from the sea,
Like a white lady from her bed.
And jagged brazen arrows fall
Athwart the feathers of the night,
And a long wave of yellow light
Breaks silently on tower and hall,
And spreading wide across the wold
Wakes into flight some fluttering bird,
And all the chestnut tops are stirred,
And all the branches streaked with gold.

ENDYMION.

The apple trees are hung with gold,
And birds are loud in Arcady,
The sheep lie bleating in the fold,
The wild goat runs across the wold,
But yesterday his love he told,
I know he will come back to me,
O rising moon! O Lady moon!
Be you my lover's sentinel,
You cannot choose but know him well,
For he is shod with purple shoon,
You cannot choose but know my love,
For he a shepherd's crook doth bear.

OSCAR WILDE.—

And he is soft as any dove,
And brown and curly is his hair.
The turtle now has ceased to call
Upon her crimson-footed groom,
The gray wolf prowls about the stall,
The lily's singing seneschal
Sleeps in the lily-bell, and all
The violet hills are lost in gloom.
O risen moon! O holy moon!
Stand on the top of Helice
And if my own true love you see,
Ah! if you see the purple shoon,
The hazel crook, the lad's brown hair,
The goat-skin wrapped about his arm
Tell him that I am waiting where
The gaslight glimmers in the Faun.
The falling dew is cold and chill,
And no bird sings in Arcady,
The little fauns have left the hill,
Even the tired daffodil
Has closed its gilded doors, and still
My lover comes not back to me.
False moon! false moon! O waning moon!
Where is my own true lover gone?

REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.
All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.
Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.
Coffin board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

OSCAR WILDE.—

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here
Heap earth upon it.

LES SILHOUETTES.

The sea is flecked with bars of grey
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand
The black boat lies: a sailor boy
Clambers abroad in careless joy,
With laughing face and gleaming hand

And overhead the curlews cry
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.

IN THE GOLD ROOM.

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in a fitful fantasy,
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees
Rustle their pale leaves listlessly,
Or the drifting foam of a restless sea
When the waves show their teeth in the flying
breeze.

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
On the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
When the gloom of the jealous night is done,
And the spear of the lily is aureoled.

And her sweet red lips on these lips of mine
Burned like the ruby fire set
In the swinging lamp of a crimson shrine,
Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate,
Or the heart of the lotus drenched and wet
With the spilt-out blood of the rose-red wine,

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.—

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY, an American scholar, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1789; died in New Orleans, La., in 1847. His father, Richard Wilde, a merchant of Dublin, came to the United States in 1797, and after his death in 1802. his widow and son removed to Augusta, Ga. He was admitted to the bar of Georgia in 1809, became Attorney-General of Georgia, and served in Congress in 1815-17; in 1825, and again in 1827-35. From 1834 till 1840 he resided in Europe, where he devoted himself to Italian literature. Attaining access to private libraries, he discovered some forgotten manuscripts of Dante, and also a portrait of the poet, by Giotto, painted on the wall of the chapel of the Bargello in Florence, that long had been covered with whitewash. He also made a study of Tasso. In 1843 he removed to New Orleans and became Professor of Constitutional Law, of the University of Louisiana, which post he held until his death. Mr. Wilde became interested in Florida through his brother James, who had served in the Seminole war, and he began to write an epic, the scene of which he laid in that state. This was never finished, but a lyric from it entitled *The Lament of the Captive* found its way into print about 1815 without Mr. Wilde's authorization. It was soon known by its first line, *My Life is Like a Summer Rose*, and elicited much comment. The *North American Review* said that it was a translation of a Greek ode which was supposed to have been written by Alcalus, but scholars soon discovered that the latter was not genuine, but the work of Anthony Barclay of Savannah, who had translated

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.—

Mr. Wilde's verses into Greek for his own amusement. Mr. Barclay published *An Authentic Account of Wilde's alleged Plagiarism* in the proceedings of the Georgia Historical Society in 1871. Mr. Wilde's other works are: *Conjectures and Researches Concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso*, a complete poem of several cantos, entitled *Hesperia*, edited by his son, and published in 1867, after his death, an unfinished *Life of Dante*, and essays and poems, which he contributed to magazines. He left a large number of MSS. and translations from the Italian, Spanish, and French.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see,
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
His track will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall e'er lament for me!

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS.—

WILKINS, MARY ELEANOR, an American author, born at Randolph, Mass., about 1840. After receiving her education at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, she resided in Brattleboro, Vt., but in 1883 she returned to her native town. She has published *A Humble Romance, and Other Stories* (1887), *A New England Nun* (1891), *The Pot of Gold and Other Stories* (1892), *Jane Field*, a novel (1892), *Giles Cory, Yeoman* (1893), *Pembroke*, a novel (1894).

TWO OLD LOVERS.

Leyden folks all thought that David Emmons would marry Maria Brewster when her father died. "David can rent his house, and go to live with Maria and her mother," said they, with an affectionate readiness to arrange matters for them. But he did not. Every Sunday night at eight o'clock punctually, the form of David Emmons, arrayed in his best clothes, with his stiff white dicky, and a nosegay in his button-hole, was seen to advance up the road towards Maria Brewster's as he had been seen to advance every Sunday night for the last twenty-five years, but that was all. He manifested not the slightest intention of carrying out people's judicious plans for his welfare and Maria's.

She did not seem to pine with hope deferred; people could not honestly think there was any occasion to pity her for her lover's tardiness. A cheerier woman never lived. She was literally bubbling over with jollity. Round-faced and black-eyed, with a funny little bounce of her whole body when she walked, she was the merry feature of the whole place.

Her mother was now too feeble, but Maria still corded boots for the factories as of old. David Emmons, who was quite sixty, worked in them, as he had from his youth. He was a slender, mild-faced old man, with a fringe of gray yellow beard around his chin, his head was quite bald. Years ago he had been handsome they said, but somehow people had al-

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ways laughed at him a little, although they all liked him. "The slowest of the slow Leydenites," outsiders called him, and even the "slow Leydenites" poked fun at this exaggeration of themselves. It was an old and well-worn remark that it took David Emmons an hour to go courting, and that he was always obliged to leave his own house at seven in order to reach Maria's at eight, and there was a standing joke that the meeting-house passed him one morning on his way to the shop. . . .

He owned his little cottage, which was one of the kind which had the piazza on the right side. He lived entirely alone. There was a half-acre or so of land beside his house, which he used for a vegetable garden. After and before shop hours, in the dewy evenings and mornings, he dug and weeded assiduously between the green ranks of corn and beans. If David Emmons was slow, his vegetables were not. None of the gardens in Leyden surpassed his in luxuriant growth. His corn tasselled out and his potato patch was white with blossoms as soon as anybody's. He was almost a vegetarian in his diet; the products of his garden spot were his staple articles of food. Early in the morning would the gentle old bachelor set his pot of green things boiling, and dine gratefully at noon, like mild Robert Herrick, on pulse and herbs. His garden supplied also his sweetheart and her mother with all the vegetables they could use. Many times in the course of a week could David have been seen slowly moving towards the Brewster cottage with a basket on his arm well stocked with the materials for an innocent and delicious repast.

But Maria was not to be outdone by her old lover in kindly deeds. Not a Saturday but a goodly share of her weekly baking was deposited, neatly covered with a white crash towel, on David's little kitchen table. The surreptitious air with which the back door key was taken from its hiding-place (which she well knew)

under the kitchen blind, the door unlocked and entered, and the good things deposited, was charming, although highly ineffectual. "There goes Maria with David's baking," said the women, peering out of their windows as she bounced, rather more gently and cautiously than usual, down the street. And David himself knew well the ministering angel to whom these benefits were due when he lifted the towel and discovered with tearful eyes the brown loaves and flaky pies—the proofs of his Maria's love and culinary skill. . . .

There was something laughable, and at the same time rather pathetic, about Maria and David's courting. All the outward appurtenances of "keeping company" were as rigidly observed as they had been twenty-five years ago, when David Emmons first cast his mild blue eyes shyly and lovingly on red-cheeked, quick-spoken Maria Brewster. Every Sunday evening, in the winter, there was a fire kindled in the parlor, the parlor lamp was lit at dusk all the year round, and Maria's mother retired early, that the young people might "sit up." The "sitting up" was no very formidable affair now, whatever it might have been in the first stages of the courtship. The need of sleep overbalanced sentiment in those old lovers, and by ten o'clock at the latest Maria's lamp was out, and David had wended his solitary way to his own home.

Leyden people had a great curiosity to know if David had ever actually popped the question to Maria, or if his natural slowness was at fault in this as in other things. Their curiosity had long been exercised in vain, but Widow Brewster, as she waxed older, grew loquacious, and one day told a neighbor, who had called in her daughter's absence, that "David had never really come to the p'int. She supposed he would some time; for her part, she thought he had better; but then, after all, she knowed Maria didn't care, and maybe 'twas jest as well as 'twas, only sometimes she was afeared she

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should never live to see the weddin' if they wasn't s pry." . . .

It was perfectly true that Maria did not lay David's tardiness in putting the important question very much to heart. She was too cheerful, too busy, and too much interested in her daily duties to fret much about anything. There was never at any time much of the sentimental element in her composition, and her feeling for David was eminently practical in its nature. She, although the woman, was the stronger character of the two, and there was something rather mother-like than lover-like in her affection for him. It was through the protecting care which chiefly characterized her love that the only pain to her came from their long courtship and postponement of marriage. . . . She saw him growing an old man, and the lonely, uncared-for life that he led filled her heart with tender pity and sorrow for him. She did not confine her kind offices to the Saturday baking. Every week his little house was tidied and set to rights, and his mending looked after.

Once, on a Sunday night, when she spied a rip in his coat, that had grown long from the want of womanly fingers constantly at hand, she had a good cry after he had left and she had gone into her room. There was something more pitiful to her, something that touched her heart more deeply, in that rip in her lover's Sunday coat than in all her long years of waiting.

As the years went on, it was sometimes with a sad heart that Maria stood and watched the poor lonely old figure moving slower than ever down the street to his lonely home, but the heart was sad for him always, and never for herself. She used to wonder at him a little sometimes, though always with the most loyal tenderness, that he should choose to lead the solitary, cheerless life that he did, to go back to his dark, voiceless home, when he might be so sheltered and cared for in his old age.—*A Humble Romance, and Other Stories.*

SIR JOHN GARDNER WILKINSON.—

WILKINSON, SIR JOHN GARDNER, an English scholar, born in 1797; died in 1875. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He went to Egypt where he resided for twelve years, devoting himself to the study of Egyptology in its widest signification. Returning to England in 1839, he received the honor of knighthood; subsequently he traveled widely in various parts of Europe and the East. For many years he was the representative Englishman in the domain of Egyptology. Besides several elaborate monographs on this subject he wrote, *The Topography of Thebes* (1835), *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* (1837–1841), *Modern Egypt and Thebes* (1843), *The Architecture of Ancient Egypt* (1850), *The Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs* (1857). He also furnished a valuable *Dissertation on Egypt* to Rawlinson's translation of Herodotus (1860).

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN REPAST.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected, but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes, and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighborhood of Memphis. Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt; and by a prudent foresight, in a country possessing neither extensive pasture-lands nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held

sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference to such meats as beef and goose.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at these repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was required on all occasions; and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints, even at the tables of the rich; and consequently the Israelites, who by their long residence there had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt. Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted at Cairo, and throughout the East; each person sitting around a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed by a sign made by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed; with the same view of keeping it tender which makes northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning. And this explains the order of Joseph to slay and make ready for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done, and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their several departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry, which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table; and this department appears to have been even more varied than that of the cook. That dinner was served up at midday may be inferred from the invitation

given by Joseph to his brethren; but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East.

The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt: a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes were placed; but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg, which was often in the form of a man—generally a captive—who supported the slab upon his head; the whole being of stone, or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any linen, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table; though from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of an oblong shape; as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph ‘sat before him, the first-born according to his youth,’ Joseph eating alone at another table, where “they set on for him by himself.” But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honor, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt. The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs; and having neither knives nor forks, nor any substitute for them answering to the chop-sticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; nor did the Jews and Etruscans, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons were of various forms and sizes; they were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze and other metals; many were ornamented with the lotus-flower.

The Egyptians washed after as well as before dinner—an invariable custom throughout the East, as among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews,

and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during and after their suppers, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris, from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect or lying on a bier, and to show it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like that figure; that men ought to love one another; to avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life long, when in reality it was too short; and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious; and that death, which all must be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus while the guests were permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the pleasures of the table, and the mirth so congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to put a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct. And though this sentiment was perverted by other people, and used as an incentive to present excess, it was perfectly consistent with the ideas of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life was only a lodging or inn on their way; and that their existence here was the preparation for a future state.

After dinner music and dancing were resumed; hired men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within-doors were odd-and-even, draughts, and mora. The game of mora was common in ancient as well as modern times; it was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the numbers of both. They were said, in Latin, *micare digitis*; and this game so common among the lower order of Italians, existed about four thousand years ago, in the reigns of the Osirtasens.—*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.*

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.—

WILKINSON, WILLIAM CLEAVER, an American author, born at Westford, Vt., in 1833. He was graduated at the University of Vermont in 1857, and at the Rochester, N. Y., Theological School in 1859, when he entered the Baptist ministry. In 1872 he became Professor of Homiletics in the theological department of Rochester University. His published volumes are, besides Greek and Latin text-books, *The Dance of Modern Society* (1869), *A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters* (1874), containing admirable critiques on George Eliot, Bryant, Erasmus, etc., and trenchant reviews of Lowell's prose and poetry; *Webster: an Ode* (1882), *Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer* (1885), *The Baptist Principle*; an examination of the *Light of Asia* and several text-books on Greek, Latin, and German literature for the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

THE BUSINESS OF POETRY.

Mr. Longfellow comes nearest, among our American literary men, to being exclusively a poet. But Mr. Longfellow gave twenty years of his prime to the duties of an arduous college professorship, and we have good testimony that he did not shirk those duties, as is the privilege of genius and of fame. The fact remains, that in the United States division of labor has not yet reached the point of allowing our poets to devote themselves exclusively to poetry. The newness of our civilization continues to exact of us all a roundabout *savoir-faire*, hostile to the highest perfection of those exclusive and meditative habits which alone enable the poet to secrete, in fruitful tranquillity, the precious substance of his verse, and silently and slowly crystallize it into supreme and ideal forms. We remember, some years ago, meeting a solid English tradesman, as he

looked, driving his solid English horse, before a two-wheeled wagon, at a ringing trot around and down a sloping curve of the solid English road, on the Isle of Wight in the neighborhood of Mr. Tennyson's residence. The ruddy roast-beef of the man's complexion, his brown-stout corpulence, and the perfect worldliness of his whole appearance, whimsically suggested Mr. Tennyson's poetry to us, under the circumstances. We could not resist the temptation to stop him, and enjoy the sensation of inquiring the way to Mr. Tennyson's house of such a man. "If, now, you could tell me his business?" responded he. Tennyson's business! We were well-nigh dumbfounded. We came near being in the case of Mr. John Smith, that absent-minded man who could not recall his own name on challenge at the post-office window. We recovered our presence of mind, however, and told our friend he "made verses," we believed. "Ah, yes; the Queen's poet—Tennyson—that's the name. Yes; he makes verses—you're right—that's his business; and very clever at it he is, too, they say." This was the old world. It could hardly have been the new.

And yet poetry, certainly as much as any other vocation of genius, is jealous of a divided devotion. Nothing short of the whole man, for his whole life, will satisfy her extortionate claim. It will not even do, generally, for the poet to indulge himself in coquetting with prose. The "poet's garland and singing robes" are not an investiture to be lightly donned and doffed at will. To wear them most gracefully one must wear them habitually.

The difference between poetry and prose is an essential difference. It can hardly be defined, but it may be illustrated. Poetry differs from prose, in part, as running differs from walking. There is motion in both running and walking; but in running the motion is continuous, while in walking the motion is a series of advances, separated by intervals, less or more appreciable, of rest. Poetry runs—prose walks.

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.—

Again, poetry differs from prose as singing differs from talking. The difference between singing and talking is not that singing is musical and talking not musical. The difference is that singing is musical in one way, and talking musical, if musical, in another. Poetry sings—prose talks. Each has a rhythm; but the rhythm of each is its own.

But there is yet a finer distinction between poetry and prose than has thus been illustrated—a finer one, we mean, this side of the finest one of all, which is far too fine to be expressed in any “matter-moulded forms of speech.” There is a certain curiously subtle idiom of expression belonging to poetry, and another equally subtle idiom of expression belonging to prose. These two idioms of expression are as palpably distinct from each other as are the several idioms of different languages. They defy definition; they elude analysis. They do not depend on choice of words, they do not depend on collocation of words, although they depend partly on both these things. A man, whose talent was that of prose writer, might make faultless verse from a vocabulary chosen out of the purest poetry of the language, and there should not be one poetical line in his work from beginning to end. On the other hand, there is hardly an intractable word in the language that a true poet could not weave into his verse without harm to the poetic effect. In the main, the diction of a true poet and the diction of a good prose writer will be identical. The order of the poet will not vary violently from the order of the prose writer. Their subject may be the same, and even the mode of conception, and the figures of speech. All these points of coincidence between poetry and prose may exist; they generally do exist, and, notwithstanding them all, the inviolate idiom of poetic expression, and the inviolate idiom of prose expression remain uninterchangeably distinct.—*A Free Lance*.

EMMA HART WILLARD.—

WILLARD, EMMA HART, an American educator, born in New Berlin, Conn., in 1787, died in Troy, N. Y., Apr. 15, 1870. She was principal of various schools in Vermont and New York until 1821, at which time she founded the Troy female seminary. She wrote many popular school books and lectured extensively on questions of educational interest. She was the author of *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, and much other verse.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave though still with Thee
The gem of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.—

WILLARD, FRANCES ELIZABETH, an American reformer, born at Churchville, N. Y., in 1839. After graduation at the Northwestern Female College, Evansville, Ill., in 1859, she became Professor of Natural Science there, and in 1866 principal of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. After travelling in Europe, she was made Professor of Æsthetics at the Northwestern University, and Dean of the Woman's College, where she developed a system of self-government. In 1874 she identified herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she has been president since 1879. She organized the Home Protection movement, and has founded many temperance societies. In addition to pamphlets and magazine articles, Miss Willard is the author of *Nineteen Beautiful Years* (1863), *Woman and Temperance* (1883), *How to Win* (1886), *Woman in the Pulpit* (1888), and *Glimpses of Fifty Years* (1889).

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

An æolian harp is in my study window as I write. It seems to me the fittest emblem of him who has gone to live elsewhere and left our world in some sense lonely.

The compass of its diapason is vast as the scope of his mind ; its tenderness deep as his heart ; its pathos thrilling as his sympathy ; its aspiration triumphant as his faith. Like him, it is attuned to every faintest breath of the great world-life ; and like his, its voice searches out the innermost places of the human spirit. Jean Paul says of the æolian harp, that it is like nature, "passive before a divine breath," and in him who has gone from us there was this elemental receptivity of God. Other natures have doubtless developed that God-consciousness, which is the sum of all perfections, to a degree as wonderful as Mr.



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Beecher did, but what other, in our time, at least, has been *en rapport* so perfect with those about him that they could share with him this blissful consciousness to a degree as great? John Henry Newman says, "To God must be ascribed, the *radiation* of genius." No great character of whom I can think illustrates that most unique and felicitous phrase so clearly as Henry Ward Beecher. His was the great, radiating spirit of our nation and our age. For fifty years his face shone, his tones vibrated, his pen was electric with the sense of a divine presence, not for his home only, not for his church or his nation, but for Christendom. He radiated all that he absorbed, and his capacious nature was the reservoir of all that is best in books, art, and life. But as fuel turns to fire, and oil to light, so, in the laboratory of his brain, the raw materials of history, poetry, and science were wrought over into radiant and radiating forces which warmed and illumined human souls. Plymouth Church was the most home-like place that could be named; its pulpit a glowing fireside ever ready to cheer the despondent and warm those hearts the world had chilled. No man ever spoke so often or wrote so much whose classic, historic, and poetical allusions were so few; but the potency of every good thing ever learned by him, who was an insatiable student of nature and an omnivorous reader of books, was all wrought, in the alembic of his memory, into new forms and combinations. He intersphered so perfectly with the minds and hearts about him, that he seemed to them a veritable possession.

The interpenetrative character of his mind has not been matched, for the reason that he was that doubly dowered phenomenon—a great brain mated to a heart as great. This royal gift of sympathy enabled him to make all lives his own; hence, he so understood as to have charity for all. . . . For this reason he was born a patriot, a philanthropist,

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.—

and a reformer. We read of "epoch-making books," but here was an epoch-making character.—*Glimpses of Fifty Years.*

A WORK FOR GOOD WOMEN.

The effort of good women everywhere should be to secure the introduction of a text-book of right living ; one that should teach the reasons for the social code of good manners, every particular of which is based on the Golden Rule, and those refinements of behavior which involve the utmost kindness to the animal creation, including the organization of Bands of Mercy in all our public schools. All this is sure to come, and that right speedily, as a consequence of the awakened interest of women everywhere in the subject of education, and their increasing power along these lines. The time will come when it will be told as a relic of our primitive barbarism that children were taught the list of prepositions and the names of the rivers of Thibet, but were not taught the wonderful laws on which their own bodily happiness is based, and the humanities by which they could live in peace and goodwill with those about them. The time will come when, whatever we do not teach, we shall teach ethics as the foundation of every form of culture, and the "faith that makes faithful" in every relation of life will become a thing of knowledge to the child of the then truly Christian republic.

For we can never teach these things and leave out Christ as the central figure, and His philosophy as the central fact of our system of education. At the same time our teaching must be as far removed from anything sectarian or involving the statement of a creed, as the North Star is from the Southern Cross.

There will be no trouble in those days about opening school with such extracts from the Bible as have been agreed upon by men and women of all faiths, and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer with its universal benignities will be a matter of course.—*Glimpses of Fifty Years.*

ROGER WILLIAMS.—

WILLIAMS, ROGER, founder of the Colony of Rhode Island, born in Wales in 1606; died at Providence, R. I., in 1684. He entered the University at Oxford in 1624, mastered not only Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but the French and Dutch languages, and took Orders in the Anglican Church; but having embraced extreme Puritan views, he emigrated to New England in 1631. He became a minister at Salem, from which he was driven in 1635 for setting forth "new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates." Finding it expedient to leave the limits of the Plymouth Colony, he crossed Narragansett Bay, and established a settlement to which he gave the name of Providence. In 1643 he went to England in order to procure a charter for the new colony. During the voyage he wrote a curious *Key into the Language of America*. While in England he wrote his *Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience* (1644). To this the Rev. John Cotton replied in his *Bloody Tenent Washed and made White in the Blood of the Lamb* (1647). Williams rejoined in his *Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash It White* (1652). Besides the foregoing, Williams was the author of several other works—among them a *Letter to the People of Rhode Island* (1655), in which, as President of the Colony, he sets forth his own views as to the rightful jurisdiction of the civil magistrate in several important respects.

THE PROVINCE OF THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE.

There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common, and is a true picture of a common-

wealth, or a human combination or society. It hath fallen out that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship : upon which supposal, I affirm that all the liberty of conscience that I ever pleaded for, turns upon these two hinges : That none of the Papists or Protestants, Jews or Turks, be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any.

I further add, that I never denied that, notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course ; yea, and also to command that justice, peace, and sobriety be kept and practiced, both among the seamen and all the passengers. If any of the seamen refuse to perform their services, or passengers to pay their freight ; if any refuse to help, in person or purse, towards the common charge or defence ; if any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship concerning their peace or preservation ; if any shall mutiny and rise up against their commanders and officers ; if any should preach or write that there ought to be no commanders or officers, because all are equal in "Christ"—therefore no masters nor officers, no laws nor orders, nor corrections, nor punishments ;—I say I never denied but in such cases, whatever is pretended, the commander or commanders may judge, resist, compel, and punish such transgressors according to their deserts and merits. This, if seriously and honestly minded, may, if it so please the Father of Lights, let in some light to such as willingly shut not their eyes. I remain, studious of your common peace and liberty, Roger Williams.—*Letter to the People of Providence.*

Towards the close of his life, Roger Williams was involved in a controversy with some leaders of the Quakers, and in 1676 he put forth a large quarto volume embodying his version of a series of stormy debates

ROGER WILLIAMS.--

held with them. Among the notable Quakers were George *Fox* and Edward *Burrowes*, whose names gave ready occasion for a punning title :

THE FOX AND HIS BURROWES.

George Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes, or an Offer of Disputation on fourteen Proposals made this last Summer, 1672 (so call'd), unto G. Fox then present on Rhode Island, in New England, by R. W. As also how (G. Fox slyly departing) the Disputation went on, being managed three Dayes at Newport on Rhode Island, and one Day at Providence, between John Stubbs, John Burnet, and William Edmundson, on the one Part, and R. W. on the other. In which many Quotations out of G. Fox and Ed. Burrowes Book in Folio are alleged. With an Appendix, of some Scores of G. F., his simple lame answers to his Opposites in that Book quoted and replied to, by R. W. of Providence in N. E.

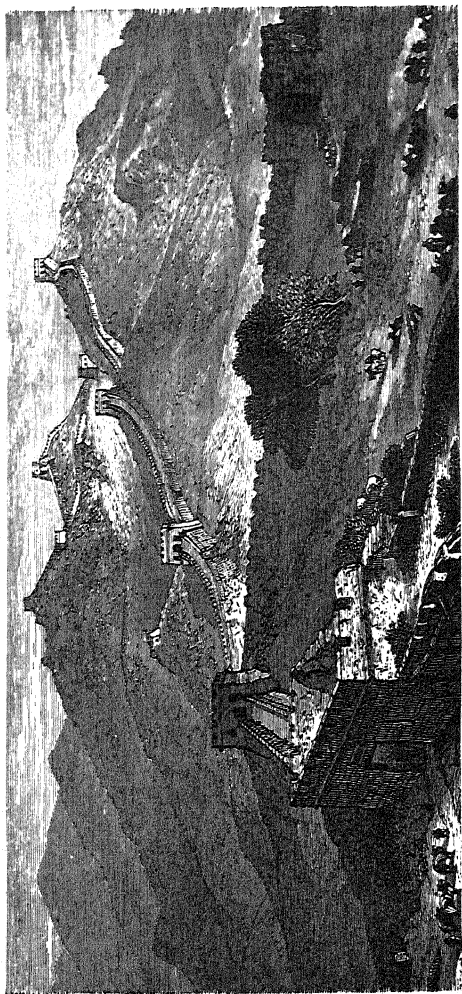
In his *American Literature*, Mr. Moses Coit Tyler speaks thus of the celebrated *Letter to the People of Providence* :

"The supreme intellectual merit of this composition is in those qualities that never obtrude themselves upon notice—ease, lucidity, completeness. Here we have the final result of ages of intellectual effort presented without effort—a long process of abstract reasoning made transparent and irresistible in a picture. With a wisdom that is both just and peaceable, it fixes, for all time, the barriers against tyranny on the one side, against lawlessness on the other. It has the moral and literary harmonies of a classic. As such, it deserves to be forever memorable in our American prose."

SAMUEL WELLS WILLIAMS.—

WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WELLS, an American linguist, born at Utica, N. Y., in 1812; died in 1884. He studied at the Polytechnic School in Albany, and in 1833 went to Canton, China, to superintend the printing operations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was made assistant editor of *The Chinese Repository*, which had just been established, and which was continued forty-two years, finally under his editorial charge. In 1837 he paid a visit to Japan, in order to take home a number of shipwrecked sailors; and mastered the language so as to translate into it the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of Matthew. In 1845 he returned to America to procure a font of Chinese type, which was ordered from Germany. He delivered a course of lectures on China, which were in 1848 enlarged and published under the title of *The Middle Kingdom*. He returned to China in 1848, having received from Union College the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1853-54 he accompanied, as interpreter, Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. In 1855 he was made U. S. Secretary of Legation in Japan, being at the head of the embassy there until the arrival of the Minister. He was afterwards employed as linguist to the U. S. Government in China until 1875, when he returned to America, after an absence of more than forty years in China and Japan.

The principal works of Mr. Williams are: *Easy Lessons in Chinese* (1842), *Chinese Commercial Guide* (1844), *English and Chinese Vocabulary in the Court Dialect* (1844), *The Middle Kingdom* (1848), *Syllable Dictionary of the Chinese Language* (1874). After his final return to the United States, he undertook a revision of



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.
From a photograph.

SAMUEL WELLS WILLIAMS.—

The Middle Kingdom, of which a much-enlarged edition was published in 1883.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The entire length of the Great Wall, between its extremities, is $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of longitude, or 1,255 miles in a straight line; but its turnings and doublings increase it to fully 1,500 miles. It would stretch from Philadelphia to Topeka, or from Portugal to Naples, on nearly the same latitude. The construction of this gigantic work is somewhat adapted to the nature of the country it traverses, and the material was taken on the spot where it was used. In the western part of its course it is merely a mud and gravel wall, and in other cases earth cased with brick.

The eastern part is generally composed of earth and pebbles faced with large bricks, weighing from 40 to 60 pounds each, supported on a coping of stone. The whole is about 25 feet thick at the base, and 15 feet wide at the top, and varying from 15 to 30 feet high. The top is protected with bricks, and defended with a straight parapet, the thickness of which has been taken as a proof that cannon were unknown at the time it was erected. There are brick towers at intervals, some of them more than 40 feet high, but not built upon the wall. These are independent structures, usually about 40 feet square at the base, diminishing to 30 feet at the top; at particular spots the towers are of two stories.

The impression left upon the mind of a foreigner, on seeing this monument of toil and unremunerative outlay, is respect for a people that could in any manner build it. Standing on the peak at *Ku-peh-kan* (Old North Gate), one sees the cloud-capped towers extending away over the declivities in single files, both east and west, until dwarfed by miles and miles of skyward perspective, as they divide into minute piles, yet stand with solemn stillness where they were stationed twenty centuries ago, as though condemned to wait the march

of time till their builders returned. The crumbling dyke at their feet may be followed, winding, leaping across gorges, defiles, and steep; now buried in some chasm, now scaling the cliffs and slopes, in very exuberance of power and wantonness, as it vanishes in a thin shadowy line at the horizon. Once seen, the Great Wall of China can never be forgotten.

At present, this remarkable structure is simply a geographical boundary, and except at the gates nothing is done to keep it in repair. Beyond the Yellow River to its western extremity, the Great Wall, according to Grebillon, is mostly a mound of earth or gravel, about 15 feet in height, with only occasional towers of brick or gateways made of stone. At Kalgan, portions of it are made of porphyry and other stones piled up in a pyramidal form between the brick towers—difficult to cross, but easy enough to pull down.

The appearance of this rampart at Ku-peh-kan is more imposing. The entire extent of the main and cross walls in sight from one of the towers there is over twenty miles. In one place it rises over a peak 5,225 feet high, where it is so steep as to make one wonder as much at the labor of erecting it on such a cliff, as on the folly of supposing it could be of any use there as a defence. The Wall is most visited at *Nan-kan* (South Gate), in the Ku-Yang Pass—a remarkable Thermopylæ, fifteen miles in length, which leads from the plain at Peking up to the first terrace above it, and at one time was guarded by five additional walls and gates. From this spot the Wall reaches across Shan-Si, and was built at a later period.—*The Middle Kingdom.*

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.—

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER, an American author, born at Portland, Maine, in 1806; died at Idlewild on the Hudson, in 1867. While a student at Yale College, where he graduated in 1827, he wrote several poems, mainly of a religious character, which gained for him no little reputation. For several years after leaving college he was engaged in literary work, finally forming a connection with the *New York Mirror*, to which he contributed a series of letters under the title of *Pencilings by the Way*, describing his observations in Europe, whither he went in 1833. Returning to the United States he took up his residence at a pretty little estate which he purchased in the valley of the Susquehannah, and named "Glenmary," for his wife whom he had married in England. Here he wrote his *Letters from under a Bridge*, which contain his best prose. After five years he was compelled to offer Glenmary for sale.

He then, in conjunction with Dr. Porter, established *The Corsair*, a weekly journal of literature. During a second stay in England he published *Loiterings of Travel*, produced two plays, *Bianca Visconti* and *Tortosa the Usurer*, and wrote the descriptive matter for an illustrated work, *The Scenery of the United States*. The publication of *The Corsair* was abandoned, and Willis aided George P. Morris in establishing the *Evening Mirror*, a daily newspaper. His health broke down, and he again went abroad, having been made an *attaché* of the American Legation at Berlin. He now proposed to make Germany his permanent residence; but finding the climate unfavorable to him, he returned to

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.—

New York. The daily *Evening Mirror* was given up, and the weekly *Home Journal* took its place. He took up his residence at Idlewild on the Hudson, where he died on his sixty-first birthday.

The prose writings of Willis consist mainly of letters and other articles furnished to periodicals. They include: *Pencillings by the Way*, *Letters from Under a Bridge*, *Rural Letters*, *People I Have Met*, *Life Here and There*, *Hurry-graphs*, *A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean*, *Fun-jottings*, *A Health Trip to the Tropics*, *Outdoors at Idlewild*, *Famous Persons and Places*, *The Rag Bag*, *Paul Fane*, a novel, *The Convalescent*; the last being written in 1859. His *Poems*, most of them being short pieces, of varying character, have been published collectively.

THE MISERERE.

The procession crept slowly up to the church, and I left them kneeling at the tomb of St. Peter, and went to the side chapel, to listen to the *miserere*. The choir here is said to be inferior to that in the Sistine chapel, but the circumstances more than make up for the difference, which, after all, it takes a nice ear to detect. I could not but congratulate myself, as I sat down on the base of a pillar, in the vast aisle, without the chapel where the choir were chanting with the twilight gathering in the lofty arches, and the candles of the various processions creeping to the consecrated sepulchre from the distant parts of the church.

It was so different in that crowded and suffocating chapel of the Vatican, where fine as was the music, I vowed positively never to subject myself to such annoyance again.

It had become almost dark, when the last candle but one was extinguished in the symbolical pyramid, and the first almost painful note of the *miserere* wailed out into the vast

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.—

church of St. Peter. For the next half hour, the kneeling listeners around the door of the chapel, seemed spell-bound in their motionless attitudes.

The darkness thickened, the hundred lamps at the far-off sepulchre of the saint, looked like a galaxy of twinkling points of fire, almost lost in the distance, and from the now perfectly obscured choir, poured, in ever-varying volume, the dirge-like music, in notes inconceivably plaintive and affecting.

The power, the mingled mournfulness and sweetness, the impassioned fulness, at one moment, and the lost, shrieking wildness of one solitary voice at another, carry away the soul like a whirlwind. I never have been so moved by anything. It is not in the scope of language to convey an idea to another of the effect of the *miserere*.

It was not till several minutes after the music had ceased, that the dark figures rose up from the floor about me.

As we approached the door of the church, the full moon, about three hours risen, poured broadly under the arches of the portico, inundating the whole front of the lofty dome with a flood of light such as falls only in Italy.

There seemed to be no atmosphere between. Daylight is scarcely more intense. The immense square, with its slender obelisk and embracing crescents of colonnade, lay spread out as definitely to the eye as at noon, and the two famous fountains shot up their clear waters to the sky, the moonlight streaming through the spray, and every drop as visible and bright as a diamond.—*Pencillings by the Way*.

THE SPRING IS HERE.

The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its light fingers full of leaves and
flowers ;

And with it comes a wish to be away,

Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.—

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods ;
And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet even there a restless thought will steal
To teach the indolent heart it yet must feel.

Strange that the audible stillness of the noon ;
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange that they fill not, with their tranquil
tone,
The spirit walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream ;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream ;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye,
And sing, till it is hooded from the sky.

TWO WOMEN.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air ;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo,—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.—

To make the spirit quail,—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air
Her woman's heart gave way !—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed away !

TO A CITY PIGEON.

Stoop to my window beautiful dove !
Thy daily visits have touched my love ;
I watch thy coming and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat ;
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves ?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and
sweet ?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people, this sultry air ?

Thou alone of the feathered race
Dost look unscared on the human face,
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be ;
And the "gentle Dove"
Has become a name for Truth and Love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird !
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word ;
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child ;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance : thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in this crowded air ;
And I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.—

Come then, ever, when the daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out.

I hear and see

Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee.

THIRTY-FIVE.

“The years of a man’s life are threescore and ten.”

O weary heart! thou’rt half-way home!

We stand on life’s meridian height—
As far from childhood’s morning come,
As to the grave’s forgetful night.

Give Youth and Hope a parting tear;

Look onward with a placid brow:

Hope promised but to bring us here,

And Reason takes the guidance now.

One backward look—the last—the last!

One silent tear—for Youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?

Who comes with me and Memory on?

Oh! lonely looks the downward track—

Joy’s music hushed—Hope’s roses gone!

To Pleasure and her giddy troop

Farewell, without a sigh or tear!

But hearts give way, and spirits droop,

To think that Love may leave us here.

Have we no charm when Youth has flown—

Midway to death left sad and lone?

Yet stay! As ’twere a twilight star

That sends its thread across the wave,

I see a brightening light from far,

Steal down a path beyond the grave.

And now—bless God!—its golden line

Comes o’er, and lights my shadowy way

And shows the dear hand clasped in mine.

But list, what those sweet voices say:—

“The Better Land’s in sight,

And, by its chastening light,

All love from life’s midway is driven,

Save her whose clasped hand will bring thee

on to Heaven.”

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.—

WILLSON, BYRON FORCEYTHE, an American poet, born at Little Genesee, N. Y., in 1837; died at Alfred, N. Y., in 1867. He was educated at Harvard, but impaired health prevented his graduation. He became an editorial writer for the *Louisville Journal*, in which many of his poems were published. The best known of his writings is *The Old Sergeant*, a carrier's address, printed in that paper Jan. 1, 1863, which is a true story. He published a volume of *Poems* in 1866.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"Come a little nearer, Doctor, thank you,—
let me take the cup :

Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just
another little sup !

Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm
pretty well used up,—

Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm
just a going up. . . .

"Doctor Austin !—what day is this?" "It
is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes, to-morrow will be New Year's, and a
right good time below !

What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly
twelve." "Then don't you go !

Can it be that all this happened—all this—
not an hour ago !

"That was where the gunboats opened on the
dark, rebellious host ;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns
upon the coast ;

There were still the two log-houses, just the
same, or else their ghost,—

And the same old transport came and took
me over—or its ghost !

"And the old field lay before me all deserted
far and wide ;

There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there
McClelland met the tide ;

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.—

There was where old Sherman rallied, and
where Hurlbut's horses died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them,
and kept charging till he died.

“There was where Lew Wallace showed them
he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and
where Rousseau waded in,
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we
all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just
as we began to win.

“Now, a shroud of snow and silence over
everything was spread ;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old
hat on my head
I should not have even doubted, to this mo-
ment, I was dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow
upon the dead !

“Death and silence !—Death and silence ! all
around me as I sped !
And behold a mighty TOWER, as if builded to
the dead,— [mighty head,
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its
Till the stars and stripes of Heaven all seemed
waving from its head !

“Round and mighty-based it towered — up
into the infinite—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built
a shaft so bright ; [stair of light
For it shone like solid sunshine ; and a winding
Wound around it and around it till it wound
clear out of sight !

“And, behold, as I approached it—with a
rapt and dazzled stare—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just as-
cending the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—
‘Halt, and who goes there !’
‘I'm a friend,’ I said, ‘if you are.’—‘Then
advance, sir, to the Stair.’

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.—

“I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor, was
Elijah Ballantyne!—

First of all to fall on Monday, after we had
formed the line!—

‘Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Wel-
come by that countersign!’

And he pointed to the scar there, under this
old cloak of mine!

“As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, think-
ing only of the grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a
bright and bloodless glaive:

‘That’s the way, sir, to Head-quarters.’ ‘What
Head-quarters?’—‘Of the Brave.’

‘But the great Tower?’—‘That,’ he answered,
‘Is the way, sir, of the Brave!’

“Then a sudden shame came o’er me at his uni-
form of light;

At my own so old and tattered, and at his so
new and bright;

‘Ah!’ said he, ‘you have forgotten the New
Uniform to-night—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just
twelve o’clock to-night!’

“And the next thing I remember, you were
sitting there, and I—

Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—
God bless you all! Good by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my
knapsack, when I die,

To my Son—my Son that’s coming,—he won’t
get here till I die!

“Tell him his old father blessed him as he
never did before,—

And to carry that old musket—” Hark! a
knock is at the door,—

“Till the Union—” See, it opens!—“Father!
Father! speak once more!”—

“Bless you!” gasped the old, gray sergeant,
and he lay and said no more.

The Old Sergeant, and Other Poems.

ALEXANDER WILSON.—

WILSON, ALEXANDER, a Scottish-American ornithologist; born at Paisley, Scotland, in 1766, died in 1813. He was a weaver by trade, had cultivated poetry, came to America 1794 and taught school in several places in Pennsylvania. By association with Wm. Bartram, he became interested in ornithology, and travelled much to collect birds. He was a competent pioneer in this work, and from 1808 he put forth his volumes of *American Ornithology*, himself drawing the faithful pictures. In 1814, it was completed in nine volumes. It was issued in two volumes, after his death, and, with a continuation by C. L. Bonaparte, in four volumes in 1833. He published volumes of *Poems* at Paisley (1790 and 1791), and, in 1792, a poem, *Watty and Meg*, which was ascribed to Burns. His excursion to western New York he described in a poem, *The Foresters*. The extract below, the Prairie Hen—then, and properly called pinnated grouse—is of interest, since this bird is extinct in the East.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the bluebird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the robin redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are
no more,
Green meadows and brown furrowed fields re-
appearing,

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The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are
a-steering ;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the
wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so
pleasing,

O then comes the bluebird, the herald of
spring !
And hails with his warblings the charms of
the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes
to ring ;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is
the weather ;

The blue woodland flowers just beginning
to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together :
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your
leisure ;

The bluebird will chant from his box such
an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a
pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each
tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's
sweet blossoms ;

He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitifs that lurk in their bosoms :
He drags the vile grub from the corn it de-
vours,

The worms from their webs, where they riot
and welter ;

His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleams
in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting
to cheer him ;

The gardener delights in his sweet, simple
strain,

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And leans on his spade to survey and to hear
him;

The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll
be chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us
before,

Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swal-
low;

The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy,
warm,
'The green face of earth, and the pure blue of
heaven,

Or love's native music have influence to
charm,

Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,
Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be ;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a
treasure ;

For, through the bleakest storms, if a calm he
but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleas-
ure !

THE PRAIRIE HEN.

This rare bird, though an inhabitant of different and very distant districts of North America, is extremely particular in selecting his place of residence; pitching only upon those tracts whose features and productions correspond with his modes of life, and avoiding immense intermediate regions that he never visits. Open dry plains, thinly interspersed with trees, or partially overgrown with shrub oak, are his favorite haunts. Accordingly we

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find these birds on the grouse plains of New Jersey, in Burlington county, as well as on the brushy plains of Long Island; among the pines and shrub oaks of Pocano, in Northampton county, Pennsylvania; over the whole extent of the barrens of Kentucky; on the luxuriant plains and prairies of Indian Territory, and upper Louisiana; and, according to the information of the late Governor Lewis, on the vast and remote plains of Columbia river; in all these places preserving the same singular habits.

Their predilection for such situations will be best accounted for by considering the following facts and circumstances:—First, their mode of flight is generally direct, and laborious, and ill calculated for the labyrinth of a high and thick forest, crowded and intersected with trunks and arms of trees, that require continual angular evolution of wing, or sudden turnings, to which they are, by no means, accustomed. I have always observed them to avoid the high timbered groves that occur here and there in the Barrens. Connected with this fact, is a circumstance related to me by a very respectable inhabitant of that country, viz., that one forenoon a cock grouse struck the stone chimney of his house with such force, as instantly to fall dead on the ground.

Secondly, their known dislike to ponds, marshes, or watery places, which they avoid on all occasions, drinking but seldom, and, it is believed, never from such places. While I was in the State of Tennessee, a person living within a few miles of Nashville had caught an old hen grouse in a trap; and, being obliged to keep her in a large cage, as she struck and abused the rest of the poultry, he remarked that she never drank, and that she even avoided that quarter of the cage where the cup containing the water was placed. Happening one day, to let some water fall on the cage, it trickled down in drops along the bars, which the bird no sooner observed, than she eagerly picked them off, drop by drop, with a dexterity that

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showed she had been habituated to this mode of quenching her thirst; and, probably, to this mode only, in those dry and barren tracts, where, except the drops of dew, and drops of rain, water is very rarely to be met with. For the space of a week he watched her closely, to discover whether she still refused to drink; but, though she was constantly fed on Indian corn, the cup and water still remained untouched and untasted. Yet no sooner did he again sprinkle water on the bars of the cage, than she eagerly and rapidly picked them off as before.

The last, and, probably, the strongest inducement to their preferring these plains, is the small acorn of the shrub oak; the strawberries, huckleberries, and partridge-berries, with which they abound, and which constitute the principal part of the food of these birds. These brushy thickets afford them excellent shelter, being almost impenetrable to dogs or birds of prey.

In all these places where they inhabit, they are, in the strictest sense of the word resident; having their particular haunts, and places of rendezvous, (as described in the preceding account), to which they are strongly attached. Yet they have been known to abandon an entire tract of such country, when, from whatever cause it might proceed, it became again covered with forest.—*American Ornithology.*

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.—

WILSON, AUGUSTA EVANS, an American author born at Columbus, Ga., in 1838. Her earlier novels were published under her maiden name of Evans. In 1868 she was married to L. M. Wilson of Mobile, Ala., where she has since resided. Her novels include: *Inez* (1856), *Beulah* (1859), *Macaria* (1864), *St. Elmo* (1866), *Vashti* (1869), *Infelice* (1875), and *At the Mercy of Tiberius* (1889).

TRUSTWORTHY.

Another long pause followed, and then St. Elmo Murray came close to his companion, saying:

"For four long years I have been making an experiment—one of those experiments, which men frequently attempt, believing all the time that it is worse than child's play, and half hoping that it will prove so and sanction the wisdom of their skepticism concerning the result. When I left home I placed in your charge the key of my private desk or cabinet, exacting the promise that only upon certain conditions would you venture to open it. Those contingencies have not arisen, consequently there can be no justification for your having made yourself acquainted with the contents of the vault. I told you I trusted the key in your hands; I did not. I felt assured you would betray the confidence. It was not a trust—it was a temptation, which I believed no girl or woman would successfully resist. I am here to receive an account of your stewardship, and I tell you now I doubt you. Where is the key?"

She took from her pocket a small ivory box, and opening it drew out the little key and handed it to him. "Mr. Murray, it was a confidence which I never solicited, which has caused me much pain, because it necessitated concealment from your mother, but which—God is my witness—I have not betrayed. There is the key, but of the contents of the tomb I know nothing. It was ungenerous in you to

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tempt a child as you did; to offer a premium, as it were, for a violation of secrecy, by whetting my curiosity, and then placing in my own hands the means of gratifying it. Of course I have wondered what the mystery was, and why you selected me for its custodian; and I have often wished to inspect the interior of that marble cabinet; but child though I was, I think I would have gone to the stake sooner than violate my promise."

As he took the key she observed that his hand trembled and that a sudden pallor overspread his face.

"Edna Earl, I give you one last chance to be truthful with me. If you yielded to the temptation—and what woman, what girl would not?—it would be no more than I really expected, and you will scarcely have disappointed me; for as I told you, I put no faith in you. But even if you succumbed to a natural curiosity, be honest and confess it!"

She looked up steadily into his inquisitorial eyes, and answered:

"I have nothing to confess."

He laid his hand heavily on her shoulder, and his tone was eager, vehement, pleading, tremulous:

"Can you look me in the eye—so—and say that you never put this key in yonder lock? Edna! more hangs on your words than you dream of. Be truthful! as if you were indeed in the presence of the God you worship. I can forgive you for prying into my affairs! but I cannot and will not pardon you for trifling with me now."

"I never unlocked the vault; I never had the key near it but once—about a week ago—when I found the tomb covered with cobwebs, and twisted the key partially into the hole to drive out the spider. I give you my most solemn assurance that I never unlocked it, never saw the interior. Your suspicions are ungenerous and unjust—derogatory to you and insulting to me."

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“The proof is at hand, and if I have indeed unjustly suspected you, atonement full and ample shall be made.”

Clasping one of her hands so firmly that she could not extricate it, he drew her before the Taj Mahal, and stooping, fitted the key to the lock. There was a dull click as he turned it, but even then he paused and scrutinized her face. It was flushed, and wore a proud, defiant, grieved look; his own was colorless as the marble that reflected it, and she felt the heavy, rapid beating of his blood, and saw the cords thicken on his brow. “If you have faithfully observed your promise, there will be an explosion when I open the vault.”

Slowly he turned the key a second time; and as the arched door opened and swung back on its golden hinges, there was a flash and sharp report from a pistol within.

Edna started involuntarily, notwithstanding the warning, and clung to his arm an instant, but he took no notice of her whatever. His fingers relaxed their iron grasp of hers, his hand dropped to his side, and leaning forward, he bowed his head on the marble dome of the little temple. How long he stood there she knew not; but the few moments seemed to her interminable as she silently watched his motionless figure.—*St. Elmo.*

SIR ERASMUS WILSON.—

WILSON, SIR ERASMUS, an English physician and author, born in 1809; died in 1884. He practiced in London, was Fellow of the Royal Society, President of the Egypt-Exploration Fund, and Vice-President of the Biblical Archæological Society. Besides many articles contributed to medical journals and to *Todd's Cyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology*, he was the author of *Practical and Surgical Anatomy* (1838), *System of Human Anatomy*, *The Anatomist's Vade Mecum*, and *Diseases of the Skin* (1842), *Healthy Skin*, *History of Middlesex Hospital* (1845), *The Doctor's Manual*, *A Three Weeks Scamper through the Spas of Germany and Belgium* (1858), *The Eastern or Turkish Bath* (1861), *Food as a Means of Prevention of Disease* (1865), *The Egypt of the Past*, *Recent Archaic Discovery of Ancient Egyptian Mummies at Thebes—a Lecture* (1883). The following extract from the lecture describes the extraordinary discovery of long-lost royal mummies (including that of a Pharaoh, Rameses II., of the Bible) which had been removed and hidden in an underground rock-chamber by the ancient Egyptians themselves, about a thousand years before Christ.

LOST KINGS FOUND.

When Belzoni explored the marvelous tomb of Seti I. in the valley of the Kings and discovered the magnificent sarcophagus of alabaster at present preserved with so much care in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was struck with amazement at finding the mummy and its coffin gone. How could they have disappeared? The entrance of the tomb had been elaborately closed up with masonry. No evidence of the removal of the coffin could be detected. It had vanished without leaving

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a sign. The tomb as far as the sepulchral chamber, was 320 feet in length, but a long gallery ran further into the rock and there the passage became blocked up by the giving way of the roof and the accumulation of rubbish within, and it could be pursued no farther. It was already known that the tombs of Rameses I. and II., and of several other Pharaohs, had been ransacked in vain, all had been emptied of their contents, and then it was surmised that the arch depredator must have been the tyrant Cambyses; or perchance the merciless spoiler may have been Ptolemy Lathyrus, the ruthless destroyer of Thebes. What then will be the surprise and wonder of the world of the present day to be apprised that the coffin and mummy of Seti I. still exist, as well as the mummy of his son Rameses II., together with those of one of the patriot kings of the seventeenth dynasty; of Aahmes, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty; of Amen-hotep I., Thothmes, the second and third of the same dynasty, and several more besides, in the family tomb of the Priest kings of the twentieth dynasty. Not the destroyers but the preservers had been at work, the Church herself had shielded the sacred remains of these great kings against the ravenous instincts of an impoverished and demoralized people.

It was an extraordinary discovery not only for Egyptian archæology but likewise for Egyptian history, and the fortunate discoverer was Professor Maspero, chief conservator of the Egyptian Museum at Boulak. The discovery bears date so recently as July, 1881, and it came about in the following manner. For some years past, so far back as the time of Mariette, it had been observed that objects of value and interest, tablets, papyri, etc., had found their way into the museums of Europe and some into private lands. You must know that there exists a law in Egypt that tombs and cemeteries are not to be explored except by direct permission of the Khedive, and all traffic in objects of

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archaic interest is strictly forbidden. Nevertheless a kind of contraband was in existence the actual source of which was unknown. Another observation had also been made, namely, that the large majority of the objects were of about the same period, and seemed to have a common origin. . . . Suspicion quickly pointed to the parties implicated. The chief Ahmed Abd-er-Rassoul, one of five brothers engaged in the traffic of antikias (antiques), was arrested, and, shortly afterwards, another of the brothers made a confession and conducted the authorities to the hiding place in which all these treasures were concealed. . . . The collection within this strange hiding place consisted of sarcophagi coffins, mummies, funereal furniture, and funereal ornaments, the gathered fragments of four or five dynasties, more particularly of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twenty-first, comprehending a period of more than five-hundred years and ranging between the sixteenth and tenth centuries before Christ. Near the entrance was the coffin of Nebsenu, of the twenty-first dynasty, next to that the coffin which contained the mummy of Queen Ansera, of the seventeenth dynasty. After Queen Ansera followed Queen Tauhathor Hontau of the twenty-first dynasty. It was a hot forty-eight hours' work under the burning sun of Egypt, to bring all these objects to the surface, and a toilsome labor, enlisting the services of three hundred Arabs, to convey them to Luxor, and subsequently to pile them on the deck of the museum steamer which had journeyed up the river to receive them. The passage down the river partook of the character of a funereal ovation; women with dishevelled hair ran along the banks uttering shrieks and funereal chants, others threw dust upon their heads, men discharged guns, and the funeral of a defunct of to-day could not have excited more apparent emotion. . . .

In conclusion, let me say that this is but a brief and scanty narrative of the archaic trove

of ancient Thebes, a discovery which throws a brilliant flood of light over the history of the most glorious epoch of Egyptian ascendancy, a period which comprehends the zenith and the decline of Egyptian greatness; which, beginning with the expulsion of the shepherd Kings or Hyksos invaders under whose reign Abraham and Joseph flourished, embraces the era of the great conquerors of Syria and Nubia, the birth of Moses, the Exodus of the Israelites, and which includes the parentage of the Shishak of the Bible, who was the conqueror and spoiler of Jerusalem. It will be apparent that all we know of the subject corroborates very powerfully the Bible story, and that fuller and further search cannot but have the effect of developing and confirming the truth, and consolidating the bonds that unite science with religion.

HENRY WILSON.—

WILSON, HENRY, an American statesman and author, born at Farmington, N.H., in 1812; died in 1875. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature 1840-48; chairman of the "Free Soil" State Convention, 1849; editor of the *Boston Republican*, 1848-50; Speaker of the Massachusetts Senate, 1850-51; and United States Senator, 1855-70. His publications are: *History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the 37th and 38th Congresses* (1860-64), *Military Measures of the United States Congress* (1866), *Testimonials of American Statesmen and Jurists to the Truths of Christianity* (1867), *History of the Reconstruction Measures of the 39th and 40th Congresses* (1868), *History of the Part Congress played in the War*, and *History of the Rise and Fall of Slavery in America* (1872). Extracts from the last mentioned are here given as specimens, and as historical curiosities pertaining to a condition of affairs already remote from our times.

ABOLITIONIST PRINCIPLES.

The purposes of the Abolitionist were persistently misrepresented. Even good and fair-minded men, who were generally just and considerate in their opinions, were led to believe, notwithstanding the explicit avowals and disclaimers of the society, through its constitution, Declaration of Sentiments, and official organs, that its members "were pursuing measures at variance not only with the constitutional rights of the South, but with the precepts of humanity and religion." In the year 1835 the executive committee issued an address designed to remove these false impressions. This address was signed by Arthur Tappan, John Rankin, William Jay, Elizur Wright, Jr., Abraham L. Cox, Lewis Tappan, Samuel E. Cornish, S. S. Jocelyn, and Theodore S. Wright. It was written

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by Judge Jay, and contained a very lucid exposition of the principles and policy of the society, and attracted marked attention both at home and abroad.

It declared that Congress has no more right to abolish slavery in the Southern States than in the French West India Islands; that the exercise of any other than moral influence to induce abolition by the state legislatures would be unconstitutional; that Congress had the right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and that it was their duty to efface so foul a stain from the national escutcheon; that American citizens have the right to express and publish their opinions of the constitution, laws, and institutions of any and every State and nation under heaven, asserting that "we never intend to surrender the liberty of speech, of the press, or of conscience,—blessings we have inherited from our fathers, and which we mean, so far as we are able, to transmit unimpaired to our children." It also affirmed that they had uniformly deprecated all forcible attempts on the part of the slaves to recover their freedom; that they would deplore any servile insurrection, on account of the calamities that would attend it, and the occasion it might give for increased severity; that the charge that they had sent publications to the South, designed to incite the slaves to insurrection, was utterly and unequivocally false; that the charge that they had sent any publications to the slaves was false; that they had employed no agents in the slave States to distribute their publications. But they reiterated their conviction that slavery was sinful and injurious to the country, and that immediate abolition would be both safe and wise, and that they had no intention of refraining from the expression of such views in future. They also gave unequivocal expression to their views in regard to the elevation of the colored people. To the accusation that their acts tended to a dissolution of the Union, and that

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they wished to destroy it, they replied with emphasis: "We have never calculated the value of the Union, because we believe it to be inestimable, and that the abolition of slavery will remove the chief cause of its dissolution."

The Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, too, issued an address to the public. A committee of thirty-one persons signed the address. Among the number were Samuel J. May, Samuel E. Sewall, William Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Henry C. Wright, Ellis Gray Loring, and David Lee Child. . . . They denied that they had ever advocated the right of physical resistance upon the part of the oppressed. "We assure our assailants," they said, "that we would not sacrifice the life of a single slaveholder to emancipate any slave in the United States."

A BOSTON MOB IN 1835.

It was announced that the Boston Female Anti-slavery Society would hold a public meeting at their hall in Washington Street, on the 21st of October, 1835. On the morning of that day inflammatory handbills were circulated and threats were freely uttered. Appeals were made to the city authorities for protection. Instead of that these women were reminded by the marshal that they gave the city officials a great deal of trouble. It had been published and posted through the city that "the infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson," would speak at the meeting, that it would be a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to "snake him out," and one hundred dollars were offered to the individual who would first lay hands on him "that he could be brought to the tar-kettle." In the autumn of the preceding year, George Thompson, one of the most gifted and eloquent men of his age, came to the United States, at the request of Mr. Garrison and other leading Abolitionists in England and America. He had so grandly distinguished himself by his brilliant and successful

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advocacy of West India emancipation, that when that great triumph had been won, in 1833, Lord Brougham said: "I rise to take the crown of this most glorious victory from every other head, and place it upon George Thompson. He had done more than any other man to achieve it." . . .

A few days before this meeting he had been mobbed in Plymouth County; and so great was the excitement against him, he was then secreted by his friends in Boston. . . . The belief that he was to be at that meeting increased and intensified the excitement. To "snake out" of a company of Boston ladies that brilliant and eloquent Englishman was unquestionably one of the leading motives which inspired that mob of self-styled "gentlemen of property and standing."

At the hour of meeting, about thirty members of the society assembled in their room. Many others, who had striven to enter the hall, were turned back to the rioters. The president of the society, Miss Mary Parker, read a portion of the Bible, and then, in tones heard above the yellings of the mob, offered up a fervent prayer to God for his blessing upon the cause of the bondmen, his forgiveness of his and their enemies, and his succor and protection in that hour of peril. While the secretary was reading the annual report, amid the noisy demonstrations of the mob, Mayor Lyman entered the room. He requested and entreated the ladies to dissolve their meeting, as he could not otherwise preserve the peace. Surrounded by masses of excited and clamorous men, these ladies demanded of the mayor protection and the dispersion of the mob. But, though confessing it to be his duty to afford them protection, he admitted that he could not do so. The meeting then adjourned and the rioters rushed into the room, fiercely demanding Mr. Garrison.

At the earnest solicitation of the mayor, in order that he might truthfully assure the mob

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that he was not in the building, Mr. Garrison attempted to retire quietly to his residence by a back passage. But he was quickly discovered, seized, a rope put around him, his hat knocked from his head and cut in pieces, and his clothes torn from his body. Dragged through Wilson's Lane into State Street, he was rescued by the mayor, his posse, and several respectable citizens, and taken into the mayor's room in the old State House. From this place he was conveyed to Leverett Street Jail, to save him from the fury of the mob.

Upon the wall of that prison he inscribed these words: "William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Monday afternoon, October 21st, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God.—*Hist. Slave Power in America.*

JAMES GRANT WILSON.—

WILSON, JAMES GRANT, an American biographer, born in Edinburgh, in 1832. He was the son of the poet William Wilson, who in that year, came to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where the son was educated. Establishing at Chicago the first literary journal in the Northwest, he sold out, became a colonel, afterwards a general in the Civil War, and subsequently settled in New York. He has been on important government boards, President of the N. Y. Genealogical Society, and has held other prominent offices. Besides addresses and articles, he has published *Biographical Sketches of Illinois Officers* (1862), *Love in Letters* (1867), *Life of U. S. Grant* (1868), *Life of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (1869), *Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers* (1874), *Poets and Poetry of Scotland* (1876), *Centennial History of the Diocese of New York* (1886), *Bryant and His Friends* (1886), *Commodore Isaac Hull and the Frigate Constitution* (1889), *The Memorial History of N. Y. City* (1891-1893), and edited *The Presidents of the United States* (1894). In collaboration with Mr. John Fiske he has edited *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography* (6 vols., 1886-1889).

THE "CROAKERS."

The amusing series of verses known as "The Croakers," first published in 1819, were the joint production of the attached friends and literary partners, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake—the "Damon and Pythias" of American poets. The origin of these sprightly *jeux d'esprit*, as eagerly looked for each evening as were the war-bulletins of a later day, may not be without interest to the author's troops of admirers. Halleck and Drake were spending a Sunday morning with Dr. William Langstaff, an eccentric apothecary and an accomplished mineralogist, with whom they were both intimate (the two last mentioned

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were previously fellow-students in the study of medicine with Drs. Bruce and Romaine), when Drake, for his own and his friends' amusement, wrote several burlesque stanzas "To Ennui," Halleck answering them in some lines on the same subject. The young poets decided to send their productions, with others of a similar character, to William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening-Post*. If he published them, they would write more; if not, they would offer them to M. M. Noah, of the *National Advocate*; and, if he declined their poetical progeny, they would light their pipes with them. Drake accordingly sent Coleman three pieces of his own, signed "CROAKER," a signature adopted from an amusing character in Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man." To their astonishment, a paragraph appeared in the *Post* the day following, acknowledging their receipt, promising the insertion of the poems, pronouncing them to be the productions of superior taste and genius, and begging the honor of a personal acquaintance with the author. The lines "To Ennui" appeared March 10, 1819, and the others in almost daily succession; those written by Mr. Halleck being sometimes signed "Croaker Junior," while those which were their joint composition generally bore the signature of "Croaker and Co."

The remark made by Coleman had excited public attention, and "THE CROAKERS" soon became a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, book-stores, coffee-houses on Broadway, and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic. The two friends contributed other pieces; and when the editor again expressed great anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, and used a style so mysterious as to excite their curiosity, the literary partners decided to call upon him. Halleck and Drake accordingly, one evening, went together, to Coleman's residence in Hudson Street, and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlor, the editor soon entered, the young poets

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expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and the door being closed and locked, Dr. Drake said—"I am Croaker, and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker Junior." Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment,—at length exclaiming: "I had no idea that we had such talents in America!" Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, was disposed to give to Drake all the credit; but, as it chanced that Coleman alluded in particularly glowing terms to one of the Croakers that was wholly his, he was forced to be silent, and the delighted editor, continued in a strain of compliment and eulogy that put them both to their blush. Before taking their leave, the poets bound Coleman over to the most profound secrecy, and arranged a plan of sending him the MSS., and of receiving the proofs, in a manner that would avoid the least possibility of the secret of their connection with "THE CROAKERS" being discovered. The poems were copied from the originals by Langstaff, that their handwriting should not divulge the secret, and were either sent through the mail, or taken to the *Evening Post* office by Benjamin R. Winthrop. . . .

Hundreds of imitations of "THE CROAKERS" were daily received by the different editors of New York, to all of which they gave publicly one general answer, that they lacked the genius, spirit, and beauty of the originals. On one occasion Coleman showed Halleck fifteen he had received in a single morning, all of which, with a solitary exception, were consigned to the waste-basket. The friends continued for several months to keep the city in a blaze of excitement; and it was observed by one of the editors, "that so great was the wincing and shrinking at 'THE CROAKERS,' that every person was on tenter-hooks; neither knavery nor folly has slept quietly since our first commencement."—*Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

JOHN WILSON.—

WILSON, JOHN, a Scottish author born at Paisley in 1785; died at Edinburgh in 1854. He was the son of a prosperous manufacturer; was educated at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1807, having the preceding year won the Newdigate prize for a poem on "The Study of Greek and Roman Architecture." Soon afterwards he married, purchased the pretty estate of Elleray, on the shore of Lake Windermere where he resided for several years. He was noted for his imposing stature, physical strength, and fondness for athletic exercises. Pecuniary reverses came upon him, and he was compelled to look about for means of earning a livelihood. He went to Edinburgh, and entered himself as a member of the Scottish bar; and in 1820 was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In the meantime William Blackwood had in 1817 established at Edinburgh the Magazine which bears his name. Wilson was from the first its leading spirit, though Blackwood was its actual editor. For the somewhat mythical editor the name of "Christopher North" was adopted, and this name came to be applied to Wilson, and was in a manner adopted by him. Wilson's connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* continued from October, 1817, till September, 1852, when appeared his last contribution, "Christopher under Canvas." Of late years his health had failed, and in 1851 the Government granted him a literary pension of £300.

The greater portion of Wilson's works consist of matter which originally appeared



JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Several collections of these contributions were made by himself or by others. Among them are the series entitled *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and *Recreations of Christopher North*. A collection of his *Works*, edited by his son-in-law, Prof. Ferrier, has been made (12 vols. 1855-1858.). *A Memoir of John Wilson*, has been written by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon (1862.) Besides the various *Blackwood* papers, the principal works of Wilson are: *The Isle of Palms, and Other Poems* (1812), *The City of the Plague and Other Poems* (1816), *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* (1822), *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay* (1823), *The Foresters* (1824).

A WALK IN A SNOW-STORM.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Achindown on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide over the melancholy expanse; and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the stormy wind, that blew from every point of the compass, struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them down in endless transformation. There was something inspiring in the labor with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm; and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the summits of the stricken hills.

As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there, up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept

JOHN WILSON.—

open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog, attending some shepherd in his quest on the hills, put fresh vigor into my limbs—telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snow.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labors of the barn; the mending of farm-gear by the fireside; the wheel turned by foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime; the skilful mother making “auld claes look amaist as weel’s the new;” the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks around the singing maiden; the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by; the unexpected visit of neighbors, on need or friendship; or footstep of lover, undeterred by the snowdrifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland; of the sound of Psalms that depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted; and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the peasant into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance or of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour’s walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor.

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My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipped it with fire, and I felt at that moment an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.—*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

THE FLITTING FROM BRAEHEAD.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last; a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day—fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred—some accidental and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbor had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing at the door ready to move away. The fire which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats was now out, the shutters were closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead.

The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart; Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower pots in her lap; for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the Innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin-redbreast, that had been her boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. "There," said she, "is your last crumb from us, sweet Robby; but there is a God who takes care o' us a'."

The widow had by this time shut down the

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lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts—joyful or despairing—buried in the darkness. The assembled group of neighbors—mostly mothers with their children in their arms—had given the “God bless you, Alice! God bless you, Margaret, and the lave!” and began to disperse, each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which before night the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect; but which as in this case often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold, sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travelers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings—some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better; others with woebegone faces, going, like themselves, down the path of poverty, on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. . . .

The cart stopped at the end of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbors—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said: “Ay, ay, here’s the flitting, I’s’e warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? hech, sers, but you’ve gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca’ Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o’ your gudeman since he gaed off wi’ that limmer? Dool be wi’ her and a’ siclike!”

Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and

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curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down, the room was decently arranged; one and all of the neighbors said "Gude-night," and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger; but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody; and they knelt together in prayer. This night "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" did not "forsake the wretched." He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless; and under the shadow of his wings their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced with delightful dreams.—*The Trials of Margaret Lindsay.*

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIPS.

Oh! blame not boys for so soon forgetting one another in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word. Call it rather a reconciliation to doom and destiny, in thus obeying a benign law of nature that soon streams sunshine over the shadow of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ONGOINGS of this world be continued. The nascent spirit out grows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still—thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead—perish not; lying sometimes in slumber, sometimes **in sleep**. It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our main business—our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be, must be, with the living. Duty demands it; and Love who would pine to death over the bones

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of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects; with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows.

So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that Spring had sprinkled over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness; and we felt that we did wrong to visit too often that corner of the kirkyard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies. In our dreams we saw him, most often all alive as ever, sometimes a phantom away from that grave. If the morning light was frequently hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was dead, it more frequently cheered and gladdened us with resignation, and sent us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rang with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river or along the lock; once more following the flight of the falcon along the woods, eying the eagle on the echo-cliff.

Days passed by without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey; pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently, just as if he had never been. But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight towards us—his very figure—we could not be deceived. But the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden; the grief-worn spectre melted into mist. The strength that formerly had come from his counsels now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies; and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and saw the faces of the mountaineers on their way to their work, or coming and going to the house of God.—*Recreations of Christopher North.*

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TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue,
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death?
Those features to the grave be sent,
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art—
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors of both soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude.
But, lovely child, thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown:
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child—all but the name. . . .

O that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of gleaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years;
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.
And who can tell what visions high

JOHN WILSON.—

May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

O vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! The rainbow's radiant form
May view but cannot brave the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise;
And years—so Fate hath ordered—roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul;
Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe, by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse me hath led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on;
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields and moveless trees,
After a warm and silent shower,
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither all can say
Who, knowing God, His will obey. . . .

O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of thy glad heart.
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kissed thy cheek and fanned thy hair;
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live forever.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.—

WINCHELL, ALEXANDER, an American geologist, born at North East, N. Y., in 1824; died at Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1891. He was graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and was Professor of Physics and Civil Engineering in the University at Michigan, 1853-55; of Geology and Natural Science, 1855-72, holding also a like professorship in the Kentucky University 1866-7. He was Chancellor of the Syracuse University, N. Y., from 1872-74, and Professor of Geology and Zoology there in 1877. Since 1879, he has been Professor of Geology and Palæontology at Michigan University and State Geologist, 1859-62 and 1869-71. Besides scientific papers and official reports, he has written very able books, considered both as scientific and literary productions, such as: *Sketches of Creation* (1870), *Geology of the Stars* (1872), *Doctrine of Evolution* (1874), *Thoughts on Causality* (1875), *Lay Theology* (1876), *Reconciliation of Science and Religion* (1877), *Preadamites* (1880), *Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer* (1881), *World-Life* (1883), *Geological Excursions* (1884), *Walks and Talks in the Geological Field* (1886), *Shall We Teach Geology?* (1889).

MIND IN MATTER.

A human organism with all its parts perfect, and all its parts in harmonious action, is a splendid mechanism which can never cease to awaken admiration and wonder. While we contemplate it, alas, its activities cease. A powerful current of electricity has passed through the frame, and a life is extinct. The change which we witness is appalling. The eye has lost its light; the voice gives forth no more intelligence; the muscles cease to grasp the implement; the fabric of a man now lies

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.—

prone, motionless, speechless, insensible, *dead*—a stupendous and total change. But what is changed? Not the mechanism. The heart is still in its place, with all its valves; the brain shows no lesion; the muscles are all ready to act; every part remains as it was in life. Neither chemistry nor the microscope detects, as yet, a material change. But something has gone out of the mechanism, for it is not as it was—something inscrutable, but yet something which ruled the mechanism—sustaining its action, lighting the eye, giving information to the tongue, making of this machinery absolutely all that which led us to say, “Here is a man.” The man has gone out and left only his silent workshop behind.

Consider the life-powers in action. The organism is in process of growth. A common fund of assimilative material is provided by the digestive organs. Out of this, atom by atom is selected and built into the various tissue-fabrics. Here such atoms are selected as the formation of bone requires; there, the atoms suited for nerve or brain structure; in another place, the material of which muscles are made. If, unfortunately, the lime should be brought to be worked up in the muscle factory, or the nerve-stuff to be made into bone, the whole organism would be thrown into disorder. Nice selection of material is indispensable. Then notice the building of the bones. In one place the framework is so laid that the filling up will result in a flat bone. It is to be a shoulder blade, or a portion of the skull. In another place the framework is elongated; it is to be a long bone. The humerus is never built into the skull, nor the shoulder blade into the sole of the foot. Every bone is constructed for its place and its function. The whole system of bones, moreover, is conformed to a definite fundamental plan of structure—it is according to the plan of a vertebrate. Now, selection of appropriate material is an act of intelligence. The determination of one form of structure

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rather than another implies discriminating intelligence and executive will. The conformation of the total system of structures in the organism to an ideal plan implies first, a conception of the plan ; secondly, a perception of fitness between the plan and each particular tissue in process of formation. Certainly, we must say that here *mind* is at work. But is it the mind of the animal or plant ? Every person can answer for himself whether he made his own bones. The question is absurd. Is the mind evinced possessed by the matter ? Do these atoms and molecules move and arrange themselves by an intelligence and choice of their own ? Has each one a conception of the plan to which they so consentaneously work ? Do they intelligently maintain the processes of digestion, blood purification, assimilation, and tissue-building ? How do they conceive, think, and will without brain ? How select without eyes or hands ? Who ever knew intelligence acting without brain ? But, it is conceivable, you say. Yes, though it is not a brainless molecule. There is intelligence acting in the organism, which does not belong to the matter or the individual ; whose intelligence is it ? Intelligence is an attribute ; it belongs to being. What being then, acts in the living organism ? It is the Omnipresent Being. . . .

Plan is the product of thought ; it is a demonstration of the existence and presence and activity of mind. If the material world is underlaid and pervaded and operated by plan, method, law, then the world is a constant revelation of a present intelligence, an omnipresent, and omniscient Being.

There is one plan which underlies all other plans. In a brief and condensed way, I have attempted to show that the plans exemplified in organic life and the plans exemplified in the formation of worlds, are only special exemplifications of the all-embracing plan of evolution.— *Walks and Talks in the Geological Field.*

JOHANN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN.—

WINCKELMANN, JOHANN JOACHIM, a German writer on Art, born at Stendal in Prussia, in 1717; died at Trieste in 1768. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, educated himself in the midst of great privation, and became a schoolmaster for several years. At thirty-one he was made Assistant Librarian at Dresden, and, stimulated by the paintings and sculptures in the famous Art Gallery, he resolved to devote himself to the study of ancient Art. For this purpose he made his way to Rome, where he succeeded in gaining the appointment of Librarian to Cardinal Passionei, the possessor of the most extensive private library in Rome. To obtain this appointment it was indispensable that he should become a Roman Catholic. He was nominally a Lutheran, but by his friends he was looked upon as a Free-thinker; though, as his biographer quaintly observes, "it may fairly be doubted whether he ever really had any creed except his firm belief in the divinity of the ancient Greek sculptures." This artistic faith of his, quite as much as his conversion to Roman Catholicism, gained for him the confidence of Cardinal Albani, one of the wealthiest of the Roman collectors in Art, who was then busy in enriching the galleries of his villa at Porta Salara. Winckelmann lived in the Cardinal's palace as a friend; was made Prefect of Antiquities, and thus had abundant opportunity for gathering materials for his great works on Art, though his emoluments were small. His first work, *Thoughts on the Imitation of Grecian Paintings and Sculptures*, had appeared as early as 1755; it contained the germs of the ideas which were developed in his great *History of*

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After a residence of more than a dozen years at Rome, Winckelmann was seized with a desire to visit his native Germany, for which he had received many urgent invitations. He set out late in the spring of 1768. But he had hardly passed the frontiers of Italy when he was seized with sudden forebodings, and wished to turn back. With difficulty he was persuaded to keep on to Vienna. Here he was introduced to the Empress Maria Theresa, from whom he received a considerable present in gold. He would go no further, but turned his face again towards Italy. At Trieste he fell in with an Italian named Arcangeli, who had just been discharged from prison, who resolved to murder him for his money. On the morning of June 8, 1768, Winckelmann was found dying in his chamber; he had been stabbed in five places. Arcangeli was detected before he had time to escape with his booty, and was executed a fortnight after the murder.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GRECIAN ART AND ARTISTS.

One great consequence of the general appreciation of beauty among the Greeks was that the artist was not condemned to work to gratify the pride, vanity, or caprice of any one noble patron; but was supported and encouraged in the efforts of genius by the general voice of the people. And this people was not a rude, untaught democracy, but was under the direction of the wisest minds. The honors which were awarded by public assemblies to competitors in Art were in general fairly and intelligently distributed. In the time of Phidias there was at Corinth, as also at Delphi, a public

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exhibition of paintings, over which the most competent judges presided. Here Panænus, the relative of Phidias, contended for a prize with Timagoras of Chalcis, when the latter proved victorious. Before such competent adjudicators Aetion produced his painting of "Alexander's Marriage with Roxana," and Proxenides, the judge who pronounced the decision, was so well pleased with the work that he gave his daughter in marriage to the painter. Universal fame did not unfairly prevail over rising merit. At Samos, in the exhibition of several paintings of "The Weapons of Achilles," the renowned Parrhasius was defeated by a competitor named Timanthes. . . .

Art was chiefly devoted to its highest objects—the exposition of religious ideas, or the nobler developments of human life—and did not stoop to make playthings, or to furnish the private houses of rich men with ostentatious luxuries ; for the best citizens in the best days of Athens lived in houses modestly and sparingly furnished, while they subscribed munificently to raise costly and beautiful statues in the public temples. Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon, the chieftains and deliverers of their country, did not distinguish themselves from their fellow-citizens by dwelling in grand and expensive houses.—*History of Ancient Art.*

EDWARD WINSLOW.—

WINSLOW, EDWARD, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, born in Worcestershire in 1595; died at sea, near Jamaica, in 1655. He was one of the voyagers on the *Mayflower*, and in conjunction with William Bradford kept a journal of the events of the first year in the Plymouth Colony. In 1623 he went to England as agent of the Plymouth Colony, and while there put forth his pamphlet, *Good Newes from New England*. On his return he brought with him the first live stock introduced into New England. In 1633 he was elected Governor of the Colony. In 1635 he again visited England, and obtained a renewal of the right of self-government at Plymouth; but Thomas Morton, the Episcopalian Royalist, procured his imprisonment on various charges. He was soon released, and was re-elected Governor in 1636, and again in 1644. He returned to England in 1649, was employed there under the Cromwellian government, and in 1655 was sent to the West Indies as one of the commissioners for an attack upon the Spanish settlements; but died on the voyage, and was buried in Jamaica.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

For the temper of the air here, it agreeth well with that in England; and if there be any difference at all, this is somewhat hotter in summer. Some think it to be colder in winter, but I cannot of experience so say. The air is very clear, and not foggy, as hath been reported. I never in my life remember a more seasonable year than we have here enjoyed; and if we have once both kine, horses, and sheep, I make no question but men might live as contented here as in any part of the world. The country wanteth only industrious men to employ; for it would grieve your hearts if, as

EDWARD WINSLOW.—

I, you had seen so many miles together by goodly rivers uninhabited ; and withal, to consider those parts of the world wherein you live to be even greatly burthened with abundance of people.—*Letter : 1622.*

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MASSASOIT.

In his person he is a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech ; in his attire little or nothing differing from the rest of his followers, only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck ; and at it, behind his neck, hangs a little bag of tobacco. His face was painted of a sad, red-like murrey, and oiled both head and face, that he looked greasily. All his followers likewise were in their faces, in part or in whole, painted, some black, some red, some yellow, and some white, some with crosses and other antic works ; some had skins on them, and some naked ; all tall, strong men in appearance. . . .

One thing I forgot: The king had in his bosom, hanging in a string, a great long knife. He marvelled much at our trumpet, and some of the men would sound it as well as they could. Samoset and Squanto, they stayed all night with us ; and the king and all his men lay all night in the woods, not above half an English mile from us, and all their wives and women with them. They said that within eight or nine days they would come and set corn on the other side of the brook, and dwell there all summer ; which is hard by us. That night [March 22, 1621] we kept good watch, but there was no appearance of danger.—*Winslow's Journal.*

HINTS FOR INTENDING COLONISTS.

I write not these things to dissuade any that shall seriously, upon due examination, set themselves to further the glory of God and the honor of our country in so worthy an enterprise, but rather to discourage such as with too great lightness undertake such courses ; who

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peradventure strain themselves and their friends for their passage thither, and are no sooner there, than seeing their foolish imagination made void, are at their wit's end, and would give ten times so much for their return, if they could procure it; and out of such discontented passions and humors spare not to lay that imputation upon the country, and others, which they themselves deserve.

As, for example, I have heard some complain of others for their large reports of New England, and yet, because they must drink water and want many delicacies they enjoyed in England, could presently return with their mouths full of clamors. And can any be so simple as to conceive that the fountains should stream forth wine or beer, or the woods and rivers be like butchers' shops or fishmongers' stalls, where they might have things taken to their hands? If thou canst not live without such things, and hast no means to procure the one, and wilt not take pains for the other, nor hast ability to employ others for thee, rest where thou art; for, as a proud heart, a dainty tooth, a beggar's purse, and an idle hand be here in England intolerable, so that person that hath those qualities there is much more abominable. If therefore God hath given thee a heart to undertake such courses, upon such grounds as bear thee out of all difficulties—namely His glory as a principal, and all other good things but accessories—then thou wilt with true comfort and thankfulness receive the least of his mercies. Whereas on the contrary, men deprive themselves of much happiness, being senseless of greater blessings, and through prejudice smother up the love and bounty of God: whose name be ever glorified in us, by us, now and evermore. Amen.—*Good Newses from New England.*

JUSTIN WINSOR.—

WINSOR, JUSTIN, an American bibliographer, born at Boston in 1831. He studied at Harvard (which subsequently conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.), and afterwards in Germany. In 1868 he was made Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, and in 1877 Librarian of Harvard College. From 1876 to 1886 he was President of the American Library Association. Among the works which he has written or edited are: *The History of Duxbury, Mass.* (1849), *Songs of Unity* (1859), *Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare* (1876), *Handbook of the Revolution* (1880), *Bradford's History of Plymouth* (1881), *Arnold's Expedition against Quebec* (1886), *The Manuscript Sources of American History* (1887), *Narrative and Critical History of the United States*, written partly by himself (of which Vol. I. appeared in 1881, Vol. VII. in 1888), *Review of the 250th Anniversary of the Founding of Harvard College* (1887), *Christopher Columbus* (1891), *Cartier to Frontenac* (1894). Since 1877 he has prepared a large annual volume of the *Harvard University Bulletin*; from which we take a small part of an exhaustive paper on "The Bibliography of Ptolemy's Geography." Some seventy editions of this are described; that of 1540 the most minutely.

SEBASTIAN MUNSTER AND HIS MAPS OF THE NEW WORLD.

Sebastian Munster was born in 1489, and died of the plague in 1552. In 1532 he had already contributed a Map of the World and had described it in the *Novus Orbis*, which was published at Basle in 1532, and is usually ascribed to Grynæus, because his name is signed to the Preface. Munster's 1532 map closely resembles the Schonen and Frankfort globes in

the shape of North America, and in the placing of "Corterealis," as well as the severance of South America by a strait. The northern land is called "Terre de Cuba." The southern part is drawn broad in the northerly part, but it closely contracts, making the lower portion long and narrow; and it bears these words: "Parias," "Canibali," "America," "Terra Nova," "Priscilia." This 1532 map being so much behind the current knowledge of America, was not altogether creditable to Münster, and in 1540 he undertook the editing of the edition of Ptolemy now under consideration. In this new edition he placed the following maps, which are of interest in the history of American cartography:—

(1.) *Typus Universalis*, an elliptical map, with America on the left; except that the western part of America, called "Temistatan," is carried to the Asia side of the map. In the north a narrow neck of land extending west, widens into "Islandia," with "Thyle," an island, south of it; and still further westward it becomes "Terra nova sine de Bacalhos." South of this is a strait marked "Per hoc fretum iter patet ad Molucas." The northern boundary of the western end of the strait is "India superior." South of it and opposite Bacalhos, is a triangular land, without name, but with an off-lying island, "Cortereal." Its western shore is washed by a "Verranzano Sea," which nearly severs it from "Terra Florida." South America is so vaguely drawn on its western bounds that its connection with North America is uncertain. It is called "America, seu Insula Brazilii." "Magellan's Straits" separate it from the antarctic lands; and these Straits are for the first time shown on any Ptolemaic map.—(2.) *Nova Insula xxvi. nova Tabula*. This is No. 45 of the whole, or No. 17 of the twenty-two maps showing both Americas. Kohl delineates it, dating it erroneously 1530; and Hubert H. Bancroft copies the error. A similar gulf, from the northwest, projects down

North America as in the other map. On South America is the legend, "Insula Atlantia, quam vocant Brazilii et Americam."

The title of this edition of 1540 is, *Geographia Universalis, Vetus et Nova, complectens Claudii Alexandrini ennanationes*, etc. This edition consists of forty-eight maps, of which twenty-six relate to the Old World, and twenty-two to the New. It is of interest now to inquire what explorations had been followed, and what maps had been produced since the edition of 1522 which could have been of assistance to Münster in drafting these new theories of the general contour of the American continent.

The distinctive feature of Münster's map—the sea which nearly severs North America—is traced to the explorations of Giovanni de Verrezano, in 1524. Into the questions against the general credence imposed in these explorations, it is not necessary to enter here. The belief in the story first found public cartographical expression in the map under consideration; and Münster may possibly have used Verrezano's charts, which are now lost. . . .

The validity of the claims for Giovanni de Verrezano largely rests, however, on a planisphere of about 1529, made by Hieronymus de Verrezano, measuring 51 by 102 inches, which was discovered in the Collegio Romano de Propaganda Fide, in the Museo Borgiano at Rome. It is not certain that this map is an original, and it may be a copy. It was mentioned by Von Mur in 1801, referring to a letter of Cardinal Borgia of 1795. It was again mentioned by Million in 1807. General attention was first directed to it in 1852 in Thomassy's *Les Papes Géographes*. Two imperfect photographs of the map were procured for the American Geographical Society in 1871, and it was described by Mr. Brevoort in their *Journal* for 1873. Reductions of it are given in C. P. Daly's *Early Cartography*; in the opposing monographs of Brevoort, *Verrezano, the Navigator* (1874), and Murphy's *Voyage's of Verrezano*

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(1875). Brevoort also gives an enlarged section of it, and for comparison the same coast from the Spanish *Mappa Mundi* of 1527. Brevoort is also of the opinion that Hieronymus Verrezano got his Western sea from Oviedo's *Somario* of 1526. Mr. De Costa, in the *Magazine of American History*, August, 1878, gives a reduction from Mr. Murphy's engraving, and an enlarged section, in which he inserted the names which were left obscure in the photograph from which Mr. Murphy worked. Mr. De Costa repeats his various maps, and sums up the subject in his *Verrezano the Explorer* (1881). The last word on the subject is said by Mr. J. Carson Brevoort in the *Magazine of American History*, February and July, 1882. —*The Harvard University Bulletin*, 1887.

JEFFERSON AS MINISTER TO FRANCE.

Jefferson's career in France was characteristic. He lost no opportunity to circulate his principles of free-trade. He did his best to buy American captives out of Algerine prisons. He strolled among the book-stalls, and notified his friends at home of all the new inventions. He purloined a little Italian rice, and sent it to the Carolina planters for seed. He published his *Notes on Virginia*, in English and French. He conferred with the political mentors of the coming French Revolution, and wrote to Jay to induce the shipment of flour for the starving Parisians.—*Narrative and Critical History of the United States*.

WILLIAM WINTER.—

WINTER, WILLIAM, an American littérateur and poet, born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1836. After passing through the Cambridge High School he studied law at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar, but devoted himself to literature rather than to legal practice. In 1859 he took up his permanent residence in New York, and contributed to various periodicals, his speciality being literary reviews and dramatic criticism. Since 1865 he has been the Dramatic Editor of the New York *Tribune*. He has put forth the following small volumes of Poems: *The Convent, and Other Poems* (1854), *The Queen's Domain, and Other Poems* (1858), *My Witness: a Book of Verse* (1871), *Thistledown: a Book of Lyrics* (1878). A complete edition of his Poems was published in 1881. His prose works mainly relate, directly or indirectly, to the dramatic art, *Edwin Booth in Twelve Characters* (1871), *A Trip to England* (1879), *The Jeffersons* (1881), *English Rambles* (1884), *Henry Irving* (1885), *Shakespeare's England* (1886), *Old Shrines and Ivy* (1892), *Shadows of the Stage*, three series (1892, 1893, 1895), *The Life and Art of Edwin Booth* (1894), and *Gray Days*, a volume of poems (1891). He has edited, with biographical sketches, the *Remains* of his early-deceased associates, George Arnold and Fitz James O'Brien.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

There will be, as there have been, many Rip Van Winkles; there is but one Joseph Jefferson. In depicting Rip Van Winkle Jefferson reaches the perfection of the actor's art, which is to delineate a distinctly individual character, through successive stages of growth, till the story of a life is completely told. For him it was reserved to idealize the entire subject; to

elevate a prosaic type of good-natured indolence into an ideal emblem of poetical freedom; to construct and translate, in the world of fact, the Arcadian legend of the world of dreams. In the presence of this wonderful development of this droll, gentle, drifting human creature—to whom trees and brooks and flowers are familiar companions, to whom spirits appear, and for whom the mysterious voices of the lonely midnight forest have a meaning and a charm—the observer feels that poetry is no longer restricted to canvas and marble, and rapt reverie over the printed page, but walks forth crystallized in a human form, spangled with the freshness of the diamond dew of morning, mysterious with hints of woodland secrets, lively with the simplicity and joy of rustic freedom, and fragrant with the incense of the pines.

The world does not love Rip Van Winkle because he drinks schnapps, nor because he is unthrifty, nor because he banters his wife, nor because he neglects his duty as a parent. All these are faults, and he is loved in despite of them. Underneath all his defects the human nature of the man is as sound and bright as the finest gold; and it is out of this interior beauty that the charm of Jefferson's personation arises. The conduct of Rip Van Winkle is the result of his character, and not of his drams. At the sacrifice of some slight comicality here and there, the element of intoxication might be left out of his experience altogether, and he would still act in the same way, and possess the same fascination.

Jefferson's Rip is meant, of course, and not Irving's. The latter was "a thirsty soul," accustomed to frequent the tavern; and thirsty souls who often seek taverns neither go there to practice total abstinence, nor come thence with poetical attributes of nature. No such idea of Rip Van Winkle can be derived from Irving's sketch as is given in Jefferson's acting. Irving seems to have written the sketch for the

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sake of the ghostly legend it embodies ; but he made no attempt to elaborate the character of his hero, or to present it as a poetic one. Jefferson has exalted the conception. In his embodiment the drink is merely an expedient to plunge the hero into domestic strife, and open the way for his ghostly adventure and his pathetic resuscitation. The machinery may be clumsy ; but that does not invalidate either the beauty of the character or the supernatural thrill and mortal anguish of the experience. In these abides the soul of this great work, which while it captivates the heart also enthralls the imagination—taking us away from the region of the passions, lifting us above the storms of life—its sorrows, its losses, and its fret—till we rest at last on Nature's bosom, children once more, and once more happy.—*The Jeffersons*.

STRATFORD CHURCH.

Stratford church, probably more than seven centuries old, presents a mixture of architectural styles in which Saxon simplicity and Norman grace are beautifully mingled. Different parts of the structure were, doubtless built at different times. It is fashioned in the customary crucial form, with a square tower, a six-sided spire, and a fretted battlement all around its roof. Its windows are Gothic. The approach to it is across an old churchyard thickly sown with graves, through a lovely green avenue of lime-trees, leading to a carven porch on its north side. This avenue of foliage is said to be the copy of one that existed there in Shakespeare's day, through which he must often have walked, and through which at last he was carried to his grave. Time itself has fallen asleep in this ancient place. The low sob of the organ only deepens the awful sense of its silence and its dreamless repose. Beeches, yews, and elms grow in the churchyard, and many a low tomb and many a leaning stone are there in the shadow, grey with moss and mouldering with age. Birds have built

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their nests in many crevices in the time-worn tower, round which at sunset you may see them circle, with chirp of greeting or with call of anxious discontent. Near by flows the peaceful river, reflecting the gray spire in its dark, silent, shining waters. In the long and lonesome meadows beyond it the primroses stand in their golden banks among the clover, and the frilled and fluted bell of the cowslip, hiding its single drop of blood in its bosom, closes its petals as the night comes down.—*Shakespeare's England.*

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
And the work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.
At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy-chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.
A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.
And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drum.
Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
“The end no man can see;
But we give him to our country,
And we give our prayers to Thee!”
The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.
But the grandsire's chair is empty,
And the cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill;
And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone;

WILLIAM WINTER.—

And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady tone.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

What though I sing no other song?
What though I speak no other word?
Is silence shame? Is patience wrong?—

At least one song of mine was heard:
One echo from the mountain air,
One ocean murmur, glad and free;
One sign that nothing grand or fair
In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;
I will not strain the chords of thought;
The sweetest fruit of all desire
Comes its own way, and comes unsought.
Though all the bards of earth were dead,
And all their music passed away,
What Nature wishes to be said
She'll find the rightful voice to say.

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,
The drifting cloud, the lonely sky;
And all we know of bliss or grief
She speaks in forms that cannot die.
The mountain peaks that shine afar,
The silent star, the pathless sea,
Are living types of all we are,
And types of all we hope to be.

LOVE'S IDEAL.

Her young face is good and fair,
Lily-white and rosy-red;
And the brown and silken hair
Hovers, mist-like, round her head.
And her voice is soft and low,
Clear as music, and as sweet;
Hearing it, you scarcely know
Where the sound and silence meet.

All the magic who can tell
Of her laughter and her sighs?
Or what heavenly meanings dwell
In her kind, confiding eyes?
Pretty lips, as rubies bright,

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Scarcely hide the tiny pearls;
Little wandering stars of light
Love to nestle in her curls.

All her ways are winning ways,
Full of tenderness and grace;
And a witching sweetness plays
Fondly o'er her gentle face.
True and pure her soul within,
Breathing a celestial air:
Evil, and the shame of sin,
Could not dwell one moment there.

Is it but a vision this?
Fond creation of the brain?
Phantom of a fancied bliss?
Type of beauty void and vain?—
No! the tides of being roll
Toward a heaven that's yet to be,
Where this fair idol of my soul
Waits and longs for love and me.

JOHN WINTHROP.—

WINTHROP, JOHN, first Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, born at Groton, England, in 1587; died at Boston, Mass., in 1649. His father and grandfather were eminent lawyers, and he himself was bred to the law. At eighteen he was made a Justice of the Peace, and was held in the highest repute for his learning and piety. In 1629 he was chosen head of a company to establish a new colony on Massachusetts Bay. He sold his considerable estate, and after a voyage of two months landed at Salem, June 12, 1630. Five days afterwards he set out through the forests, and selected the peninsula of Shawmut as the site of a settlement, to which was given the name of Boston in honor of their pastor, whose birthplace was Boston, England. Winthrop was elected Governor of the colony in 1634, and by successive re-elections was Governor, with the exception of two short intervals, until his death. On his voyage out he wrote a short tractate, *A Model of Christian Charity*, and kept a minute *Journal* of events, public, social, and private, extending from 1630 to 1649. This has been published under the somewhat inapposite title, *The History of New England* (2 vols. 1826). In 1645 he—then being Deputy-Governor—was arraigned before the General Court upon charge of having exceeded his authority. He was triumphantly acquitted, and the speech which he thereafter delivered is the most notable part of his *History*.

His eldest son, also JOHN WINTHROP (1605–1676) obtained from Charles II. a charter for the Colony of Connecticut, of which he was Governor for the last fourteen years of his life.



JOHN WINTHROP.

JOHN WINTHROP.—

WINTHROP'S NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

The Governor being at his farm-house at Mistick, walked out after supper, and took a piece in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf. And being about half a mile off it grew suddenly dark, so as in going home he mistook his path, and went on till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty. There he stayed ; and having a piece of match in his pocket (for he always carried about him match and a compass, and in summer-time snakeweed) he made a good fire near the house, and lay down upon some old mats which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood ; but could not sleep. It was through God's mercy a warm night, but a little before day it began to rain, and having no cloak, he made a shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian Squaw ; but perceiving her before she had opened the door he barred her out. Yet she stayed there a great while, essaying to get in ; and at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servants having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about and shot off pieces, and halloed in the night ; but he heard them not.—*History of New England.*

NATURAL LIBERTY AND CIVIL LIBERTY.

There is a two-fold liberty : Natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt), and Civil or Federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists ; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time worse than brute beasts : *omnes sumus licentia deteriores*. This is that great enemy

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of truth and peace, that wild beast which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it.

The other kind of liberty I call Civil or Federal; it may also be called Moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority; and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to do that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard not only of your goods but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

Ye know who they are that complain of this yoke, and say, Let us break their bonds, etc.; we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur and oppose, and be always striving to cast off that yoke. But if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing by God's assistance, to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved in upholding the power of the authority amongst you.—*History of New England*

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.—

WINTHROP, ROBERT CHARLES, an American orator and statesman, born at Boston, May 12, 1809, died there November 16, 1894. He was a descendant, in the sixth generation, of the first John Winthrop; graduated at Harvard in 1828; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1831; but, being possessed of an ample fortune, did not enter upon practice. In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts; and in 1840 was elected a Representative in Congress and was chosen Speaker of the House in 1848. In 1851 he received the highest vote of three candidates for the Governorship of Massachusetts; but failing of a majority of the whole vote, he was in the end defeated by a coalition of the supporters of the other candidates. He published the *Life and Letters of John Winthrop* (1867), *Washington, Bowdoin, and Franklin* (1876), and *Memoir of Henry Clay* (1880). He also delivered many *Speeches, Orations, and Addresses* upon political, historical, biographical, and literary topics. Notable among these are an address upon the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument in 1840, and another upon its dedication in 1885, although infirmity prevented him from actually delivering the latter.

THE OPENING OF OUR SECOND CENTURY.

Instruments and wheels of the Invisible Government of the universe! This is indeed all which the greatest men ever have been or ever can be. No flatteries of courtiers, no adulations of the multitude, no audacity of self-reliance, no intoxications of success, no evolutions or developments of science, can make more or other of them. This is "the sea-mark of their utmost sail," the goal of their farthest run, the very round and top of their highest soaring.

Oh, if there could be to-day a deeper and more pervading impression of this great truth throughout our land, and a more prevailing conformity of our thoughts and words and acts to the lessons which it involves; if we could lift ourselves to a loftier sense of our relations to the invisible; if in surveying our past history we could catch larger and more exalted views of our destinies and our responsibilities; if we could realize that the want of good men may be a heavier woe to a land than any want of what the world calls great men, our centennial year would not only be signalized by splendid ceremonials and magnificent commemorations and gorgeous expositions, but it would go far towards fulfilling something of the grandeur of that "acceptable year" which was announced by higher than human lips, and would be the auspicious promise and pledge of a glorious second century of independence and freedom for our country!

For if that second century of self-government is to go on safely to its close—or is to go on safely and prosperously at all—there must be some renewal of that old spirit of subordination and obedience to divine as well as human laws, which has been our security in the past. There must be faith in something higher and better than ourselves. There must be a reverent acknowledgment of an unseen but all-seeing, all-controlling Ruler of the universe. His word, His day, His house, His worship, must be sacred to our children, as they have been to their fathers; and His blessing must never fail to be invoked upon our land and our liberties. The patriot voice which cried from the balcony of yonder old State House, when the Declaration had been originally proclaimed, "Stability and perpetuity to American Independence!" did not fail to add, "God save our American States!" And the last phrase to pass my lips at this hour, and to take its chance for remembrance or oblivion in years to come, as the conclusion of this centennial oration, and as the

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sum and summing up of all I can say to the present or the future, shall be—There is, there can be, no independence of God ; in Him, as a nation, no less than in Him, as individuals, “ we live, and move, and have our being ! ” “ God save our American States ! ”—*Centennial Oration at Boston : July 4, 1876.*

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Of merely mortal men the monument we have dedicated to-day points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging of your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it, or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will ; but the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington Obelisk. . . .

The inspiration of the centennial anniversary of the first great inauguration must not be lost upon us. Would that any words of mine could help us all, old and young, to resolve that the principles and character and example of Washington, as he came forward to take the oaths of office on that day, shall once more be recognized and revered as the model for all who succeed him, and that his disinterested purity and patriotism shall be the supreme test and standard of American statesmanship ! That standard can never be taken from us. The most elaborate and durable monuments may perish. But neither the forces of nature, nor any fiendish crime of man, can ever mar or mutilate a great example of public or private virtue.

Our matchless obelisk stands proudly before us to-day, and we hail it with the exultation of

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a united and glorious nation. It may or may not be proof against the cavils of critics, but nothing of human construction is against the casualties of time. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it. The lightnings of heaven may scar and blacken it. An earthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado, or resistless cyclone, may rend its massive blocks asunder, and hurl huge blocks to the ground. But the character which it commemorates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangeable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth. God be praised, that character is ours forever !—*Dedication of the Washington Monument, 1885.*

THEODORE WINTHROP.—

WINTHROP, THEODORE, an American author, born at New Haven, Conn., in 1828; died in battle near Great Bethel, Va., in 1861. He graduated at Yale in 1848, and remained there a year longer, when he went to Europe for the benefit of his health. While abroad he became intimate with Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, through whom he entered the employment of the Pacific Mail Company, and was variously engaged on the Pacific Coast and on the Isthmus of Darien, until 1854, when he began the study of law at New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1855. He, however, turned his thoughts to literature rather than to law, and wrote several novels, to which exceptions were taken by the proposed publishers. The objectionable parts were eliminated, and finally two of them, *Cecil Dreeme*, a novel of literary and social life in New York, and *John Brent*, a mining story of California, were accepted for publication. But the civil war broke out, and men's thoughts were not much inclined toward fiction. So the novels were laid aside on the publishers' shelves; and Winthrop himself volunteered in the army. His military career was a brief one. At the "affair" of Little Bethel, Winthrop, then ranking as major, was shot down, and died upon the spot. Not long before this he had sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* his story, *Love and Skates*, which, however, did not appear until after his death. His works are: *Cecil Dreeme* (1861), *John Brent* (1862), *The Canoe and the Saddle* (1862), *Edwin Brothertoft* (1862), *Life in the Open Air* (1863). A volume containing his *Life and Poems*, edited by his sister, was published in 1884.

THEODORE WINTHROP.—

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

Superintendent Whiffler came over to see his successor. He did not like Wade's looks. The new man should have looked mean, or weak or rascally, to suit the outgoer.

"How long do you expect to stay?" asks Whiffler;

"Until the men and I, or the Company and I, cannot pull together."

"I'll give you a week to quarrel with both, and another to see the whole concern go to everlasting smash."

At ten the next morning Whiffler handed over the safe-key to Wade, and departed. Wade walked with him to the gate.

"I'm glad to be out of a sinking ship," said the ex-boss. "The Works will go down, sure as shooting. And I think myself well out of the clutches of these men. They're a bullying, swearing, drinking set of infernal ruffians. Foremen are just as bad as hands. I never felt safe of my life with them."

"A bad lot, are they?" mused Wade, as he returned to the office. "I must give them a little sharp talk by way of Inaugural."

He had the bell tapped, and the men called together in the main building. Much work was still going on in an inefficient, unsystematic way. While hot fires were roaring in the great furnaces, smoke rose from the dusty beds where Titanic castings were cooling. Great cranes, manacled with heavy chains, stood over the furnace-doors, ready to lift the steaming jorums of melted metal, and pour out, hot-and-hot, for the moulds to swallow. Raw material in big heaps lay about, waiting for the fire to ripen it. There was a stack of long, rough, rusty pigs, clumsy as the shillelahs of the Anakim; there was a pile of short, thick masses, lying higgledy-piggledy—stuff from the neighboring mines, which needed to be crossed with foreign stock before it could be of much use in civilization. Here too was raw material organized: a fly-wheel large enough to keep the

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knobbiest of asteroids revolving without a wobble; a cross-head, cross-tail, and piston-rod, to help a great sea-going steamer breast the waves; a light walking-beam, to whirl the paddles of a fast boat on the river; and other members of machines only asking to be put together, and vivified by steam, and they would go at their work with a will.

Wade grew indignant, as he looked about him and saw so much good stuff and good force wasted for want of a little will and skill to train the force and manage the stuff. "All they want here is a head," he thought. He shook his own. The brain within was well developed with healthy exercise. It filled its case, and did not rattle like a withered kernel, or sound soft like a rotten one. It was a vigorous, muscular brain. The owner felt that he could trust it for an effort, as he could his lungs for a shout, his legs for a leap, or his fist for a knock-down argument.

At the tap of the bell, the "bad lot" of men came together. They numbered more than two hundred, though the foundry was working short. They had been notified that "that gonoph of a Whiffler was kicked out, and a new feller was in, who looked cranky enough, and wanted to see 'em and tell 'em whether he was a fool or not."

So all the hands collected from the different parts of the foundry to see the head. They came up with an easy and somewhat swaggering bearing—a good many roughs, with here and there a ruffian. Several, as they approached, swung and tossed, for mere overplus of strength, the sledges with which they had been tapping at the bald shiny pates of their anvils. Several wielded their long pokers like lances.

Grimy chaps, all with their faces streaked, like Blackfeet in their war-paint. Their hairy chests showed, where some men parade shirt-bosoms. Some had rolled their flannel up to the shoulder, above the bulging muscles of the upper arm. They wore aprons tied about the

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neck, like the bibs of our childhood; or about the waist, like the coquettish articles which young housewives affect. But there was no coquetry in these great flaps of leather or canvas, and they were besmeared and rust-stained quite beyond any bib that ever suffered under bread-and-molasses, or mud-pie treatment.

They lounged and swaggered up, and stood at ease, not without rough grace, in a sinuous line, coiled and knotted like a snake. Ten feet back stood the new Hercules, who was to take down that Hydra's two hundred crests of insubordination. They inspected him, and he them as coolly. He read and ticketed each man, as he came up—good, bad, or on the fence—and marked each so that he would know him in a myriad.

The Hands faced the Head. It was a question whether the Two Hundred or the One, should be master in Dunderbunk. Which was boss? An old question. It has to be settled whenever a new man claims power; and there is always a struggle until it is fought out by main force of brain or muscle.

Wade had made up his mind on the subject. He waited a moment until the men were still. He was a Saxon six-footer of thirty. He stood easily on his pins, as if he had eyed men and facts before. His mouth looked firm, his brow freighted, his nose clipper:—that the hands could see. But clipper noses are not always backed by a stout hull; seemingly freighted brows sometimes carry nothing but ballast and dunnage, the firmness may be all in the mustache, while the mouth hides beneath it—a mere silly slit. All which the hands knew. Wade began, short and sharp as a trip-hammer when it has a bar to shape:—

“I'm the new Superintendent. Richard Wade is my name. I rang the bell because I wanted to see you, and have you see me. You know as well as I do that these Works are in a bad way. They can't stay so. They must come up and pay you regular wages, and the Company

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profits. Every man of you has got to be here on the spot when the bell strikes, and up to the mark in his work. You haven't been—and you know it. You've turned out rotten stuff—stuff that any honest shop would be ashamed of. Now there's to be a new leaf turned over here. You're to be paid on the nail; but you've got to earn your money. I won't have any idlers or shirkers or rebels about me. I shall work hard myself; and every man of you will, or he leaves the shop. Now, if anybody has any complaint to make, I'll hear him before you all."

The men were evidently impressed with Wade's Inaugural. It meant something. But they were not to be put down so easily, after long misrule. There began to be a whisper—

"B'il in, Bill Tarbox! and talk to him!"

Presently Bill shouldered forward, and faced the new ruler. Since Bill took to drink and degradation, he had been the butt-end of riot and revolt at the foundry. He had had his own way with Whiffer. He did not like to abdicate, and give in to this new chap without testing him. . . .

So Bill stepped forward as spokesman of the ruffianly element, and the immoral force gathered behind, and backed him. Tarbox, too, was a Saxon six-footer of thirty; but he had sagged one inch for want of self-respect. He had spoilt his color and dyed his mustache. He wore foxy-black pantaloons tucked into red-topped boots, with the name of the maker on a gilt shield. His red flannel shirt was open at the neck, and caught with a black handkerchief. His damaged tile was in permanent crape for the late lamented Poole.

"We allow," says Bill, in a tone halfway between Lablache's *De profundis* and a burglar's bull-dog's snarl, "that we've did our work as good as need to be did. We 'xpect we know our rights. We haven't been treated fair, and I'm damned if we're go'n' to stan' it."

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"Stop!" says Wade. "No swearing in this shop!"

"Who the devil is go'n' to stop it?" growled Tarbox.

"I am. Do you step back now, and let some one come out who can talk like a gentleman."

"I'm damned if I stir till I've had my say out," says Bill, shaking himself up, and looking dangerous.

"Go back!" Wade moved close to him, also looking dangerous.

"Don't tech me!" Bill threatened, squaring off.

He was not quick enough. Wade knocked him down flat on a heap of moulding-sand. The hat in mourning for Poole found its place in a puddle.

Bill did not like the new Emperor's mode of compelling *Kotou*. Round One of the mill had not given him enough. He jumped up from his soft bed, and made a vicious rush at Wade. But he was damaged by evil courses; he was fighting against law and order, on the side of wrong and bad manners. The same fist met him again, and heavier. Up went his heels; down went his head. It struck the ragged edge of a fresh casting, and there he lay, stunned and bleeding, on his hard black pillow.

"Ring the bell to go to work!" said Wade in a tone that made the ringer jump. "Now, men, take hold and do your duty, and everything will go smooth!"

The bell clanged in. The line looked at its prostrate champion, then at the new boss standing there, cool and brave, and not afraid of a regiment of sledge-hammers. They wanted an executive. They wanted to be well-governed—as all men do. The new man looked like a man, talked fair, and hit hard. Why not all hands give in with a good grace, and go to work like honest fellows? The line broke up. The hands went off to their duty. And there was never any more insubordination in Dunderbunk.—*Love and Skates.*



WILLIAM WIRT.

WILLIAM WIRT.—

WIRT, WILLIAM, an American lawyer and author, born at Bladensburg, Md., in 1772; died at Washington in 1834. His father was from Switzerland, his mother a German. He was educated in neighboring classical schools, studied law, was admitted to the bar of Virginia, in 1792, and practiced in several places, finally in Richmond. He was a member of the House of Delegates, and U. S. Attorney for Virginia. From 1817 to 1829 he was U. S. Attorney-General. In 1829, he removed to Baltimore, and in 1832 was nominated for President of the United States by the anti-masons. His most famous speeches are those as counsel for the Government against Aaron Burr. He published *Letters of a British Spy* (1803)—in the character of a travelling Englishman; *The Rainbow*, consisting of essays from the *Richmond Enquirer*; the two arguments in the Burr trial; a number of *Addresses*, and *The Life of Patrick Henry* (1817). He was co-author with George Tucker and others of a series of essays published collectively in 1812 under the title, *The Old Bachelor*.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSET.

The conduct of Aaron Burr has been considered in relation to the overt act on Blennerhasset's island only; whereas it ought to be considered in connection with the grand design; the deep plot of seizing Orleans, separating the Union, and establishing an independent empire in the West, of which the prisoner was to be the chief. It ought to be recollected that these were his objects, and that the whole western country, from Beaver to Orleans, was the theatre of his treasonable operations. It is by this first reasoning that you are to consider whether he be a principal or an accessory, and not by limiting your inquiries to the cir-

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cumscribed and narrow spot in the island where the acts charged happened to be performed. Having shown, I think, on the *ground of law*, that the prisoner cannot be considered as an accessory: let me press the inquiry whether, on the ground of *reason*, he be a principal or an accessory: and remember that his project was to seize New Orleans, separate the Union, and erect an independent empire in the West, of which he was to be the chief. This was the destination of the plot and the conclusion of the drama. Will any man say that Blennerhasset was the principal, and Burr but an accessory? Who will believe that Burr, the author and projector of the plot, who raised the forces, who enlisted the men, and who procured the funds for carrying it into execution, was made a cat's-paw of? Will any man believe that Burr, who is a soldier, bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, the great actor whose brain conceived and whose hand brought the plot into operation, that he should sink down into an accessory, and that Blennerhasset should be elevated into a principal? He would startle at once at the thought. Aaron Burr, the contriver of the whole conspiracy, to everybody concerned in it, was as the sun to the planets which surrounded him. Did he not bind them in their respective orbits, and give them their light, their heat and their motion? Yet he is to be considered an accessory, and Blennerhasset is to be the principal!

Let us put the case between Burr and Blennerhasset. Let us compare the two men, and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.

Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen, in part, already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he

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draws into his plan, by every allurements which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth, for the last time, to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhasset.

Who is Blennerhasset? A native of Ireland; a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhasset's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic states, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accom-

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plishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no

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longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while *he*, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr then not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhasset in fortune, character and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.—*Speech in Kennedy's Memoirs of Wirt.*

DANIEL WISE.—

WISE, DANIEL, an American clergyman and author, born at Portsmouth, England, in 1813. Coming to the United States in 1833, he was pastor of Methodist churches, editor of *Zion's Herald* (1852-56), and of Sunday-school and tract publications (1856-72), since which he has pursued other literary work. He has written under the pseudonyms of "Francis Forrester" and "Lawrence Lancewood." The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the Wesleyan University in 1859. His numerous works include *Life of Lorenzo Dow* (1840), *History of London* (1841), *Personal Effort* (1841), *The Cottage on the Moor* (1845), *The McGregor Family* (1845), *Guide to the Saviour* (1847), *Life of Ulric Zwingle* (1850), *Aunt Effie* (1852), *My Uncle Toby's Library* (1853), *The Squire of Walton Hall: a Life of Waterton* (1874), *Story of a Wonderful Life* [John Wesley] (1874), *Vanquished Victors* (1876), *Winwood Cliff* (1876), *Lights and Shadows of Human Life* (1878), *Our Missionary Heroes and Heroines* (1884), *Boy Travellers in Arabia* (1885), *Men of Renown* (1886), *Some Remarkable Women* (1887), *Faith, Hope, Love and Duty* (1891).

A BOY OF INTEGRITY.

Poor Oscar found it hard to bear his employer's brow-beating tones and words; but he went to work, saying to himself,—

"We rise by the things that are under feet
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills we hourly meet."

These simple lines were a sort of talisman to the boy. They cheered him. They helped him to strive against his feelings. They moved him to silently pray,—

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“O, my heavenly Father, help me to slay my passion, and to fight my pride. O, teach me to think of thee, and of my duty when temptation comes.”

A few days after this little affair, Oscar had a very serious conflict with Transom, growing out of his antipathy to a mean trick of trade with regard to the milk sold in the store.

This article was brought early every morning by a farmer, in a large can containing ten or twelve gallons. Oscar had observed from the first that his employer busied himself daily over this milk-can directly after its arrival in the store. He had also noticed that a considerable portion of a pail of water, which he was required to bring from the pump as soon as he arrived, speedily disappeared. He had, indeed, suspected that it was mixed with the milk; but had not been made sure on this point, until one morning Transom said to him,—

“Oscar, put four quarts of water into that milk-can, and stir it up well with that round stick you see in the corner of the refrigerator.”

The boy looked with a blank stare of surprise at Transom, who, noticing his hesitation, testily asked,—

“What do you stand looking at me like a fool for? Do as I tell you.”

“I can’t do that, sir,” replied Oscar, firmly.

“*Can’t* do it? Why not, pray?”

“Because it wouldn’t be right, sir.”

“*Right?* What’s that to *you?* It’s my business to judge what’s right, and yours to do what I tell you. Things have come to a pretty pass when boys undertake to dictate to their masters.”

Oscar kept his ground firmly, however. He saw the utter meanness, the scurvy fraud, and the practical lie involved in selling water under the name of milk; and he nobly resolved he would not be old Transom’s tool by aiding to commit the crime. Hence he bravely replied,—

“I will do anything for you, sir, that is right, but I won’t help you cheat.”

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“Call me a cheat, you young monkey—do you?” cried the storekeeper, absolutely furious. “Get out of my store with you! and if you ever set foot in it again, I will cowhide you. Get out quick!”

Oscar proceeded to change his working jacket for his walking one, and to fold up the former preparatory to carrying it home. While he was thus engaged, the storekeeper, growing somewhat cooler in temper, began asking himself how he would appear before the public if he dismissed Oscar for refusing to water the milk. It was an ugly question. He saw that he would be laughed at by the vulgar and despised by the respectable, both for the petty robbery itself, and for trying to corrupt an honest boy by making him the instrument of the crime. Moreover,—and to his narrow little soul this was the most serious aspect of the case,—he would be likely to lose custom, and thereby diminish his profits. This line of thoughts led him to alter his looks and tone, and to say, blandly for him,—

“Never mind, Oscar. You needn’t go. Come inside the counter and dress up the window a little.”

A smile stole over the boy’s face; but it was more expressive of contempt for his dishonest employer than of gladness at not being dismissed. Still he was pleased at the latter fact, because, as you know, he was anxious to remain for his mother’s sake. His love for her, though weak and wavering at times, was true, and it was a sweet influence, a potent magnet, inclining his heart towards the right, the beautiful and the pure.—*Winwood Cliff.*

NICHOLAS WISEMAN.—

WISEMAN, NICHOLAS, an English Roman Catholic prelate, born at Seville, Spain, in 1802; died at London in 1865. His early education was received in England, but at sixteen he entered the English College at Rome; was ordained to the priesthood in 1825, and was made Professor of Oriental Languages in the University, and was also Rector of the English College of Rome, until 1835, when he returned to England, where he became noted as a preacher and lecturer. In 1840 he was created by the Pope a bishop *in partibus*. In 1849 he was made Vicar Apostolic of the London district; and in 1850 Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, and a Cardinal. His principal works are:—*Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion* (1836), *The Real Presence* (1837), *Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week* (1839), *Lectures on the Catholic Hierarchy* (1850), *Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs* (1855), *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* (1858), *Sermons on our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother* (1864). Besides these there are several volumes of miscellaneous essays and sermons, and a volume of *Daily Meditations*, published after his death.

A CHRISTIAN HOME IN ROME.

It is in the afternoon in September, in the year 302, that we invite our readers to accompany us through the streets of Rome. The sun has declined, and is about two hours from his setting; the day is cloudless, and its heat has cooled, so that multitudes are issuing from their houses and making their way towards Cæsar's gardens on one side, or Salust's on the other, to enjoy their evening walk, and learn the news of the day. . . .

The house to which we invite our reader, is

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on the east side of the Septa Julia, in the Campus Martius. From the outside it presents but a dead and blank appearance. The walls are plain, without architectural ornament ; not high, and scarcely broken by windows. In the middle of one side of the quadrangle is a door—*in atrio*, that is, merely relieved by a *tympanum* or triangular cornice, resting on two half-columns. Using our privilege, as “artists of fiction,” of universal ubiquity, we will enter in with our friend, or “shadow,” as he would anciently have been called. Passing through the porch, on the pavement of which we read with pleasure, in mosaic, the greeting, *Salve !* or “Welcome !” we find ourselves in the *atrium*, or first court of the house, surrounded by a portico and colonnade.

In the centre of the marble pavement a softly warbling jet of pure water, brought by the Claudian aqueduct from the Tusculan hills, springs into the air—now higher, now lower—and falls into an elevated basin of red marble, over the rim of which it flows in downy waves ; and before reaching its lower and wider recipient scatters a gentle shower on the rare and brilliant flowers placed in elegant vases around. Under the portico we see furniture disposed, of a rich and sometimes rare character : couches inlaid with ivory, and even silver ; tables of oriental woods, bearing candelabra, lamps, and other household implements of bronze or silver ; delicately chased busts, vases, tripods, and objects of mere art. On the walls are paintings—evidently of a former period—still, however, retaining all their brightness of color and richness of execution. These are separated by niches, with statues representing indeed, like the pictures, mythological or historical subjects ; but we cannot help observing that nothing meets the eye which could offend even the most delicate mind. Here and there are empty niches or a covered painting, proving that this is not the result of accident.

Outside the columns, the covering roof leaves

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a large square in its centre, called the *impluvium*; there is drawn across it a curtain, or veil, of dark canvas, which keeps out the sun and rain. An artificial twilight therefore alone enables us to see all that has been described; but it gives greater effect to what is beyond. Through an arch opposite to the one whereby we have entered, we catch a glimpse of an inner and still richer court, paved with variegated marbles, and adorned with bright gilding. The veil of the opening above which, however, here is covered with thick glass or talc (*lapis specularis*), has been partly withdrawn, and admits a bright but softened ray from the evening sun on to the place where we see for the first time that we are in no enchanted hall, but in an inhabited house.—*Fabiola*.

MOTHER AND SON.

Beside a table just outside of the columns of Phrygian marble, sits a matron not beyond the middle of life, whose features, noble yet mild, show traces of having passed through sorrow at some earlier period. But a powerful influence has subdued the recollection of it, or blended it with a sweeter thought; and the two always come together, and have long dwelt united in her heart. The simplicity of her appearance contrasts with the richness of all around her. Her hair, streaked with silver, is left uncovered and unconcealed by any artifice; her robes are of the plainest color and texture, without embroidery except the purple ribbon sewed on, and called the *segementum*, which denotes the state of widowhood; and not a jewel or precious ornament—of which the Roman ladies were so lavish—is to be seen upon her person. The only thing approaching to this is a slight gold cord, or chain, around her neck, from which apparently hangs some object carefully concealed within the upper hem of her dress.

At the time that we discover her, she is busily engaged over a piece of work, which

evidently has no personal use. Upon a long rich strip of gold-cloth she is embroidering with still richer gold-thread; and occasionally she has recourse to one or another of several elegant caskets upon the tables, from which she takes out a pearl, or a gem set in gold, and introduces it into the design. It looks as if the precious ornaments of an earlier day were being devoted to some higher purpose.

But as time goes on, some little uneasiness may be observed to come over her calm thoughts, hitherto absorbed, to all appearance, in her work. She now occasionally raises her eyes from it towards the entrance; sometimes she listens for footsteps, and seems disappointed. She looks up towards the sun; then perhaps turns her glance towards a *celpsydra*, or water-clock, on a bracket near her. But just as a feeling of anxiety begins to make an impression on her countenance, a cheerful rap strikes the house door, and she bends forward with a radiant look to meet the welcome visitor.

It is a youth, full of grace and sprightliness and candor that comes forward, with light and buoyant steps, across the atrium towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him, before he reaches it. He is about fourteen years old, but tall for that age, with elegance of form and manliness of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart, while his lofty forehead, round which his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. He wears the usual youth's garment—the short *prætexta*, reaching below the knee, and a golden *bullæ*, or hollow spheroid of gold, suspended round his neck. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls, fastened together, and carried by an old servant behind him, shows that he is just returning home from school.—*Fabiola*.

GEORGE WITHER.—

WITHER, GEORGE, an English poet, born in Hampshire, in 1588; died in 1667. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1613, put forth a satire, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, for which he was thrown into the Marshalsea prison. Here he composed a number of Eclogues, among them the *Shepherd's Hunting*, from which our extract, "The Companionship of the Muse" is taken. This was published in 1633, and was followed in 1635 by a collection of *Emblems, Ancient and Modern, quickened with Illustrations*. When the civil troubles broke out, he raised a troop of horse for the Parliamentary service, and in 1642 was made Governor of Ludlow Castle. He was taken prisoner by the Royalists, and owed his life, it is said, to the intercession of Sir John Denham, who jocosely begged his pardon from King Charles on the ground that so long as Wither lived, he himself could not be held to be the worst poet in England. During the Protectorate Wither rose to the rank of Major-General, and received large estates which had been confiscated from the Royalists. Of these he was stripped at the Restoration, and was thrown into prison, where he was treated with great rigor. He was released in 1663, and passed the remainder of his life in great poverty.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE MUSE.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest space
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this—

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That from everything I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight ;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling ;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gulf of sadness.
The dull liveness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made ;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den that rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals that give light,
More to terror than delight
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect :—
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object of despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive
thee ;—

Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth art born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy maddest fits

GEORGE WITHER.—

Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes slaves and fools of them.

PAST AND PRESENT BLESSINGS.

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day—
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen ;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
So little hold on them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

THE POET'S HYMN FOR HIMSELF.

Great Almighty, King of Heaven,
And one God in persons three !
Honor, praise, and thanks be given
Now and evermore to Thee,
Who hast more for Thine prepared
Than by words can be declared.

By Thy mercies I was taken
From the pits of miry clay,
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,
Helpless, hopeless too, I lay ;
And those comforts Thou didst give me
Whereof no man can deprive me.

By Thy grace the passions, troubles,
And what most my heart oppressed,
Have appeared as airy bubbles,
Dreams, or sufferings but in jest ;
And with profit that hath ended
Which my foes for harm intended.

GEORGE WITHER.—

Those afflictions and those terrors,
Which did plagues at first appear,
Did but show me what mine errors
And mine imperfections were ;
But they wretched could not make me
Nor from Thine affection shake me.

Therefore as Thy blessed Psalmist,
When his warfares had an end,
And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and hymns of praises penned—
So my rest, by Thee enjoyed,
To Thy praise I have employed.

Lord ! accept my poor endeavor,
And assist Thy servant so,
In well-doing to persevere,
That more perfect I may grow ;
Every day more prudent, meeker,
And of Thee a faithful seeker.

Let no passed sin or folly,
Nor a future fault in me
Make unfruitful or unholy
What I offer now to Thee ;
But with favor and compassion
Cure and cover each transgression.

And, with Israel's royal singer,
Teach me so faith's hymns to sing,
So thy ten-stringed lute to finger,
And such music thence to bring,
That by grace I may aspire,
To thy blessed angel choir.

JOHN WOLCOT.—

WOLCOT, JOHN, an English physician and satirist, known under his pseudonym, "Peter Pindar," born in Devonshire in 1738; died at London in 1819. Having studied medicine, and "walked the hospitals" in London, he was invited by Sir William Trelawney, the newly-appointed Governor of Jamaica, to accompany him as his medical attendant. A church living having become vacant, it was bestowed upon the convivial and sport-loving doctor, who had obtained ordination from the Bishop of London. His patron died, and Wolcot threw up the clerical profession, returned to England, and set up as a physician at Truro, where he gained local celebrity as a wit. About 1780 he went to London, where he entered upon his literary career as a satirist, lasting fully forty years. Such was their popularity that in 1795 an edition of his poems in four volumes was published, the book-sellers engaging to pay him £250 a year for the copyright, as long as he lived. To their great loss he lived to draw his annuity for a quarter of a century. Some of Wolcot's poems are satires of the keenest kind, but most of them are clever squibs and lampoons, aimed at literati, scientists, academicians, courtiers, and especially at King George III., whose personal characteristics—real or alleged—afforded an inexhaustible theme for caricature. In the end he received a pension from the Government; the price, it is said, of his ceasing to lampoon the King and his Ministers.

ON DR. JOHNSON.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,

JOHN WOLCOT.—

To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind, from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—

To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labor, with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore:
Alike in every theme, his pompous art—
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt—in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse
than gravel.

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes;
A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day—
Peas in their shoes—to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;

The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin soon, *Peccavi* cried,
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he quickly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.—

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half way

JOHN WOLCOT.—

Hobbling with outstretched hams and bended
knees,

Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas.

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in
sweat,

Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“How now!” the light-toed whitewashed pil-
grim broke,

“You lazy lubber!”—

“Confound it!” cried the t’other, “’tis no
joke;

My feet, once hard as any rock,

Are now as soft as blubber

(Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear).

As for Loretto, I shall not get there.

No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,

For hang me if I ha’n’t lost every toe!

But, brother-sinner, do explain

How ’tis that you are not in pain;

What power hath worked a wonder for your
toes;

Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,

Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

How is’t that you can like a greyhound go,

Merry as if nought had happened, burn
ye!”—

“Why,” cried the other, grinning, “you must
know

That just before I ventured on my journey,

To walk a little more at ease,

I took the liberty to boil my peas.”

THE KING AND THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS.

Once on a time a Monarch, tired with whoop-
ing,

Whipping and spurring,

Ifappy in worrying

poor defenceless buck,

The horse and his rider wet as muck,

From his high consequence and wisdom stoop-
ing,

Entered, through curiosity, a cot,

JOHN WOLCOT.—

Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple-dumplings for her pot.
In tempting rows the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the Monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spake: "What's this? What,
what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple.
"Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!"
he cried.
"What makes it, pray, so hard?"—The dame
replied,
Low curtsyng, "Please your Majesty, the
apple."—

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the
King;
"Tis most extraordinary, all this is;
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces.
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the
seam?"—
"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she; "I never
knew
That folks did apple-dumplings sew."—
"No!" cried the staring Monarch, with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed,
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And Queen and Princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labor one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling-maker;
And lo! so deep was Majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker.

JOHN WOLCOT.—

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE BREWERY.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The Monarch heard of Whitbread's fame ;
Quoth he unto the Queen, " My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great
name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread
brew—
Rich as us, Charly—richer than a Jew ! " . . .
And now his curious Majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop ;
And lo ! no single thing came in his way
That, full of deep research he did not say—
" What's this ? hey, hey ? What's that ?
What's this ? What's that ? "
So quick the words too, when he deigned to
speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck. . .
His Majesty—alive to knowledge—took
A very pretty memorandum-book
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write :—
" *Mem.*—A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chesnuts or potatoes."—
" 'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer ;
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, or else-
where.
Is there no cheaper stuff ? Where doth it
dwell ?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well ?
To try it soon on our small-beer ;
'Twill save us several pounds a year."—
" To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house some day.
Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away."
Now having pencilled his remarks so shrewd—
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pen—
His Majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's skin.
To Whitbread now deigned Majesty to say :
" Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay ? "—

JOHN WOLCOT.—

"Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes
The Brewer answered; "also, Sire, of oats.
Another thing my horses too maintains,
And that, an't please your Majesty, is grains."—
"Grains, grains," said Majesty, "to fill their
crops?"

Grains, grains? that comes from hops; yes,
hops, hops, hops!"—

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes,
at fault.

"Sire," cried the humble Brewer, "give me
leave

Your sacred Majesty to undeceive:

Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but
malt."—

"True," said the cautious Monarch, with a
smile;

"From malt, malt, malt; I meant malt all the
while."—

"Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoined the
Brewer,

"An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm
sure."—

"Yes," answered Majesty, with quick reply,
"I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

And now before their Sovereign's curious eye—

Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—

Appeared the Brewer's tribe of handsome
pigs;

On which the observant man who fills a throne
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;

On which the Brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,

His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: "O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by Majesty so fine?"

Heavens! can my pigs, Sire, compare with
pigs royal:"

To which the King assented with a nod;

On which the Brewer bowed, and said; "Good
God!"

Then winked significant at Miss,

JOHN WOLCOT.—

Significant of wonder and of bliss ;
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands (a dear old maid),
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honor done her father's swine.

Now did his Majesty, so gracious say,
To Mister Whitbread, in his flying way :

“Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and
then ?

Hey, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off
trade ?

Hey, what ! Miss Whitbread still a maid—a
maid ?

What, what's the matter with the men ?”...

“Whitbread d'ye keep a coach, or job one,
pray ?”

“Job, job, that's cheapest ; yes, yes, that's
best, that's best.

You put your liveries on your draymen hey ?

Hey, Whitbread ? You have feathered well
your nest.

What, what's the price, now, hey, of all your
stock ?

But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray ? what's
o'clock ?

CHARLES WOLFE.—

WOLFE, CHARLES, a British poet, born at Dublin, in 1791, died at Cork in 1823. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1814, was tutor there, and taking orders in 1817, became curate at Ballyclog, and subsequently at Donoughmore. He wrote an ode on the death of Sir John Moore, which has become celebrated. His "Remains" with a memoir were published by Archdeacon John Russell (1825).

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

CHARLES WOLFE.—

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,—
But we left him alone in his glory.

ELLEN WOOD.—

WOOD, ELLEN (PRICE), an English novelist, born in Worcestershire, in 1814; died in 1887. She began to write at an early age, but her first novel, *Danesbury House*, was not published until 1860. It gained the prize offered by the Scottish Temperance League for the best story illustrating the good effects of temperance. In 1867 Mrs. Wood became the editor of the *Argosy*, a monthly magazine published in London. Among her numerous novels are: *East Lynne* (1861), *The Channings* (1862), *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* (1862), *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* (1863), *Verner's Pride* (1863), *Oswald Cray* (1864), *Trevlyn Hold; or Squire Trevlyn's Heir* (1864), *Mildred Arkell* (1865), *Elster's Folly* (1866), *St. Martin's Eve* (1866), *A Life Secret* (1867), *The Red Court Farm* (1868), *Anne Hereford* (1868), *Roland Yorke* (1869), *Bessy Rane* (1870), *George Canterbury's Will* (1870), *Dene Hollow* (1871), *Within the Maze* (1872), *The Master of Greylands* (1873), *Johnny Ludlow* (1874-80), *Told in the Twilight* (1875), *Bessy Wells* (1875), *Our Children* (1876), *Edina* (1876), *Pomeroy Abbey* (1878), *Court Netherleigh* (1881), *Helen Whitney's Wedding* (1885).

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Charlotte Guise opened the door and stood to listen. Not a sound save the ticking of the clock broke the stillness. She was quite alone. Flora was fast asleep in her room in the front corridor, next to Mrs. Castlemaine's chamber, for she had been in to see, and she had taken the precaution of turning the key on the child for safety. Yet another minute she stood listening, candle in hand. Then, swiftly crossing the passage, she stole into the study through the double doors.

ELLEN WOOD.—

The same orderly, unlittered room that she had seen before. No papers lay about, no deeds were left out that could be of use to her. Three books were stacked upon the side-table ; a newspaper lay on a chair ; and that was positively all. The fire had long ago gone out ; on the mantelpiece was a box of matches.

Putting down the candle, Charlotte Guise took out her key, and tried the bureau. It opened at once. She swung back the heavy lid and waited a moment to recover herself ; her lips were white, her breath came in gasps. Oh, apart from the baseness, the dishonor of the act, which was very present to her mind, what if she were to be caught at it ? Papers there were *en masse*. The drawers and pigeon-holes seemed to be full of them. So far as she could judge from a short examination—and she did not dare to give a long one—these papers had reference to business transactions, to sales of goods and commercial matters—which she rather wondered at, but did not understand. But of deeds she could see none.

What did Charlotte Guise expect to find ? What did she promise herself by this secret search ? In truth, she could not have told. She wanted to get some record of her husband's fate, some proof that should compromise the master of Greylands. She would also have been glad to find some will, or deed of gift that should show to her how Greylands Rest had been really left by old Anthony Castlemaine ; whether to his son Basil or to James. If to Basil, why there would be a proof—as she, poor thing, deemed it—of the manner in which James Castlemaine had dealt with his nephew, and its urging motive.

No ; there was nothing. Opening this bundle of papers, rapidly glancing into that, turning over the other, she could find absolutely nothing ; and in the revulsion of feeling the disappointment caused, she said to herself how worse than foolish she had been to expect to find anything ; how utterly devoid of reason

ELLEN WOOD.—

she must be, to suppose Mr. Castlemaine would preserve mementos of an affair so dangerous. And where he kept his law-papers, or parchments relating to his estate, she could not tell, but certainly they were not in the bureau.

Not daring to stay longer, for near upon half an hour must have elapsed, she replaced the things as she had found them, so far as she could remember. All was done save one drawer; a small drawer at the foot, next the slab. It had but a few receipted bills in it; there was one from a saddler, one from a coach-maker, and such-like. The drawer was very shallow, and, in closing it, the bills were forced out again. Charlotte Guise, in her trepidation and hurry, pulled the drawer forward too forcibly, and pulled it out of its frame.

Had it chanced by accident—this little contretemps? Ah no. When do these strange trifles, pregnant with events of moment occur, by chance? At the top of the drawer appeared a narrow, close compartment, opening with a slide. Charlotte drew the slide back, and saw within it a folded letter and some small articles wrapped in paper.

The letter, which she opened and read, proved to be the one written by Basil Castlemaine on his death-bed—the same letter that had been brought over by young Anthony, and given to his uncle. There was nothing much to note in it—save that Basil assumed throughout it that the estate was his, and would be his son's after him. Folding it again, she opened the bit of paper, and there shone out a diamond ring that flashed in the candle's rays.

Charlotte Guise took it up and let it fall again. Let it fall in a kind of sick horror, and staggered to a chair and sat down half fainting. For it was her husband's ring. The ring that Anthony had worn always on his left-hand little finger; the ring that he had on when he quitted Gap. It was the same ring that John Bent and his wife had often noticed and admired; the ring that was undoubtedly on his

ELLEN WOOD.—

hand when he followed Mr. Castlemaine that ill-fated night into the Friar's Keep. His poor wife recognized it instantly ; she knew it by its peculiar setting. . . .

When somewhat recovered she kissed the ring, and put it back into the small compartment with the letter. Pushing in the slide, she shut the drawer, and closed and locked the bureau ; thus leaving all things as she had found them. Not very much result had been gained, it is true, but enough to spur her onward on her future search. With her mind in a chaos of tumult,—with her brain in a whirl of pain,—with every vein throbbing and fevered, she left the candle on the ground where she had lodged it, and went to the window, gasping for air.

The night was bright with stars ; opposite to her, and seemingly at no distance at all, rose that dark building, the Friar's Keep. As she stood with her eyes strained upon it, though in reality not seeing it but deep in inward thought, there suddenly shone a faint light at one of the casements. Her attention was awakened now ; her heart began to throb.

The faint light grew brighter ; and she distinctly saw a form in a monk's habit, the cowl drawn over his head, slowly pass the window ; the light seeming to come from a lamp in his outstretched hand. All the superstitious tales she had heard of the place rushed into her mind ; this must be the apparition of the Gray Friar. Charlotte Guise had an awful dread of revenants, and she turned sick and faint.

With a cry, only half suppressed, bursting from her parted lips, she caught up the candle. afraid to stay, and flew through the door into the narrow passage. The outer door was opening to her hand, when the voice of Harry Castlemaine was heard in the corridor, almost close to the door.—*The Master of Greylands.*

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.—

WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD, an American author, born at Beverly, Mass., in 1855. Soon after his graduation at Harvard in 1877 he became Professor of English at the University of Nebraska. In 1878-79 he was on the editorial staff of *The Nation*, New York city. He is the author of a *History of Wood Engraving* (1883), *The North Shore Watch and Other Poems* (1883), a *Life of Edgar A. Poe* (1885), and *Studies in Letters and Life* (1890.)

THE NORTH SHORE WATCH.

I.

First dead of all my dead that are to be,
Who at life's flush with me wast wont to
 roam
The pine-fringed borders of this surging sea,
From far and lonely lands
Love brings me home
To this wide water's foam;
Here thou art fallen in thy joyful days,
Life quenched within thy breast, light in
 thy eyes;
And darkly from thy ruined beauty rise
 These flowerless myrtle-sprays;
The hills we trod enfold thee evermore,
The gray and sleepless sea breaks round the
 orphaned shore.

II.

All things are lovely as they were, and still
They draw with gladness toward me as a
 friend;
The evening star doth touch me with the thrill
Of welcome, and the waves their voices
 blend
To hail my exile's end.
Oft while I wandered in those weary lands,
This dear-remembered shore would comfort me,
Seeing in thought the everlasting sea
 Washing his yellow sands;

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.—

But now the scene I longed for gives me pain
Since he is dead, and ne'er shall feel its joy
again. . . .

V.

Upon this beach we welcomed in the world,
And loved the lore of its wise solitude,
Where on the foaming sands the surges
swirled,
Or broad, blue-belted calm, in blessed brood,
Lay many a shining rood ;
Here in that prime we kept our boyish tryst,
When woke our April and the need to rove ;
We trod the mantle that the white moon wove,
We pierced the star-looped mist ;
And everywhere our eager feet might roam,
The air was morning, and the loneliest spot
was home.

VI.

The eloquent voices of the yearning sea
Called to us, strong as syllables of fate,
And, wafting in, like some lost memory,
Subdued us to the haunting hopes that wait
Round boyhood's rapt estate ;
The deep spell moved, a passion in our blood,
And made the throbbing of our hearts keep
time
Unto the laughter of the waves, and chime
With thunders of the flood ;
And subtly as a dream takes hue and form,
Our spirits clothed their youth in ocean's sun
and storm.

VII.

Still would we watch, wave-borne from dawn
to dark,
The pools of opal gem the windless bay ;
Or touch at eve the purple isles, and mark
Where, by the moon, far on the edge of day,
The shore's pale crescent lay ;
Or up broad river reaches are we gone,
Through sunset mirrored in the hollow tide—
In beauty sphered, as some lone bird enskied,

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.—

The halcyon boats drift on,
To twilight, and the stars, and deepest night,
With phosphorescent gleams, and dark oars
dropping light.

VIII.

Ah, then a presence moved within this deep,
That more than beauty made its regions dear;
O'er the long levels of its golden sleep
The light that beams from the eternal year
Flashed on the spirit clear;
And wheresoe'er we saw the ocean roll,
With sounds of harmony his waves among,
The song that breathed before the lyre was
strung
Gave echo to the soul;
And tremulous the immortal instincts woke
That prophesy of Him in whom the sweet
dawn broke.

IX.

Alas, the faëry light that truth once wore!
Alas, the easy questing of the heart!
When, by the hushed and visionary shore,
The dreaming hope, wherein all things have
part,
Made our young pulses start!
Once, once I knew thy sweetness, O salt sea!
I reaped along thy furrows bearded grain;
Thy groves, that never drink the sun nor rain,
Gave nectarous fruit to me;
And all thy herbless pastures yielded wine,
Deep-hearted, fragrant, bright—ah, then his
hand clasped mine. . . .

XLIII.

Beauty abides, nor suffers mortal change,
Eternal refuge of the orphaned mind;
Where'er a lonely wanderer, I range,
The tender flowers shall my woes unbind,
The grass to me be kind:
And lovely shapes innumerable shall throng,
On sea and prairie, soft as children's eyes;

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.—

Morn shall awake me with her glad surprise;
The stars shall hear my song;
And heaven shall I see, whate'er my road,
Steadfast, Eternal, light's impregnable abode.

XLIV.

Love, too, abides, and smiles at savage death,
And swifter speeds his might and shall endure;
The secret flame, the unimagined breath,
That lives in all things beautiful and pure,
Invincibly secure;
In Him creation hath its glorious birth,
Subsists, rejoices, moves prophetic on,
Till that dim goal of all things shall be won
Men yearn for through the earth;
Voices that pass we are of Him, the Song,
Whose harmonies the winds, the stars, the seas
prolong.

XLV.

Break, surging sea, about the lovely shore!
O dimly heaving plains, through darkness sweep!
Thy restless waves, with morning stars roofed
o'er,
Their incommunicable secret keep,
Impenetrable deep!
The eldest years on time's oblivious verge
Saw thee through tempest-weltering night uplift
Great, mountainous continents amid thy drift,
And their tall peaks submerge;
The vast, abysmal, wandering fields moved on,
Whelming the wasteful wreck of the old world
undone.

XLVI.

And still round mortal shores thy billows roll,
And shall through long, long ages yet unborn;
Lone splendor of the sense-illuminated soul,
Eternal moaning of the spirit lorn,
By strokes of loss outworn;

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.—

Thy terrors image our blind mortal state,
Dark with impending doom and whirling woe,
And monsters in thy bosom come and go,
And death is thy fell mate ;
Ah, yet, through sun and storm, gray ocean,
roll,
Love clasps thy mighty tides in his profound
control.

XLVII.

Surge on, thy melancholy is not doom !
Surge, O wan sea, into the golden day !
The morn is breathing off thy purple gloom,
The isles lift up their promise, dim and gray,
Love holds his dauntless sway !
Thy ripples kiss the shore with lips of foam,
Thy waves are dawning soft—the winds
blow free !
Keep thou the eternal watch,
O dear, dear sea,
Those far lands I must roam !
Lo, 'tis the sunrise—and the sphere stars move,
Singing unseen, like silent thoughts through
silent love.

“AFTER DAYS OF WAITING.”

After days of waiting,
Rambling still elsewhere,
I took the narrow causeway,
Climbed the broad stone stair;
Round the angle turning
With uplifted gaze
In the high piazza—
Oh, the wasted days !
There the great cathedral
Came upon my eyes ;
Nevermore may marvel
Bring to me surprise !
In the light of heaven
Built, heaven's delight,
Never sculptured beauty
Hallowed so my sight !
On the silent curbstone
Long I sat and gazed,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.—

With the sainted vision
Ever more amazed ;
Rose, and past the curtain
Trode the pictured floor,
Read Siena's story,
Saw her glory's store.
In the high piazza
Once again I turned ;
Clear in heaven's sunlight
Prophet and angel burned.
Still whene'er that vision
Comes upon my eyes,
I seem to see triumphant
The Resurrection rise.

The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems.

WOODS, KATE (TANNATT), an American poet and novelist, was born at Peekskill, N. Y., December 29, 1838. Her father, James Tannatt, was of noble Welsh descent. By her mother she is a descendant of Sir John Gilmore of Craigmiller Castle, Scotland. Her husband, the late George Woods of Minneapolis, was an officer of volunteers during the Civil war ; and was afterward compelled to travel much on account of ill health. She accompanied him to the seat of war, and devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded ; and until his death she followed and cared for him with singular devotion. She then settled at Salem, Mass. She has been a constant writer for the press since she was ten years of age, often under the pseudonym of " Kate True." She is a prominent member of many literary societies ; and is author of the poems *The Wooing of Grandmother Grey* and *Grandfather Grey*, and of many juveniles and novels ; notably *Six Little Rebels* ; *Dr.*

KATE TANNETT WOODS.—

Dick; Out and About; All Around a Rocking Chair; Twice Two; That Dreadful Boy; The Minister's Secret; Hester Hepworth; Hidden for Years; Barbara's Ward; A Fair Maid of Marblehead; A Little New England Maid.

Mrs. Woods has also been an editorial writer on the *Boston Globe* and other papers.

"LITTLE CHAP."

"If the world revolves on its axis," said Tom, a few evenings later, when his wife had seated herself in her piazza chair for the fourth time; "if it really does revolve on its axis, as I used to say at school, then it is equally true that our entire domestic machinery revolves around that boy. Why, my dear, he has completely upset all previous plans and comfortable arrangements for our mutual happiness. I never knew before what a despotic government meant. The cook must change all her plans for the boy; the bell never rings; we steal up and down stairs like thieves; we whisper like runaway lovers, and go to bed expecting an earthquake. To be honest, I must say that our expectations are usually fulfilled."

"All babies cry, Tom; the doctor says they must, in order to develop their lungs."

"Then I would suggest certain stated times for that exercise, selected by his elders; his present arrangement is unsatisfactory. His concert begins at meal-time with remarkable exactness, or just when one is getting his first delicious nap."

"Nurse says he is a remarkably good child," said the proud little mother.

"All nurses say that; it is their soothing-syrup for mothers."

"When he is older he will understand."

"Of course he will; system and training

are everything. I shall begin with him in due season ; you will not see our boy acting like Harry Murdock's. What a rascal he is, and Harry seems so bewildered and uncertain about him ; *I* could manage him in an hour's time."

.

"For some time perfect silence reigned, and when we looked in we saw him on the floor, with the pillow under his head, evidently contemplating something on the ceiling overhead. Grandma and I were so delighted with this that we crept away, leaving Susan in the next room, with orders to call me if anything unusual happened. Soon after, some visitors came and remained a long time ; as soon as I was at liberty, I ran up and found all quiet. 'I think he is asleep,' said Susan, 'he has been quiet so long.' 'Have you looked in?' I asked. 'No, ma'am ; he seems to be near the door.' I unlocked the door and shall never forget the sight ; he had punctured a hole in the pillow and removed, one by one, I should judge, the feathers in it ; these had lodged in his hair and clung to his woollen garments until he presented a droll appearance, and in this disordered condition sleep had overtaken him. He was literally a feather, with feathers all over his flushed face."

"Did you waken him ?" asked Mr. Scrimmager.

"Oh, no ; I never think it wise to waken a sleeping child. I threw a light rug over him and left him. In about half an hour a perfect whirlwind of flying feathers assailed us, and there in the doorway of my drawing-room stood the boy, rubbing his half-shut eyes. Susan and I were one hour picking him and restoring things to order."

"How on earth did he puncture the hole ?" asked Tom.

KATE TANNETT WOODS.—

"With his teeth," said Bessie; "we found the marks on the pillow, and a hard task it must have been."—*That Dreadful Boy*.

THE DESOLATE HOME.

From room to room he wandered, looking eagerly about, restless, wretched; seeking for some new token of her nearness to him, some new proof of her undying love. Midnight found him seated by her window overlooking the sea. The moon was shining clear and cold upon its restless surface, and the waves rolled up on the rocks beneath his windows. How Jessie had loved to watch it! How often he had sat there with her, talking of his plans, of the improvements they would make next spring, or next fall, if the income from the schooner permitted; of the dear little boy both had loved so dearly; and now it was all over; he could never plan for her, or with her; the end had come.

A man of coarser fibre might have mourned and yet slept, but Captain Smart held a woman's heart under his broad, manly chest. It was this tenderness which won his gentle Jessie, and induced her to leave her Canadian home to share his lot. They had been truly happy; growing nearer and nearer to each other as the years rolled on.

"It cannot be true, it cannot," said the stricken man, starting up from his seat to look once more about the house she had hallowed by her presence.

"If I had been here, if I had dreamed of this! Oh Jessie, dear little woman, why did I leave you?"

Thus he struggled throughout the night, now hoping, now despairing, always grieving for the love which had vanished in his absence. Nothing escaped his memory. He saw her in a thousand attitudes; as the shy, blushing girl, as the fair young bride, then

with Robbie, dear little Robbie in her arms, then weak and feeble in her bed, again busy about her house, in the church, by his side, on the schooner, everywhere, anywhere, he could see her lithe figure. His grief assumed the form of self-reproach, he remembered trifles he thought long since forgotten; he had not spared her as he might, he had not cared for her little wants, "why, oh why, could she not come back, even for one hour, and hear his confession?"

As he paced back and forth his eye fell on her desk, and in his misery he seized it almost roughly. Within it he found his own letters, numbered, dated, and tied up in due order; their marriage certificate was there also, and her card of confirmation, for in her own home Jessie belonged to the English Church; between the two papers, a third was placed, with the Captain's name upon it.

He opened it with trembling fingers, and found it had been written when she was first taken ill. He read:

"My Darling, my own, kind, good husband, I shall be away when you return. It is God's will. Be patient, dearest, and come to me in the Better Home. We have been so happy here, I know we shall be hereafter. For my sake keep strong and pure as you have ever been, and remember always that in *life or death I am your own Jessie.*"

The last lines were blotted and plainly showed the effort the writer had made. Brief and simple as the words were, they were more to the sorrowing man than all he had been told of her sickness and death. With the paper still in his hand, he threw himself on a lounge and wept bitterly.—*A Fair Maid of Marblehead.*

KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS.—

WOODS, KATHERINE PEARSON, an American author, born at Wheeling, West Virginia. Her first novel, *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, appeared in 1889. She has since published *The Mark of the Beast* and *A Web of Gold* (1890), *From Dusk to Dawn* (1892), *The Face of Christ* (1894), and *John, the Beloved* (1895).

YGDASIL.

It was easy for little Louis to accept the story of the Christ-child as a fairy tale; his life was so full of marvels this Christmas-tide. It was a drop of bitterness, of course, that George had not been asked to accompany him to Freddy's Tree; but, to say the truth, George was not a particularly refined or attractive-looking child. He was large for his age, and heavily built; slow of speech and movements, with whitish hair, pale blue eyes, and features inchoate, of a modelling seemingly unfinished. There were not wanting signs and tokens that George might develop into a fine man; but at the moment he was unattractive, and Alice had not reached the point of choosing her guests on the broad ground of a common humanity. Indeed she was not prevented either by common humanity or the further consideration of kinship, from reflecting with a secret glee which she was careful not to reveal to her husband, that the presence of Louis, the shoemaker's son, would only be condoned by the remainder of her guests because he was still—only a baby.

For Alice had bidden, not only the Garyulies and the Joblillies, but also the Grand Panjandrum himself with the little round button at top.

"Of course," said Mrs. Henry Randolph, "you have a right to ask whom you please to your own house, and the child is only a baby, too young to presume, *at present*," with awful emphasis; "but I am sorry to see you infected by the levelling tendencies of the age. Do you not know that even in heaven there are distinctions of rank?"

KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS.—

"I don't know anything about it," said Alice.

"Why, I'm sure we read of Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, and Powers."

"And I suppose the Thrones decline to call on the Dominions, and the Principalities speak of the Powers as 'that sort of people,'" said Alice. "Jennie, if I believed as you do, I'd—well, I'd rather be a heathen."

"I hope you never may be a heathen, my dear—"

"Oh! come, you're both right and both wrong. People who argue always are," interposed the hearty, jovial voice of Mr. Randolph. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with clear brown eyes, remarkably keen, and rather lacking in tenderness, but of a certain restless quickness as they swept from one face to another. His features were regular, and his manner genial, while his laugh was equal to that immortal one of Scrooge's nephew. Henry Randolph was a man of enormous popularity, and so trusted by his friends that even the knowledge that he had availed himself of the terms of his father's will to keep back his sister's portion did not shake their faith. He must have such good reasons, they said.

In truth, his reasons were of the very best. He was a man who speculated largely, and for the most part successfully; but, just at the time of Alice's marriage, his losses had been so heavy that to resign the control of such a large amount would have been to him financial ruin, while, with it at his command, he could in a short time make good his loss. The temptation to refuse his consent to the marriage, and thus make the money legally his, was doubled by his real objection to Dr. Richards as an irreligious man, whose views upon social and political matters were also open to exception. He honestly wished his sister to accompany the family abroad, as, even if her marriage were not thereby definitely broken off, it would at least be deferred sufficiently long to serve his purpose financially.

KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS.—

Now, of all this Frederick Richards was perfectly aware; that is, he knew—as every one did—of the sudden collapse of the scheme which crippled Mr. Randolph, and swallowed whole innumerable smaller fortunes, and, through some murmur of the reeds such as betrayed King Midas' secret, learned that Henry Randolph was a loser to a large amount. But to Alice the doctor said nothing; only, when the family returned to Micklegard, and the offer was made to let bygones be bygones, and restore to Alice the fortune her father had left her, Dr. Richards quietly refused.

Why?

It is hard to make his motives comprehensible to those who regard wealth as the supreme good.

The grandfather of Henry and Alice Randolph had made his fortune by means which, even in that day and generation, were regarded with scorn and horror. He was a slave-trader; but his only daughter, surrounded by luxury and educated at a Northern school, never suspected by what iniquitous means her wealth was acquired. To her, her father had always been the man he had become after his runaway marriage with the daughter of an aristocratic family, and his purchase of an estate in the far South,—handsome, jovial, and, to her, always tenderly indulgent. Her marriage to a representative of one of the "old families" strengthened her belief in herself as one of the chosen few for whose benefit the world was made and ordered; and her husband did *not* behold in the pearls and rubies upon his bride's fair neck the blood and tears of suffering human beings, though somewhat distressfully aware of the not over-creditable manner in which his father-in-law had "made his money." A convenient term this of "*making* money," by the by. One might call it the great nineteenth-century *petitio principii*; for what a man makes might certainly be considered as his by all social and moral laws, while that which he merely ac-

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quires is suggestive of all sorts of confusing possibilities. Yet, if he makes, of what does he make, and whence came his material? Unless he makes also that, can he be said really to own the thing finally produced?

All which would have appeared to Henry Randolph very empty and unprofitable speculation,—mere sound, signifying nothing. Certainly, if one had accused him of insensibility to such suffering as he did not actually see, there are few of us who could afford to cast a stone at him ; and he would have said of himself that to cases of real distress his heart and purse were always open ; yet, to Frederick Richard's mind, an invisible, semi-tangible hardness, under the manufacturer's generous, cordial exterior, was always accounted for and excused by his grandfather's occupation. That his own Alice had, as he firmly believed, escaped such a core to her loving heart (like the earth's inmost hypothetical solid centre), was a freak of heredity for which he did not profess to be able to account. Yet, even Alice did not entirely concur in her husband's opinion about the fortune, as was indeed most natural. She yielded to his feeling upon the matter ; but her own was by no means what it would have been had the fruit of speculation been "lifted" bodily from a bank vault, or the slave-trader's chattels been of pure Caucasian parentage. Also the money would have been in many ways a convenience, and, in case of "anything happening" to herself or the doctor, would have given her an ease of mind in regard to Freddy, which she was by no means able to derive from the thought of an overruling Providence.

What Henry Randolph thought of his brother-in-law, we had better not inquire ; what he said was this,—

"Well, it's his own affair; and if he can afford to despise such a sum of money, he is better off than I am," which in a sense was true, since Dr. Richards had as much as he wanted.

'The amount in question, however, was care-

KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS.—

fully "left" to Alice in her brother's will, he being, according to his lights, a just man, whenever speculation would allow him; and, meanwhile, the two families were on studiously cordial terms, and were assembled on Christmas Eve to hail the lighting of the tree Ygdrasil.

It was Dr. Richards who told the story before the doors were opened, with Freddy in his arm-chair beside him, Frank and Harry Randolph on the floor at his feet, Louis in the place of honor on his knee, and Pinkie leaning forward from her father's arms to listen. Pinkie, alias Rosalie, alias Pink Rosebud, was a wilful little maiden not three years old. She had the dark clear skin, brown eyes, and chestnut curls of the Randolphs, and bore indeed so strong a resemblance to Freddy, that her brilliant color and strong, active limbs sent many a pang to his parents' hearts. But there was no envy in the pain, and the child was well-nigh as dear to both as if she had been their own.

The boys were comparatively very unimportant members of the Randolph household. Mrs. Randolph was what is called an excellent mother, and brought up her boys very strictly, and without petting or indulgence. Therefore they were best described collectively, at least in her presence, where there was little to distinguish them, except that Frank had taken a line of his own in being fair and blue-eyed. For the rest, both were painfully shy, silent, and awkward, though well-looking and well-dressed.

Little Louis, on the other hand, was perhaps too young to be shy, or perhaps had lived too freely and happily with his father to dread the criticisms of his elders. At all events, as he sat on the doctor's kind knee, and heard of the dragon Nidhug and the beautiful Nornas, and the golden and silver fruit of the great world-tree, there was nothing in his sparkling eyes, nothing in his sweet, childish face and neat, becoming dress, to indicate that the Nornas

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had been otherwise than kindly disposed at his birth.

Freddy and he had taken to each other at once. "Can't you walk one bit?" "Haven't you any mamma at all?" they had asked; and then the fair, rosy face and the pale, dark one had met and kissed each other.

After the gifts had been distributed and compared, there was singing of Christmas carols; for all the Randolphs had fine musical and artistic talent, and the boys forgot themselves and their mother's presence more readily in music than in any other employment or amusement. Harry, indeed, was the leading soprano of the choir to which both belonged; and as all gathered around the piano, where Alice presided, they were a perfect picture of a happy united, and religious family. . . .

Louis and Pinkie, while the singing was under way, had got together into a corner, where they were discovered to be embracing one another in a very pretty baby fashion.

"But I tisses F'eddy," observed Pinkie.

"It is very different," remarked Mrs. Randolph. "Freddy is your cousin; but this little boy is no relation, and is besides in quite a different state of life."

"Fat is state of life?" asked Pinkie. "Is it tause he tan yun ayound and F'eddy tan't?"

"You'll understand when you are older, dear," said her mother; but whether Pinkie would have been satisfied with this answer was rendered forever doubtful by the announcement of the carriage.—*Metzerott, Shoemaker.*

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.—

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL, an American poet, born at Scituate, Mass., in 1785; died at New York in 1842. He served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office in Boston; worked for a year as a journeyman; then went to New Haven, where he started a weekly journal, *The Belles Lettres Repository*, of which he was editor, publisher, printer, and sometimes carrier; but the journal lived only eight weeks. In 1809 he went to New York, where he engaged in several literary enterprises. He conducted a weekly journal, entitled *The War*, edited a Swedenborgian monthly Magazine, and wrote, *The Champions of Freedom*, a novel, founded on the war of 1812. He put forth numerous patriotic songs, and composed several melodramas, among which is *The Forest Rose*, which was popular in its day. In 1823, in conjunction with George P. Morris, he established the *New York Mirror*, with which, however, his connection was brief. Towards the close of his life he was disabled by paralysis, and received a substantial complimentary benefit at the National Theatre. He was intimate with the literary men of his day, and Halleck's poem, "To a Poet's Daughter," was written in the album of the daughter of Woodworth. His permanent reputation as a poet rests wholly upon *The Old Oaken Bucket*.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to
view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
wild wood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew;

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.—

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that
stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract
fell ;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the
well !

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the
well !

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
fell,

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflow-
ing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well :

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to re-
ceive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my
lips !

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the
well :

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the
well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.—

THE PRIDE OF THE VALLEY.

The Pride of the Valley is the lovely young
Ellen
Who dwells in a cottage enshrined by a
thicket;
Sweet peace and content are the wealth of her
dwelling,
And Truth is the porter that waits at the
wicket.

The Zephyr that lingers on violet-down pinion
With Spring's blushing honors delighted to
dally,
Ne'er breathed on a blossom in Flora's dominion
So lovely as Ellen, the Pride of the Valley.

She's true to her Willie, and kind to her mother,
Nor riches nor honors can tempt her from
duty;
Content with her station, she sighs for no other,
Though fortunes and titles have knelt to her
beauty.

To me her affections and promise are plighted,
Our ages are equal, our tempers will tally;
Oh, moment of rapture, that sees me united
To lovely young Ellen, the Pride of the
Valley.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.—

WOOLLEY, CELIA (PARKER), novelist, religious and ethical writer, was born in Toledo, O. She was married to Mr. D. J. H. Woolley at Coldwater, Mich., in 1868. In 1876 they removed to Chicago, which has since been their home. For a number of years Mrs. Woolley was assistant-editor of *Unity*, now the *New Unity*, the Unitarian publication of the West. She has worked in study classes and in women's clubs, and was for a time president of the Chicago Women's Club. In 1893 she entered the liberal ministry, taking charge of a Unitarian church at Geneva, Ill. In June, 1896, she accepted a call to the Independent Liberal Church of Chicago.

Her first book, *Love and Theology* (1887), deals with the disputed religious topics of the day after the manner of Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* and Mrs. Deland's *John Ward, Preacher*, but was published six months in advance of either. Her next book, *A Girl Graduate* (1889), recounts the pastimes and mental development of an American girl of the middle working classes educated beyond the position into which she was born. *Roger Hunt*, a study of the character of an egoist, attempting to set aside all social and moral laws in favor of his own will and desire was published in 1892.

A RUDE SURPRISE.

"Maggie, Maggie, don't go away like that; don't be angry with me. I am not to blame. I mean—of course, I must obey my father." She broke down, sinking into a chair and weeping bitterly. "But I shall always love you," raising her streaming eyes. "And it makes me so wretched, Maggie," her tears starting afresh.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.—

Maggie looked at her a moment, and her own suffering, sharp as it was, was lost in the sight of her friend's. She stepped quickly to her side and threw her arms about her. "I know—I know," she said, brokenly, her own tears springing forth in a sudden shower. "You are not to blame, but it is the cruelest and wickedest thing in the world. I hate such mean, cowardly ideas, and I hate the people who hold them." To save her life, Maggie could not resist saying this. "But you are the best and dearest girl in the world. I shall always think so. And you—you shall think as well of me," straightening her figure proudly. "I will show people—I will make them ashamed of themselves." She clasped her friend impetuously to her heart and kissed her, then turned and fled from the house.

Mrs. Fay, hearing the sound of voices from her chamber, descended to the sitting-room. When Bertha saw her, she sprang toward her.

"O mamma! Maggie was here—she heard everything."

"Maggie here?" her mother repeated, in surprise.

"Yes, mamma, and she heard everything. Oh, I think it is so hard."

"Maggie should not have listened," Mrs. Fay said, catching at this little straw of misbehavior on the other side.

"No, mamma, of course not," her daughter replied, penitently, "only almost anybody would. And she is so hurt and angry. O mamma! do you think it will kill her?"

"Trouble does not kill us, my daughter; it teaches us how to live." She spoke these words of commonplace wisdom and encouragement in a despondent tone, and her face wore a pinched look of care.

"But I don't understand it," Bertha exclaimed, in tearful protest. "What is to

become of Maggie if everybody turns against her?" The words, "I shall grow wickeder before I am through," still rang like a fearful threat in her ears.

"Everybody will not turn against her," her mother replied.

"Then, why should we? We ought to be the first to stand by her. What does papa mean? Do you think it is right?" lifting her head and looking steadfastly at her.

"Whatever your father thinks right we must do, of course. Men see things differently. Your father is—he thinks he is acting for your good. You must obey him."

"Certainly, I shall obey my father," the girl said, with a touch of pride. "Only I can't understand. If you would only talk to him, mamma. You always have so much influence with people." Mrs. Fay turned, heartsick, away. A heavy weight seemed dragging her to the earth, and a sense of moral suffocation oppressed her. "Don't talk to me any more to-night, Bertha," she said. "Go to your room and bathe your eyes. All may come out better than we think." Bertha obeyed, but reluctantly. Her mother had been right in the warning she tried to give her father. This was her first real suffering, and was the cause of as much bewilderment as pain. It had always been easy to obey her father before.

There was another cause of dimly-defined trouble. Her mother—she did not feel as her father did. Bertha felt quite sure of this, though she forbade the thought to take definite shape in her mind. It was very hard, harder to understand than to obey. Fathers were wiser than their daughters, of course, wiser too, when need existed, than mothers—at least that was what religion taught. Her own father's judgment should be questioned least of all, since he was a minister and recognized guide of opinion.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.—

Yet, compelled to give up Maggie, Bertha knew she should never find or care to seek a friend so dear. Her tears flowed faster at the thought, and wet the pillow on which the tired young head was resting.

Her mother remained below, sitting alone in the darkening shade of the summer twilight. An expression of heavy sadness rested on her face, and her whole look and bearing bespoke moral defeat. Suffering is easy to bear in a noble cause, and its fruits of spiritual victory quickly won ; but that borne in the daily witness of petty meanness we cannot correct, but seem forced to share and to uphold, kills aspiration and hardens the heart. A feeling of wretched soul-discouragement settled over the rector's wife, a tired distaste of self and the need of living. The darkness, pressing closer each moment, fitly symbolized the gloom within, yet had a friendly touch, shielding her, and hinting a coming end and oblivion of earthly troubles.

Outside, the rector strolled leisurely up and down the garden path. Maggie Dean and her troubles had dropped from his mind, troubled with no other regret than for the lost etching ; and occupied in calm, sensuous enjoyment of the summer evening, filled with the scent of garden-blooms, and a faint, warm breeze from the south. From time to time the odor of a mild cigar was wafted indoors.—*A Girl Graduate.*

JOHN WOOLMAN.—

WOOLMAN, JOHN, a Quaker preacher, born at Northampton, N. J., in 1720; died at York, England, in 1772. He spent his early life on a farm, and in 1741 opened a school for children at Mount Holly, N. J., where he first began to speak at Quaker meetings. He learned the trade of a tailor so that he might support himself while he led an itinerant life in visiting various societies of Friends to whom he preached. In 1746 he visited the country of Virginia to crusade against slavery. In 1772 he went to England, and while he attended the quarterly meeting at York, he died of small-pox. His writings were praised by Charles Lamb. His Journal was published after his death (Philadelphia, 1775). A late edition, with an introduction by John G. Whittier, was issued in 1871. Woolman's works are: *Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes* (1753; 2nd part 1762), *Considerations on Pure Wisdom and Human Policy, on Labor, on Schools, and on the Right Use of the Lord's Outward Gifts* (1768), *Considerations on the True Harmony of Mankind, and How It Is to be Maintained* (1770), *An Epistle to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends* (1772), and *Serious Considerations, with some of His Dying Expressions*, published after his death (London, 1773). His works were published with his manuscripts (2 parts, Philadelphia, 1774-5).

AN ANGELIC DISPENSATION.

In a time of sickness with the pleurisy, a little upward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous of knowing who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy color, between the south and east; and

JOHN WOOLMAN.—

was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were: "John Woolman is dead." I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman, and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. . .

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for his name to me was precious.

Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said among themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery, and in the morning my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was; and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light-headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one, but very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery.

My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Then the mystery was opened, and I per-

JOHN WOOLMAN.—

ceived that there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that the language—"John Woolman is dead"—meant no more than the death of my own will.—*The Works of John Woolman* (1774).

HOW HE TESTIFIED IN MEETING AGAINST SLAVERY.

Many friends appeared to be deeply bowed under the weight of the work, and manifested much firmness in their love to the cause of truth and universal righteousness on the earth; and though none did openly justify the practice of slave-keeping in general, yet some appeared concerned lest the meeting should go into such measures as might give uneasiness to many brethren;—alleging that if Friends patiently continued under the exercise the Lord, in time to come, might open a way for the deliverance o' these people. And I, finding an engagement to speak, said: "My mind is often led to consider the purity of the Divine Being, and the justice of his judgments; and herein my soul is covered with awfulness; I cannot omit to hint of some cases where people have not been treated with the purity of justice, and the event hath been lamentable. Many slaves on this continent are oppressed, and their cries have reached the ears of the Most High. Such are the purity and certainty of his judgments that he cannot be partial in our favor. In infinite love and goodness he hath opened our understandings, from one time to another, concerning our duty toward this people; and it is not a time for delay. Should we now be sensible of what he requires of us, and through a respect to the private interests of some persons, or through a regard to some friendships which do not stand on an immutable foundation, neglect to do our duty in firmness and constancy, still waiting for some extraordinary means to bring about their deliverance, it may be by terrible things in righteousness God may answer us in this matter."—*Works of John Woolman*.

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.—

WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY (*Susan Coolidge, pseud.*,) an American author, born at Cleveland, O., about 1845. She is the niece of Theodore D. Woolsey. Her books include: *The New Year's Bargain* (1871), *What Katy Did* (1872), *For Summer Afternoons* (1876), *Verses* (1881), *A Guernsey Lily* (1881), *A Round Dozen* (1883), *A Little Country Girl* (1885), *What Katy Did Next* (1886), *Clover* (1888), *Just Sixteen* (1890), *Poems* (1890), *In the High Valley* (1891), *Rhymes and Ballads for Boys and Girls* (1892), *The Barberry Bush* (1893), and *Not Quite Eighteen* (1894).

LITTLE SARK.

It is a difficult place to get to, even for common people. The island, which is only three miles long, is walled by a line of splendid cliffs over three hundred feet high. Its only harbor is a strip of beach, defended by a tiny breakwater, from which a straight road is tunnelled up through the rocks to the interior of the island. In rough weather, when the wind blows and the sea runs high, which is the case five days out of seven in summer, and six-and-a-half days out of seven in winter, boats dare not make for this difficult landing, which is called by the natives "The Creux"—or hole. It is reported that some years since when the Lords of the Admiralty were on a tour of inspection, they sailed all round Sark and sailed away again, reporting that no place could be discovered where it was possible to land, which seemed to the Sarkites a very good joke indeed.

There are four principal islands in the Channel group; Alderney and Jersey, from which come the cows all of us know about; Guernsey, whose cattle, though not so celebrated on this side of the sea, are held by the islanders as superior to all others; and Sark, the smallest and by far the most beautiful of the four.

It is a real story-book island. The soft sea-climate and the drifting mists of the Gulf Stream nourish in its green valleys all manner of growing things. Flowers flourish there as

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.—

nowhere else. Heliotropes grow into great clumps, and red and pink geraniums into bushes. Fuchsias and white-starred jessamines climb to the very roofs of the mossy old farm-houses, which stand knee-deep, as it were, in vines and flowers. Long links of rose-colored bind-weed lie in tangles along the dusty roadside; you tread on them as you walk through the shady lanes, between hedge-rows of ivy and sweet-brier and briony, from whose leaves shine out little glittering beetles, in mail coats of flashing, iridescent green, like those which the Cuban ladies wear on their lace dresses as a decoration. There is only one wagon kept for hire on the island, and all is primitive and peaceful and full of rest and repose.

But there are wonderful things too, as well as beautiful ones—strange spouting-holes in the middle of green fields, where the sea has worn its way far inland, and, with a roar, sends sudden shocks of surf up through its chimney-like vent.

Caves too, full of dim green light, in whose pools marvellous marine creatures flourish—

“The fruitage and bloom of the Ocean,”

or strange spines of rock path linking one end of the island with the other by a road not over five feet wide, from whose undefended edges the sheer precipice goes down on either side for hundreds of feet into the ocean. There are natural arches in the rocks also through which the wonderful blue-green sea glances and leaps. All about the island the water is of this remarkable color, like the plumage of a peacock or a dragon-fly's glancing wings, and out of it rise strange rock-shapes, pyramids and obelisks and domes, over which white surf breaks constantly.
—*Just Sixteen.*

GULF STREAM.

Lonely and cold and fierce I keep my way,
Scourge of the lands, companioned by the
storm,

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.—

Tossing to heaven my frontlet, wild and gray,
Mateless, yet conscious ever of a warm
And brooding presence close to mine all day.

What is this alien thing, so near, so far,
Close to my life always, but blending never?
Hemmed in by walls whose crystal gates unbar
Not at the instance of my strong endeavor
To pierce the stronghold where their secrets
are?

Buoyant, impalpable, relentless, thin,
Rise the clear, mocking walls. I strive in
vain

To reach the pulsing heart that beats within,
Or with persistence of a cold disdain,
To quell the gladness which I may not win.

Forever sundered and forever one,
Linked by a bond whose spell I may not
guess,

Our hostile, yet embracing currents run;
Such wedlock lonelier is than loneliness.
Baffled, withheld, I clasp the bride I shun.

Yet even in my wrath a wild regret
Mingles; a bitterness of jealous strife
Tinges my fury as I fume and fret
Against the borders of that calmer life,
Beside whose course my wrathful course is set.

But all my anger, all my pain and woe,
Are vain to daunt her gladness; all the while
She goes rejoicing, and I do not know,
Catching the soft irradiance of her smile,
If I am most her lover or her foe.

LOHENGRIN.

To have touched heaven and failed to enter in
Ah, Elsa, prone upon the lonely shore,
Watching the swan-wings beat upon the blue,
Watching the glimmer of the silver mail

Like flash of foam, till all are lost to view;
What may thy sorrow or thy watch avail?

He cometh nevermore.

All gone the new hope of thy yesterday:
The tender gaze and strong like dewy fire,

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.—

The gracious form with airs of heaven be-
dight,

The love that warmed thy being like a sun ;

Thou hadst thy choice of noonday or of
night,

Now the swart shadows gather one by one

To give thee thy desire !

To every life one heavenly chance befalls ;

To every soul a moment big with fate,

When, grown impatient with need and fear,
It cries for help, and lo ! from close at hand

The voice Celestial answers, " I am here ! "

Oh, blessed souls, made wise to understand,

Made bravely glad to wait.

But thou, pale watcher on the lonely shore

Where the surf thunders and the foam-bells
fly,

Is there no place for penitence and pain ?
No saving grace in thy all-piteous rue ?

Will the bright vision never come again ?

Alas, the swan-wings vanish in the blue.

There cometh no reply.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.—

WOOLSEY, THEODORE DWIGHT, an American educator and author, born at New York, in 1801; died at New Haven, Conn., in 1889. He was graduated at Yale in 1820. After a course of theology at Princeton, he was tutor at Yale two years, a student in Germany (1827–30), and, on his return, was Professor of Greek at Yale, until 1846, when he was chosen President, retaining the office twenty-five years. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard in 1847, and of LL.D. from the same university in 1886. Among his publications are: editions of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the *Antigone* and the *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the *Gorgias* of Plato; also, *Introduction to the Study of International Law* (1860)—regarded as an authority; *Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation* (1869), *Serving our Generation*, and *God's Guidance in Youth* (1871), *The Religion of the Present and the Future* (1871), *Manual of Political Ethics, Civil Liberty and Self-Government, Political Science, Inauguration Discourses on College Education, Historical Discourses at the 150th Anniversary of the Forming of Yale College*.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The history of this doctrine is, in brief, the following. At Verona [1822] the subject was agitated of attempting, in conformity with the known wishes of absolutists in Spain, to bring back the Spanish colonies into subjection to the mother country. This fact having been communicated to our government by that of Great Britain in 1823, and the importance of some public protest on our part being insisted upon, President Monroe, in his annual message, used the following language: "That we should consider any attempt on the part (of the allied

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powers) to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and again, "that we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing (governments on this side of the Atlantic whose independence we had acknowledged,) or controlling in any manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." Soon afterwards a resolution was moved in Congress, embodying the same principle, but was never called up. But the mere declaration of the President, meeting with the full sympathy of England, put an end to the designs to which the message refers.

In another place in the same message, while alluding to the question of boundary on the Pacific between the United States and Russia, the President speaks thus: "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects of future colonization by any European power." Was it intended by this to preclude the South American republics, without their will, from receiving such colonies within their borders—of surrendering their territory for that purpose? Such a thing, probably, was not thought of. Mr. Adams, when President in 1825, thus refers to Mr. Monroe's principle, while speaking in a special message of a congress at Panama. "An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard by *its own means* against the establishment of any future European colony, within its borders, may be found desirable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world, as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both the American continents." Mr. Adams, when Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe, origi-

nated the “principle,” and must have known what he meant. But the principle, even in this tame form was repudiated by the house of representatives. . . .

On the whole then, (1.) the doctrine is not a national one. The House of Representatives, indeed, had no right to settle questions of policy or of international law. But the Cabinet has as little. The opinion of one part of the Government neutralized that of another. (2.) The principle first mentioned of resisting attempts to overthrow the liberties of the Spanish republics, was one of most righteous self-defense, and of vital importance. . . The other principle of prohibiting European colonization was vague. . . .

The Monroe doctrine came up again in another shape in 1848. President Polk, having announced that the government of Yucatan had offered the dominion over that country to Great Britain, Spain, and the United States, urges on congress such measures as may prevent it from becoming a colony and a part of the dominions of any European power . . . Mr. Calhoun, in his speech on this subject, shows that the case is very different from that contemplated by Mr. Monroe. . .

To lay down the principle that the acquisition of territory on this continent, by any European power, cannot be allowed by the United States, would go far beyond any measures dictated by the system of the balance of power, for the rule of self-preservation is not applicable in our case : we fear no neighbors. To lay down the principle that no political systems unlike our own, no change from republican forms to those of monarchy, can be endured in the Americas, would be a step in advance of the congresses at Laybach and Verona, for they apprehended destruction to their political fabrics, and we do not. But to resist attempts of European powers to alter the constitutions of states on this side of the water is a wise and just opposition to interference.—*Introduction to the Study of International Law.*

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HUMANE INTERFERENCE.

Interference on the score of humanity or of religion can be justified only by the extreme circumstances of the case. In the age which succeeded the reformation, both self-preservation and religious sympathies induced the Protestant states to aid one another against the superior might of the Catholic, and to aid the votaries of their faith within Catholic countries, in order to secure for them freedom of worship. Elizabeth of England sent aid to the revolted Hollanders on religious grounds, and Cromwell's threats slackened the persecution of the Waldenses by the Duke of Savoy. In modern times, the interference of Great Britain, France, and Russia, on behalf of the Greeks, in 1827, was avowedly dictated by motives of humanity. The Greeks, after a bloody contest, had so far achieved their independence, that the Sultan could not reduce them. Accordingly his vassal, Mehemed Ali, of Egypt, was allured to send an army of subjugation into the Morea, and the atrocious scenes of fanatical war were renewed. The Greeks applied to France and England for help or mediation. At length, in consequence of the battle of Navarino, Oct. 20, 1827, and the French occupation of the Morea, the Peninsula was evacuated by Mohammedan troops, and finally the independence of Greece was acknowledged. Dr. Wheaton says of these events that the Christian powers were eminently justified in their interference "to rescue a whole nation not merely from religious persecution, but from the cruel alternative of being transported from their native land into Egyptian bondage, or exterminated by their merciless oppressors. The rights of human nature—wantonly outraged by this cruel warfare—were but tardily and imperfectly vindicated by this measure, but its principle was fully justified by the great paramount law of self-preservation. 'Whatever a nation may lawfully defend for itself, it may defend for another if called on to interfere.'"—*Introduction to International Law.*

ABBA LOUISA WOOLSON.—

WOOLSON, ABBA LOUISA (GOOLD), an American author, born at Windham, Me., in 1838. She is the daughter of William Goold, author of *Portland in the Past* (1886). She graduated at the Portland high-school in 1856, and was married in that year to its principal, Moses Woolson. Mrs. Woolson has delivered courses of lectures in various cities on *English Literature in Connection with English History*; *The Influence of Foreign Nations upon English Literature*; *The Dramas of Shakespeare as Illustrating English History*; and *The Historic Cities of Spain*. She has edited *Dress Reform*, a series of lectures by female physicians of Boston on *Dress as It Affects the Health of Women* (1874); and is the author of *Woman in American Society* (1873), *Browsing among Books* (1881), and *George Eliot and Her Heroines* (1886).

STUDIES OF WOMAN'S CHARACTER.

There is something hard and cold in Romola's temperament which robs her of the most attractive charm. She withdraws herself too much from our knowledge and sympathy, as does her townsman Savonarola, who personates a positive moral force in public affairs, as she does in private life. But, with her lofty dignity of demeanor and her nobility of purpose, she fittingly stands as the central figure of that broad Civic conflict which is surging around her, in which the unprincipled powers of the Medici find themselves opposed by the relentless moral force of Savonarola and his ascetic disciples.

Within this broad drama progresses also the personal drama with which we are chiefly concerned, where the conflict comes between faithful allegiance to filial duty on the part of Romola, and a flagrant disregard of filial duty on the part of her husband.

ABBA LOUISA WOOLSON.

In the Dorothea of "Middlemarch" we have, perhaps, the finest, noblest female character to be found in all fiction. Thoroughly English in temperament, she is of a higher social rank than Maggie, and has received at home and abroad a more extended and varied education. It is the typical boarding-school education of her class; and compared to her mental need, this girlish instruction—to quote George Eliot's own words—is only "comparable to the nibblings and judgments of a discursive mouse." Its shallowness and inadequacy only become apparent, however, when she attempts to apply it to the conduct of her own life. She has a good mind and a warm heart; and these, joined with a serene elevation of thought and the utmost delicacy of feeling, render her personally wholly noble, sweet, and gracious.

Her characteristics are those of the philanthropic temperament; and a wish to undertake some enlightened charitable work, which shall be of permanent benefit to those beneath her, is the chief desire of her heart. Possessed of an ample fortune and abundant leisure, with freedom from absorbing family ties, an indulgent guardian and admiring friends, she would seem to have every requisite needed for accomplishing her generous purpose.

In the last novel, "Daniel Deronda," we find a young woman differing from all these. Her peculiar gifts are those of the artistic temperament. With graceful beauty and keen wit, vivacious, impressionable, and brave, Gwendolen might, if opportunities favored, become a good and successful actress. But the prejudices of a gentlewoman, and a fondness for the elegant ease of private life, lead her to prefer the triumphs and successes of her social world. With friends as proud and prejudiced as herself, she could only under extraordinary circumstances look to the stage for a career. When these circumstances do arise, and duty to those dependent on her calls for every exertion in her power, we find her seeking for the first time to

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employ her native gifts. Thus is our last heroine brought face to face with the problems of her life.

To each of these later heroines George Eliot has given a daily companion—usually sister or cousin—who is plainly intended to serve as a foil. These foils are all of the ordinary type, with dull intellects and selfish hearts; but they remain wholly unconscious of limitations in themselves. Discerning no good beyond worldly advancement, and no use for any faculties save those of the practical, managing sort, they are convinced of their efficiency and good sense. Always pretty and attractive, with their rosy cheeks and fresh ribbons, they represent the Philistine in the bud. For narrow natures like theirs the social world exists.

Thus Dorothea's attempts to employ her fortune for the good of others meet with constant protest from her practical sister Celia; and, at a later stage, we see the worldly standards of Rosamond placed in marked opposition to her own. For Gwendolen, there are cousin Anna and all her own relatives, to array false notions of family pride against the effort she contemplates for earning, by direct labor, the income that she needs.—*George Eliot and Her Heroines.*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.—

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE, an American authoress, born in N. H., in 1848; died 1894. She was the daughter of Charles Jarvis Woolson, and a great-niece of James Fenimore Cooper. She was educated at Cleveland, and New York. From 1873 till 1878 she resided in Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas, and in 1879 she went to Europe, where she afterwards resided. Her winters were spent in Italy. Her literary field includes sketches, poems, stories, and novels, which have appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines. Her books are: *Castle Nowhere: Lake Country Sketches* (1875), *Roilman the Keeper: Southern Sketches* (1880), *Anne* (1882), *For the Major* (1883), *East Angels* (1886), and *Jupiter Lights* (1889), *Two Women* (1877), *The Old Stone House* (1893), *Horace Chase* (1894).

IN THE MONNLUNGS.

They did not speak often. Winthrop was attending to the boat's course, Margaret had turned and was sitting so that she could scan the water and direct him a little. Her nervousness had disappeared; either she had been able to repress it, or it had faded in the presence of the responsibility she had assumed in undertaking to act as guide through that strange water-land of the Monnlungs, whose winding channels she had heretofore seen only in the light of day. Even in the light of day they were mysterious; the enormous trees, thickly foliaged at the top, kept the sun from penetrating to the water, the masses of vines shut out still further the light, and shut in the perfumes of the myriad flowers.

Channels opened out on all sides. Only one was the right one. Should she be able to follow it? the landmarks she knew—certain banks of shrubs, a tree trunk of peculiar shape, a sharp bend, a small bay full of "knees"—should she know them again by night? There came to her suddenly the memory of a

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little arena—an arena where the flowering vines hung straight down from the tree-tops to the water all round, like tapestry, and where the perfumes were densely thick.

“Are you cold?” said Winthrop. “You can’t be—this warm night.” The slightness of the canoe had betrayed what he thought was a shiver. “No, I’m not cold.”

“The best thing we can do is to make the boat as bright as possible,” he went on. “But not in front, that would only be blinding; the light must be behind us.” He took the torch from the bow, lighted three others, and stuck them all into the canoe’s lining of thin strips of wood at the stern.

Primus had made his torches long; it would be an hour before they could burn down sufficiently to endanger the boat.

Thus, casting a brilliant orange-hued glow round them, lighting up the dark water vistas to the right and left as they passed, they penetrated into the dim, sweet swamp.

They had been in the Monulungs half an hour. Margaret acted as pilot; half kneeling half sitting at the bow, one hand on the canoe’s edge, her face turned forward, she gave her directions slowly, all her powers concentrated upon recalling correctly and keeping unmixed from present impressions her memory of the channel.

The present impressions were indeed so strange, that a strong exertion of will was necessary to prevent the mind from becoming fascinated by them, from forgetting in this series of magic pictures the different aspect of these same vistas by day. Even by day the vistas were alluring. By night, lighted up by the flare of the approaching torches, at first vaguely, then brilliantly, then vanishing into darkness again behind, they became unearthly, exceeding in contrasts of color—reds, yellows and green, all of them edged sharply with the profoundest gloom—the most striking effects of the painters who have devoted their lives to

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reproducing light and shade. Lanse had explored a part of the Monnlungs. He had not explored it all, no human eye had as yet beheld some of its mazes; but the part he had explored he knew well, he had even made a map of it. Margaret had seen this map; she felt sure, too, that she should know the channels he called the Lanes. Her idea, upon entering, had been to follow the main stream to the first of these lanes, there turn off and explore the lane to its end; then, returning to the main channel, to go on to the second lane; and so on through Lanse's part of the swamp.

They had now explored two of the lanes, and were entering a third. She had taken off her hat, and thrown it down upon the cloak beside her. "It's so oppressively warm—in here," she said.

It was not oppressively warm—not warmer than a June night at the North. But the air was perfectly still, and so sweet that it was enervating.

The forest grew denser along this third lane as they advanced. The trees stood nearer together, and silver moss now began to hang down in long, filmy, veils, thicker and thicker, from all the branches. Mixed with the moss, vines showed themselves in strange convolutions, they went up out of sight; in girth they were as large as small trees; they appeared to have not a leaf, but to be dry, naked chocolate-brown growths, twisting themselves about hither and thither for their own entertainment.

This was the appearance below. But above, there was another story to tell; for here were interminable flat beds of broad green leaves, spread out over the outside of the roof of foliage—leaves that belonged to these same naked coiling growths below; the vines had found themselves obliged to climb to the very top in order to get a ray of sunshine for their greenery.

For there was no sky for anybody in the Monnlungs; the deep solid roof of interlocked

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branches stretched miles long, miles wide, like a close tight cover, over the entire place. The general light of day came filtering through, dyed with much green, quenched into blackness at the ends of the vistas; but actual sunbeams never came, never gleamed, year in year out, across the clear darkness of the broad water floor. The water on this floor was always pellucid; whether it was the deep current of the main channel, or the shallower tide that stood motionless over all the rest of the expanse, nowhere was there the least appearance of mud; the lake and the streams, red-brown in hue, were as clear as so much fine wine; the tree trunks rose cleanly from this transparent tide; their huge roots could be seen coiling on the bottom much as the great vines coiled in the air above. These gray-white bald cypresses had a monumental aspect, like the columns of a gothic cathedral, as they rose, erect and branchless, disappearing above in the mist of the moss. The moss presently began to take on an additional witchery by becoming decked with flowers; up to a certain height these flowers had their roots in the earth; but above these were other blossoms—air-plants, some vividly tinted, flaring, and gaping, others so small and so flat on the moss that they were like the embroidered flowers on lace, only they were done in colors.

"I detest this moss," said Margaret, as it grew thicker and thicker, so that there is nothing to be seen but the silver webs; "I feel strangled in it,—suffocated."

"Oh, but it's beautiful," said Winthrop. "Don't you see the colors it takes on? Gray, then silver, then almost pink as we pass; then gray and ghostly again."

For all answer she called her husband's name. She had called it in this way at intervals ever since they entered the swamp.

"The light we carry penetrates much farther than your voice," Winthrop remarked.

"I want him to know who it is."

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“Oh, he'll know—such a devoted wife! who else could it be?”

“If anything should happen to Lanse that I might have prevented by keeping on now, how should I ever——”

“Oh, keep on, keep on; bring him safely home and take every care of him—he has done so much to deserve these efforts on your part!”

They went on.

And now the stream was bringing them towards the place Margaret had thought of upon entering—a bower in the heart of the Monnlungs, or rather a long defile-like chink between two high cliffs, the cliffs being a dense mass of flowering shrubs.

Winthrop made no comment as they entered this blossoming pass, Margaret did not speak. The air was loaded with sweetness; she put her hands on the edge of the canoe to steady herself. Then she looked up as if in search of fresher air, or to see how high the flowers ascended. But there was no fresher air, and the flowers went up out of sight. The defile grew narrower, the atmosphere became so heavy that they could taste the perfume in their mouths. After another five minutes Margaret drew a long breath—she had apparently been trying to breathe as little as possible. “I don't think I can—I am afraid——” she swayed, then sank softly down; she had fainted.

He caught her in his arms, and laid her on the canoe's bottom, her head on the cloak. He looked at the water, but the thought of the dark tide's touching that fair face was repugnant to him. He bent down and spoke to her, and smoothed her hair. But that was advancing nothing, and he began to chafe her hands. Then suddenly he rose and taking the paddle, sent the canoe flying along between the high bushes. The air was visibly thick in the red light of the torches, a miasma of scent. A branch of small blossoms with the perfume of heliotrope softly brushed against his cheek,

he struck it aside with unnecessary violence. Exerting all his strength, he at last got the canoe free from the beautiful baleful place. When Margaret opened her eyes they were outside; she was lying peacefully on the cloak, and he was still paddling vehemently.

"I am ashamed," she said, as she raised herself. "I suppose I fainted? Perfumes have a great effect upon me always. I know that place well, I thought of it before we entered the swamp; I thought it would make me dizzy, but I had no idea that it would make me faint away. It has never done so before, the scents must be stronger at night."

She still seemed weak; she put her hand to her head. Then a thought came to her: she sat up and looked about, scanning the trees anxiously. "I hope you haven't gone wrong? How far are we from the narrow place—the place where I fainted?"

"I don't know how far. But we haven't been out of it more than five or six minutes, and this is certainly the channel."

"Nothing is 'certainly' in the Mounlungs! and five minutes is quite enough time to get lost in—I don't recognize anything here—we ought to be in sight of a tree that has a profile, like a face."

"Perhaps you wouldn't know it at night."

"It's unmistakable. No, I am sure we are wrong. Please go back—go back at once to the narrow place."

"Where is 'back'?" murmured Winthrop to himself, after he had surveyed the water behind him.

And the question was a necessary one. What he had thought was "certainly the channel" seemed to exist only in front; there was no channel behind, there were only broad tree-filled water spaces, vague and dark. They could see nothing of the thicker foliage of the "narrow place."

Margaret clasped her hands. "We're lost!"

"No, we're not lost; at least we were not

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.—

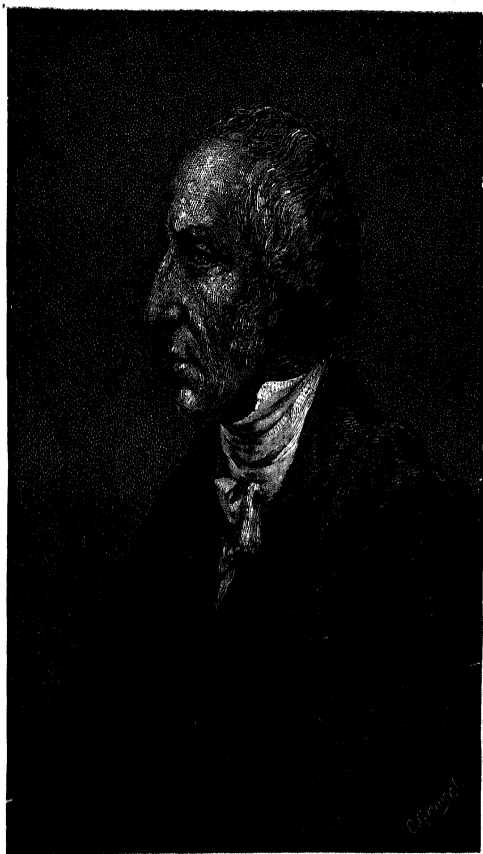
seven minutes ago. It won't take long to go over all the water that is seven minutes from here." He took out one of the torches and inserted it among the roots of a cypress, so that it could hold itself upright. "That's our guide; we can always come back to that, and start again."

Margaret no longer tried to direct; she sat with her face towards him, leaving the guidance to him. He started back in what he thought was the course they had just traversed. But they did not come to the defile of flowers; and suddenly they lost sight of their beacon.

"We shall see it again in a moment," he said. But they did not see it. They floated in and out among the great cypresses, he plunged his paddle down over the side, and struck bottom; they were out of the channel and in the shallows—the great Monnlungs Lake.—*East Angels.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, an English poet, born at Cockermouth, in the hill region of Cumberland, in 1770; died at Rydal Mount, Westmoreland, in 1850. His father, who was law agent for Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, died when his son was thirteen, his mother having died several years before. In 1787 he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1791. Soon afterward he went to France, where he remained about a year, returning to England at the opening of the "Reign of Terror." His friends urged him to enter the Church; but he wished to devote himself to poetry. Raisley Calvert, a young friend of his, dying in 1795, left him a legacy of £900, which enabled him to carry out his wish. Of his modest way of life he says: "Upon the interest of the £900—£400 being laid out in an annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100, a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the *Lyrical Ballads* brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, nearly eight." To this sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, Wordsworth owed more than to any other person—his wife not excepted. In time, a debt of some £3,000 which had been due to his father was paid, and the poet was placed beyond pecuniary straits. In 1798 Wordsworth and his sister, accompanied by Coleridge, went to Germany. Returning after a few months, Wordsworth took up his residence at Grassmere, in the Lake region, and finally, in 1813, at Rydal Mount, his home for the remaining thirty-seven years of his life, which was singularly devoid of external incident. The income derived



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

from his writings was never large ; but in 1813 he received, through influence of his fast friend, the Earl of Lonsdale, the appointment of Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland, which brought him £500 a year. This position he resigned in 1842, in favor of his son, he himself receiving a pension of £300. Southey, dying in 1843, was succeeded as Poet Laureate by Wordsworth, who was succeeded by Tennyson. The Life of Wordsworth has been written by his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (1851), and by Frederick Myers in "English Men of Letters," (1882). Many interesting personal details of him are contained in Mr. Crabb Robinson's *Diary* (1869).

Wordsworth's first volume of *Poems* appeared in 1793 ; in 1798 was published the *Lyrical Ballads*, one of which was Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, all the others being by Wordsworth. From time to time he made excursions in Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy, of all of which he put forth *Memorials* in verse. His other poetical works will be more specially mentioned hereinafter. His *Poetical Works* have been arranged by himself in accordance with their subject matter. His prose writings, which are not numerous, consist mainly of introductions to his several poems, a political tract on the "Convention of Cintra," and an admirable paper signed "Mathetes" in Coleridge's *Friend*.

The following poem is the best known of his *Lyrical Ballads* :

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

I met a little cottage girl :

She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;—
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven? I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied : [door,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit ;
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”
Quick was the little maid’s reply :
“ O Master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven ! ”
’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

In the summer of 1798, Wordsworth, accompanied by his sister, made a tour along the banks of the Wye, and there a few miles above “ Tintern Abbey ” he composed one of his best poems, the concluding portion of which was directly addressed to his sister.

TO HIS SISTER, DOROTHY.

. . . . I have learned
To look on Nature, nor as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The sad, still music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt,
A presence that disturbs me with the joy

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is in the lights of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear—both of what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the Sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the muse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay.
For thou wert with me here upon the banks
Of thy dear river: thou my dearest Friend—
My dear, dear Friend! and in thy voice I
catch

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes.

Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this one life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us—so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts—that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee. And in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure—when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies—oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!

Nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say,
With warmer love, oh, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many years of wanderings, many
years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear both for themselves and for thy
sake.

*From Lines Composed a Few Miles above
Tintern Abbey.*

The possibility of future sorrow thus hinted at came indeed to be a reality. Thirty years afterward we catch occasional glimpses of Dorothy Wordsworth in the home of her brother, broken in health and weakened in mind—hardly a shadow of her glad youth. But those sad happenings were in the far future. In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, whom he had

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

known from boyhood ; who died in 1859, after forty-eight years of wedded life, and nine years of widowhood, and of whom he wrote, two years after their marriage :

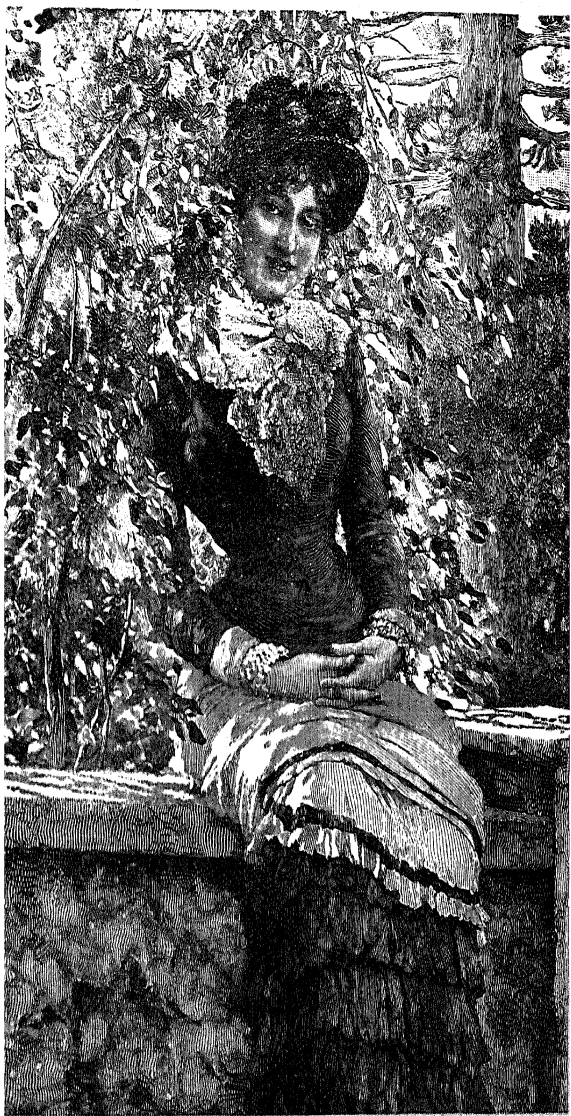
UPON HIS WIFE.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too ;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

The *Prelude*, a poem which had been slowly growing up for half a dozen years, was completed in 1805. It was addressed to Coleridge, to whom portions were sent from time to time, and to whom the whole was recited when finished—this recital



"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

Painting by R. van Blaas.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

giving occasion for one of the finest of Coleridge's poems. The *Prelude*, which was not published until 1850, concludes thus:

CLOSE OF "THE PRELUDE."

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete—thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of
truth)

This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
By nations sink together, we shall still
Find solace—knowing what we have learnt to
know,

Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint laborer in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith.

What we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the
earth

On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

The great work to which Wordsworth had resolved to dedicate himself was, as he says, "to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." The original design was

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

only partially carried out. The *Recluse* was to consist of three Parts. Of these, the first Part was written, but for some unexplained reason was never published by him. All seems to have been destroyed except a little more than a hundred lines, which Wordsworth says "may be acceptable as a kind of prospectus of the design and scope of the whole poem."

Of the purposed *Recluse*, then, we have only the second Part—The *Excursion* (1814), which describes a tour of a few days among the hills made by the Poet in company with a friend whom he calls "The Wanderer"—a man who in youth and early manhood has been a peddler, who now, far advanced beyond mid-life, has retired with a moderate competence. He is not devoid of a knowledge of books, but is far more deeply read in the great Book of Nature; a poet, "wanting only the accomplishment of verse." Into the mouth of this "Wanderer" the Poet puts many—most indeed—of the loftiest utterances in the *Excursion*. In a few cases they gain something by this attribution; but usually they might as well have been spoken directly by the Poet himself or by some of the other interlocutors.

THE WANDERER'S HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

How beautiful this dome of sky;
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who
can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice.
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here, where thou hast
built
For thy own glory in the wilderness!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence. Therefore I am
bound

To worship here and everywhere—as one,
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to
tread

From childhood up the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued. By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my
heart;

If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in thee,
And let thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

Excursion. Book IV.

THE ORACULAR SEA-SHELL.

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were
heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart,
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during Power,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

Excursion. Book IV.

A CLOUD-BUILT CITY.

A step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul.
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city; boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth
Far sinking into splendor—without end.
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems.
By earthly Nature had the effects been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf;

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.

Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;

Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
 In vision forms uncouth of mightiest power
 For admiration and mysterious awe.
 This little vale—a dwelling-place of man—
 Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible :
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
 That which I saw was the revealed abode
 Of spirits in beatitude : my heart
 Swelled in my breast.—“ I have been dead,” I
 cried,
 “ And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore *do* I live ? ”
 And with that pang I prayed to be no more !
Excursion. Book II.

The *Excursion* contains more than 9,000 lines. Its special object was to describe a visit to a Recluse who after leading a varied life had retired from the world to pass his last years in this sequestered valley. The remainder of the poem was to consist of the reflections of the Recluse upon lofty topics.

The reception accorded to the *Excursion* was not encouraging. “ This will never do,” said Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. Perhaps it was well that no more of the meditated *Recluse* was ever written ; but none the more did Wordsworth falter in carrying out the high mission which he held to have devolved upon him. The tragedy, *The Borderers*, written as early as 1796, but not published until 1842, might have been destroyed, without the world's being the poorer. The somewhat extended narrative poems are by no means great works. We name them in the order of their publication, which was sometimes several years after their composition. *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1815) might, one would suppose, have been suggested by Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which was published a couple of years before Wordsworth's poem was written.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Peter Bell (1819) is barely saved from being ridiculous by a dozen vigorous stanzas near the commencement. *The Waggoner* (1819) was published after lying in manuscript a dozen years or more.

Among the so-called "minor poems" of these years these are some which must be regarded as trivial or commonplace, many which are merely pretty, many that are noble, and not a few which will ever stand among the grandest poems of the world. A few of these are here given, in whole or in part:

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove,
Thou who art Victory and Law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye

Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work and know it not;
Oh! if through confidence misplaced,
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,

And happy will our nature be,
When Love is an unerring light

And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold

Even now, who, not unwisely bold,

Live in the spirit of this creed;

Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
need.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly if I
may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought;
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,
I call thee. I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
The confidence of Reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bondsman let
me live.

THE SHADE OF PROTESILAUS TO LAODAMIA.

"Peace!" he said.

She looked upon him, and was calmed and
cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love: such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strifes to heal—

The Past unsighed for, and the Future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there

In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,

And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest
day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned

That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,

Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

And while my youthful peers before my sight
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)

Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise

By martial sports; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained—

"The wished-for wind was given. I then re-
solved

The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved

That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife;
On thee too fondly would my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

The paths which we had trod ; these fountains,
flowers ;

My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.

“ But should suspense permit the foe to cry—

‘ Behold, they tremble ! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die ! ’—

In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred ; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

“ And thou, though strong in love, art all too
weak

In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek

Our blest re-union in the shades below,
The Invisible World with thee hath sym-
pathized :

Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“ Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;

For this the passion to excess was driven—
That Self might be annulled ; her bondage
prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to love ! ”—

Aloud she shrieked ; for Hermes re-appears.

Round the dear Shade she would have clung
—’tis vain !

The hours are past—too brief had they been
years ;

And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly
day,

He through the portal takes his silent way ;
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corpse she lay.

Laodamia.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

I.

Thy functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision ! And a spirit aerial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind ;
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought.
And whispers for the heart, their slave;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh: and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats! . . .

XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as
still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony and bear

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living;
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle, freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A voice to Light gave Being;
To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler;
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic life applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempted into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth
be dust [stay
And vanish though the heavens dissolve, her
Is in the Word that shall not pass away.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL-
LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;
 Turn whereso'er I may
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the
earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy Shepherd-boy !

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee
My heart is at your festival,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh bowers; while the sun shines warm
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

vi.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes.
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art !

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song ;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage,
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity ;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his
breast :

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so
bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

xi.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels
fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet ;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are
won.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

All of the poems which we have cited bear date between 1798 and 1828; that is, between the twenty-eighth and the forty-eighth years of Wordsworth's life, the grand ode, *On the Power of Sound*, being the latest of them. The *Intimations of Immortality* was completed in his thirty-sixth year. After fifty, Wordsworth wrote little of special note, although a few short pieces were composed after passing the age of threescore and ten. His last volume, issued in 1842, was entitled, *Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years*. Throughout nearly the whole of his career he was fond of casting his verse into the restricted form of sonnets. Of these he composed nearly five hundred. Many of them are prosaic, in all except form, but others are among the best in our language.

THE ARCH-DRUID TO KING EDWIN.

Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!
That—while at banquet with your chiefs you sit
Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
Safe from the wintry tempests. Fluttering,
Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. Even such that transient
thing,
The human Soul; not utterly unknown
While in the body lodged, her warm abode;
But from what world she came, what woe or
weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown:
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
His be a welcome cordially bestowed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Well worthy to be magnified are they
Who with sad hearts, of friends and country
took
A last farewell ; their loved abode forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers
lay ;
Then to the new-found World explored their
way,
That so a church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering
nook
Her Lord might worship, and his word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not
bend ;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified ;
Blest while their Spirits from the woods as-
cend
Along a galaxy that knows no end,
But is His glory who for sinners died.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I, shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Thou, babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale,
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No Bird, but an invisible thing,
A Voice, a Mystery.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen, till I do beget
The golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace,
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee.

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

MILTON.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour.
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up; return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest burdens on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep :
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

THE SONNET.

Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors ; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound :
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow, a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spencer, called from Fairyland
To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a
damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—

Along the margin of a bay ;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

HENRY CLAY WORK.—

WORK, HENRY CLAY, an American composer, born in Middleton, Conn., Oct. 1, 1832; died at Hartford, Conn., June 8, 1884. In early youth he removed to Illinois but returned to Connecticut in 1845 and learned the printer's trade. Here he wrote his first song, *We're Coming, Sister Mary*. In 1855 he moved to Chicago and worked at his trade. *The Year of Jubilee* or *Kingdom Coming* was published in 1862, and his most popular song, *Marching Through Georgia*, was published in 1865, after Sherman had made his famous march to the sea. He wrote, in all, more than sixty songs, many of which are still very popular.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!”

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

HENRY CLAY WORK.—

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with
joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not
seen for years ;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking
forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

“ Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will never
reach the coast ! ”
So the saucy rebels said, and ’twas a handsome
boast,
Had they not forgot, alas ! to reckon with the
host,
While we were marching through Georgia ?

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and
her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the
main ;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in
vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.—

WOTTON, SIR HENRY, an English courtier and author, born in 1568; died in 1639. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and afterwards spent several years on the Continent. Upon his return he attached himself to the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Upon the accession, in 1603, of James I., to whom he had already done some signal service, Wotton was made ambassador to Venice, where he wrote a tractate on *The State of Christendom*, which, however, was not printed during his lifetime. His own understanding of the duties of a foreign ambassador,—“An honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country”—was in full accord with the sentiment of his time. About 1618 he took Holy Orders, in order to render himself eligible for the position of Provost of Eton College, which he filled until his death. In 1624 he put forth a very creditable work on *The Elements of Architecture*. Wotton was rather a friend of letters and of authors than distinctively an author. He wrote a warm eulogium on Milton's *Comus* (1637), and gave the poet some sage advice upon his setting out upon his travels. He was also a friend of Izaak Walton, with whom he sometimes went a-fishing, and who wrote his *Life* and edited the scanty *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (1651). As a poet Wotton is known wholly by two short pieces, *The Character of a Happy Life* (1614), and the piece beginning, “You manner beauties of the night.” The title given to the latter piece, *To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*, is misleading to the modern reader. The “Mistress” celebrated was the excellent Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James I., for several years the

SIR HENRY WOTTON.—

wife of the German Elector of the Palatinate, who in this year got himself crowned as King of Bohemia. His "reign" lasted only six months, when he was ousted and driven into exile. It is through this six months' "Queen of Bohemia" that the British crown was devolved upon her great-grandson George I., Elector of Hanover.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill:
Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath:
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:
Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great:
Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.—

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents! What's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own!
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind—
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR THOMAS WYATT.—

WYATT, SIR THOMAS, an English poet, born in 1503; died in 1542. His father was Sir Henry Wyatt, Privy Counsellor to Henry VII. After graduation at Cambridge in 1518, Sir Thomas was an officer of the household of Henry VIII., whose good will he was fortunate enough to retain. He was knighted in 1536, High Sheriff of Kent in 1537, and was Ambassador to the court of Charles V. in 1537 and 1539-40. On the fall of Lord Cromwell, his friend, he was falsely accused, by Bishop Bonner and other enemies, of treasonable correspondence, but was acquitted after an able speech in self-defence. His memoirs contain excellent letters of advice to his son, the younger Sir Thomas, who was executed in 1554 for conspiring in favor of Lady Jane Grey. Sir Thomas the elder was a man of great learning, of ready wit, and of high character. His poems, stilted to modern ears and not abounding in the poetical element, have some very happy refrains, and, here and there, some remarkable lines, such as the last two of the latter selection following. The first selection reminds one of Tennyson's "Two Voices." Like those of his friend, the Earl of Surrey, Wyatt's poems are wholly free from impurity.

DESPAIR COUNSELLETH THE DESERTED LOVER TO END HIS WOES BY DEATH, BUT REASON BRINGETH COMFORT.

Most wretched heart! most miserable,
Since thy comfort from thee is fled;
Since all thy truth is turned to fable,
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
"No! no! I live and must do still;
Whereof I thank God, and no me;
For I myself have at my will,
And he is wretched that weens him so."

SIR THOMAS WYATT.—

But yet thou hast both had and lost
The hope so long that hath thee fed,
And all thy travail, and thy cost;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

“Some pleasant star may show me light;...
But though the heaven would work me woe,
Who hath himself shall stand upright;
And he is wretched that weens him so.”

Hath he himself that is not sure?
His trust is like as he hath sped.
Against the stream thou mayst not dure;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

“The last is worst: who fears not that
He hath himself whereso he go:
And he that knoweth what is what,
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.”

Seest thou not how they whet their teeth,
Which to touch thee sometime did dread?
They find comfort, for thy mischief,
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

“What though that curse do fall by kind
On him that hath the overthrow;
All that cannot oppress my mind;
For he is wretched that weens him so.

Yet can it not be then denied,
It is as certain as thy creed,
Thy great unhap thou canst not hide;
Unhappy then! why art thou not dead?

Unhappy; but no wretch therefore!
For hap doth come again, and go,
For which I keep myself in store;
Since unhap cannot kill me so.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

Stand whoso lists upon the slippery wheel
Of high estate, and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each deal,
Unknown in court that hath the wanton joys.
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be passed without annoy
Let me die old after the common trace,
For grips of death do he too hardly pass
That known is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dieth unknown, dazed with frightful face.

WILLIAM WYCHERLY.—

WYCHERLY, WILLIAM, an English dramatist, born in 1640; died in 1715. He was sent to France to be educated, and under the influence of the Duke of Montansier and family, became a Roman Catholic, but later in life, relinquished that faith. By the notorious Duchess of Cleveland, he was introduced to court, and was conspicuous in the society of the time. He married in 1680, the handsome Countess of Drogheda. After her death, he became a bankrupt, in prison, but was liberated, and granted a pension of £200. His father's death left him an estate. A few days before his own death, he married again, to spite a nephew heir. In 1704, he published a volume of verses. Of his four plays, he claimed that *Love in a Wood* was written when he was nineteen years of age. All are filled with the impurity of the time. Leigh Hunt published an edition, with other dramatists in 1840. A volume of Wycherly's poems and moral reflections was issued in 1728.

THE LITIGIOUS WIDOW.

[*Enter Widow Blackacre, in the middle of half-a-dozen Lawyers, whispered to by a fellow in black, Jerry Blackacre following the crowd.*]

Wid.—Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes? Come, Mr. Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in chancery, let your words be easy, and your sense hard; my cause requires it: branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

Quaint.—I will, as I see cause, extenuate or exemplify matter of fact; baffle truth with impudence; answer exceptions with questions, though never so impertinent: for reasons give

'em words; for law and equity, tropes and figures; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their arguments with the oil of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say anything more for our cause, say everything of our adversary; whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives——

Wid.—Alias, Billingsgate.

Quaint.—With poignant and sour invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of lemons; and tell such a story, (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our client in Chancery, is telling a story,) a fine story, a long story, such a story——

Wid.—Go, save thy breath for the cause; talk at the bar, Mr. Quaint: you are so copiously fluent, you can weary anyone's ears sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries' counsel, and the court; go, thou art a fine spoken person: adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember—[*Whispers.*]—[*Exit* *QUAINT.*]—Come, Mr. Blunder, pray bawl soundly for me, at the King's-bench, bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court; and then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure: 'tis like coughing or humming when one has got the belly-ache, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue, and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more roused venison.

Blun.—I'll warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon ifs and ands. [Exit.]

Wid.—Come, Mr. Petulant, let me give you some new instructions for our cause in the Exchequer. Are the barons sate?

WILLIAM WYCHERLY.—

Pet.—Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid.—Heyday! I wish you would not snap up the counsel on t'other side anon at the bar as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet.—You instruct me! what is my brief for, mistress?

Wid.—Ay, but you seldom read your brief but at the bar, if you do it then.

Pet.—Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold yourself contented, mistress.

Wid.—Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, sir; though you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I wo' not: you shall hear me, I shall be instructed. Let's see your brief.

Pet.—Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by a woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown—

Wid.—By a woman! and I'd have you to know, I am no common woman; but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as yourself, though I have no bar-gown.

Pet.—Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you: instruct me! [*Flings her breviate at her.*]

Wid.—Impertinent to me, you saucy Jack, you! you return my breviate, but where's my fee! you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: would you would but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Pet.—Mistress, that's without precedent. When did a counsel ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

Wid.—Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me! Gads-bodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so! you green-bag carrier, you murderer of unfortunate causes, the clerk's

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ink is scarce off of your fingers,—you that newly came from lamp blacking the judges' shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I would give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry-gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing counsel at the bar. [*Exit PETULANT.*] . . .

* * * * *

Wid.—Well, Jerry, observe child, and lay it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none: therefore if you would have 'em for you, let your adversary fee them; for he may chance to depend upon them; and so, in being against them, they'll be for thee.

Jer.—Ay, mother; they put me in mind of the unconscionable wooers of widows, who undertake briskly their matrimonial business for their money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them. Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice.

Wid.—Well said, boy.—Come, Mr. Split-cause, pray go see when my cause in Chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr. Quillit in the King's-bench, and Mr. Quirk in the Common Pleas, and see how our matters go there.—*The Plain Dealer*

LILLIE BUFFUM WYMAN.—

WYMAN, LILLIE BUFFUM (CHACE), an American author born at Valley Falls, R. I. In 1877 she became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, her first story being *The Child of the State*. With other sketches it was published in 1886 in a volume entitled *Poverty Grass*. Several of these stories are the outgrowth of a close and sympathetic study of factory life. They have deservedly attracted wide attention.

THE CHILD OF THE STATE.

Josie Welch was six years old, and her brother Tommy was eight, at the time their mother became a widow. Mrs. Welch worked in a cotton factory. She rose at half-past five in the morning, lit a hasty fire in the kitchen, made some tea which she drank, and put some bread and butter on the table. In cold weather she arranged the fire so that it would keep as long as possible, and left in the kitchen a small supply of fuel, before hurrying away to her work.

An hour or two later, Tommy, who was a methodical little soul, routed his sister and himself out of bed, when, without washing, they fell upon the bread and butter and devoured it. They then dressed themselves quite leisurely, although their toilet was a meager one and included very little in the way of ablutions. Afterwards, Tommy took some more bread and butter and carried it into the mill to his mother, for her breakfast. At the same time he took her a tin pail, filled the night before. She warmed the contents of this on the steam-pipes in the mill, and at twelve o'clock the children came to the factory and shared with her this made-over dinner, since the brief "nooning" did not give Mrs. Welch time to go home and warm her dinner there. A neighbor, at the widow's request, used to go into the house in the afternoon and replenish the fire, that the place might be warm when the children came home from school.

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Tommy and Josie went pretty regularly to school in cold weather, because it was warmer there than at home, where the fire often languished under their inexperienced care, and sometimes died out entirely before the neighbor came. It was a chance whether she found it choked with ashes and injudicious feeding, or whether the fuel provided in the morning had proved insufficient to sustain it through so many hours. Mrs. Welch's bills became too large for her earnings if she allowed the children to have free access to the shed where the coal was kept, so its door was locked, and the neighbor had the key. Frequently the little lad and his sister gathered sticks in a pine grove hard by, or picked up shiny lumps of coal that were scattered near the railroad station, and they burned the material thus procured with gay hearts and bursts of happy laughter. Doubtless, if they had not had the usual childish habit of accepting all events unthinkingly, they would have been very sure that it was the good God, or, may be, even the mother of God herself, who made men always spill fuel when loading and unloading coal cars.

There were many kind people in the village who welcomed the shivering little creatures to their own firesides, in those families whose prosperity permitted that the mother or some elder daughter should stay at home from the mill.

At night Mrs. Welch came home, gave the children their supper, swept, cleaned, washed dishes and clothes, cooked far into the night, and then lay down for a few hours of heavy sleep.

Tommy and Josie were as good children as could be expected under the circumstances; but Josie had, even then, a restless and excitable organization. In a happier home her peculiarities would perhaps have been carefully studied, and all this fine nervous force might have been trained and utilized. But Josie belonged to a stratum of society far below those

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in which exists the practice of such study and consideration. She often ran away from home and school, and got herself into endless scrapes.

A year or more of this sort of life had passed when Mrs. Welch suddenly died. Her husband's brother took the children. Tommy prospered in his new home. He was well-grown and strong, and having nearly attained the age at which the law would permit him to be put at work in the mill, his uncle took him to the overseer, said he was old enough, and obtained employment for him. The child's wages were a welcome addition to the family income; indeed, a necessary addition in view of the two extra mouths that were now to be fed, and the uncle considered the lie he had told to be dazzling in its whiteness.

Josie, meanwhile, did not prosper in the keeping of her aunt. She did not love to tend the babies. There were a pair of twins, and two other round, red-headed, pale-faced little ones under three years old, who fell largely to poor Josie's care. She was not cross to them, but she did not enjoy the labors imposed on her.

She hated to wash dishes, with a hatred as intense as, and perhaps not really more culpable than, that which is felt for this task by some more fortunate daughters of our common race. She did not enjoy the restrictions suddenly placed about her. They irked her greatly after the free street life she had led while her mother lived.

Josie had the instincts that in higher ranks of society are called Bohemian, and for which our many-sided civilization now begins to find respectable chance for action. In the lower strata of this civilization, however, the pressure of circumstances is so great that it bears down heavily on all such instincts, and frequently crushes and distorts them, till they become impulses towards crime and outrage. The conscientious student of the forces in nature and character which shape or deform

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social life must often halt between two opinions, uncertain whether the sovereign remedy for many of the ills from which humanity suffers would be more liberty or more restraint.

It is the old problem which besets also the individual life. Are obstacles set in our way to warn us back from any special path, or that we may grow stronger by overcoming them as we go forward? Some there are who may decide whether they will go back or go on. Men and women who labor eleven hours in a day in the stifling air of a great factory have limitations to their freedom of will. Those men must eat and sleep away most of their leisure hours. Those women must often toil on in the home after the mill work is done. They cannot spend time and money to go out in search of healthful recreation. The devil surrounds them with sensual enjoyments only. Their jaded nerves respond most readily to such, and in factory villages but little effort is made, by what calls itself Christianity, to compete with Satan in his struggles for souls, or to prove his choice of pleasures an unwise one to the multitude.

So, in her new surroundings, Josie fared ill, and looked forward in her childish brain to faring worse.

Perhaps, under the best influences, her nature might have been morally weak. At any rate, unmoulded by such influences, she experienced no dutiful desires to grow older, take her place in the factory, and do her part towards the support of herself and her uncle's numerous progeny. She ran away very frequently, and would stay away for hours and cause endless trouble. Finally, one morning she disappeared and was not found till the next day. The child had not yet got into any real harm, but she was certainly on the right road to ruin.

Her aunt, scandalized, provoked, and worn out, complained of her, had her arrested, poor little mite, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced to the Reform School. It was thus that, when

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she was ten years old, this unfortunate waif became the child of the State.—*Poverty Grass.*

GETTING AN ANSWER.

The buds upon the trees were swollen just enough to blur the outline of the branches against the sky, and the air felt warm to Kingman's cheek as he made his way to the side door of Mr. Warner's house, the first time he went there after his accident. The grass was pushing up its elf-like blades, sheathed in green, and the voices of children came calling through the distance with a shrill sweetness. The world looked happy, and Darius felt so as Prudence came through the yard to meet him, with welcoming eyes. She had been feeding some pet pigeons, and a dove was perched upon her shoulder,—a young bird, pure white and exquisitely slender. It looked not like a creature, but like the soul of some being.

Darius bent over the woman's hand, and the dove took flight, its wings whirring close above his head. When he raised his eyes he saw Dr. Salisbury standing in a familiar attitude in the doorway. It seemed to Darius that a shadow had fallen across the sky.

They all went round to the front porch, where they seated themselves, and chatted lightly about the wonderful warmth of the afternoon. The doctor was fluent. Kingman grew silent. Prudence sat quietly between the two men.

"I'm like Gertrude," she thought: "having got one sweetheart, *they swarm.*"

But she did not really think that Darius had come a-wooing. She only felt very glad to see him, and very content, also, that her womanly attractions should be vindicated in his presence by the doctor's attentive manner.

"I want a glass of water!" cried Kingman, at last, springing to his feet in helpless impatience.

Prudence rose. "No," said he, "I am going to the well."

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“You can’t draw the bucket.”

“I’ll help you,” said the doctor.

“I can do it myself,” retorted he. They followed him, nevertheless, and the doctor applied himself to the well-rope, while Darius stood by, fuming. Prue went into the house for a glass. As she came out again, the white dove flew down and hovered about her. The doctor was hauling up the bucket. Darius went forward and met Prue. He looked her straight in the eyes, and said, in a low tone,—

“Choose between that man and me.”

“Where’s your tumbler?” cried the doctor, as he landed the dripping bucket. Prue filled the glass, and handed it to Darius. The doctor stood only a yard away, whisking some drops of water off his clothes, but his back was turned.

“Which is it?” asked Kingman, over the glass.

“Why, you, Darius, of course,” said she.—
Poverty Grass.

XENOPHON.—

XENOPHON, a Grecian soldier and author, born at Athens, probably about 431 B. C.; died about 341 B. C. He was of good family and moderate estate, and became in youth a pupil of Socrates. Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Xenophon* tells a pretty story of the origin of this pupilship. Socrates one day encountered Xenophon, "a beautiful modest boy," in a narrow passage, put his stick across so as to stop him, and asked him, "Where can provisions be bought?" Xenophon named a place. "And where are men made noble and good?" inquired Socrates. Xenophon knew no such place. "Well, then," said Socrates, "follow me and learn." At all events, Xenophon was often present at the informal lessons of Socrates, and took down notes of his talk, which he long afterwards wrote out in *Memorabilia of Socrates*. Xenophon grew up to early manhood during the long Peloponnesian War, so graphically described by Thucydides. That over, at about thirty he joined the Greek "Ten Thousand," who aided Cyrus (called "the Younger," to distinguish him from Cyrus the Great), in his disastrous attempt to wrest the Persian sceptre from the hands of his elder brother Artaxerxes. The story of this expedition, occupying a space of just two years, is told in the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, by far the most important of his many works. Cyrus was defeated and killed at the battle of Cunaxa, near Babylon (401 B. C.). His Asiatic forces were cut to pieces or dispersed, and the Grecian Ten Thousand undertook the long and perilous retreat through the mountains of Armenia from the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Euxine. Xenophon was one of the highest in command, and to

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him mainly was owing the successful issue of the retreat. He subsequently took up his residence at Scillus, a little town of Elis, under Spartan protection, where he lived for some forty years, occupying himself, says his biographer, "in farming and hunting, feasting his friends, and writing his histories."

Diogenes Laertius, who lived in our second century, gives a list of fifteen works composed by Xenophon, all of which are still extant. They comprise the *Anabasis*, the *Cyropædia*, the *Memorabilia*, the *Hellenics*, and small essays on domestic economy, hunting, horsemanship, and the like. In respect of style, the Greek of Xenophon may be compared with the English of Addison ; and the *Cyropædia* and the *Anabasis* are among the first books put into the hands of young students of the language. The following extract is from near the close of the *Anabasis*. When the Ten Thousand—or rather the six thousand remaining of them—had reached a place of safety, they called their commanders to account for several misdeeds alleged against them. Xenophon thus describes the scene :

XENOPHON'S EXCULPATION OF HIMSELF.

Some also brought accusations against Xenophon, alleging that they had been beaten by him, and charging him with having behaved insolently. On this, Xenophon stood up, and called on him who had spoken first to say where he had been beaten. He answered : "When we were perishing with cold, and when the snow was deepest." Xenophon rejoined, "Come, come ; in such severe weather as you mention, when provisions had failed and we had not wine so much as to smell to—when many were exhausted with fatigue, and the enemy were close behind—if at such

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a time I behaved insolently, I acknowledge that I must be more vicious than an ass, which, they say, is too vicious to feel being tired. Tell us, however, why you were beaten. Did I ask for anything, and beat you when you would not give it me? Did I ask anything back from you? Was I quarrelling about a love affair? Did I maltreat you in my cups?"

As the man said that there was nothing of the kind, Xenophon asked him whether he was one of the heavy-armed troops? He answered, "No." Whether he was a targeteer? He said that he was not either, but a free man, who had been sent to drive a mule by his comrades. On this Xenophon recognized him, and asked him, "What! are you the man who was conveying the sick person?"—"Aye, by Jupiter, I am," said he, "for you compelled me to do it; and you scattered about the baggage of my comrades."—"The scattering," rejoined Xenophon, "was something in this way: I distributed it to others to carry, and ordered them to bring it to me again; and having got it all back, I restored it all safe to you as soon as you had produced the man that I gave you in charge. But hear, all of you," he continued, "in what way the affair happened, for it is worth listening to. A man was being left behind because he was able to march no farther. I knew nothing of the man except that he was one of us. And I compelled you, sir, to bring him, that he might not perish; for, if I mistake not, the enemy was pressing upon us."

This the complainant acknowledged. "Well, then," said Xenophon, "after I had sent you on, did I not catch you, as I came up with the rear-guard, digging a trench to bury the man, when I stopped and commended you? But while we were standing by, the man drew up his leg, and those who were there cried out that he was alive; and you said, 'He may be as much alive as he likes, for I shan't carry him.' On this I struck you, it is quite true; for you seemed to me to have been aware that

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the man was alive.”—“Well, then,” explained the other, “did he die any the less after I had rendered him up to you?”—“Why, we shall all die,” said Xenophon; “but is that any reason that we should be buried alive?”

Hereupon all the assembly cried out that Xenophon had not beaten the fellow half enough. And this complaint having been disposed of, no others were brought against Xenophon, who addressed the soldiers, saying:—

“I acknowledge to have struck many men for breach of discipline—men who were content to owe their preservation to your orderly march and constant fighting, while they themselves left the ranks and ran on before, so as to have an advantage over you in looting. Had we all acted as they did, we should have perished to a man. Sometimes, too, I struck men who were lagging behind with cold and fatigue, or were stopping the way so as to hinder others from getting forward. I struck them with my fist, in order to prevent them from being struck with the lance of the enemy. It is a plain case. If I punished any one for his good, I claim the privilege of parents with their children, masters with their scholars, and surgeons with their patients. In the time of storm the captain must be rough with his men, for the least mistake is fatal. But this is all over now; the calm has come. And since I strike nobody now, when by the favor of the gods I am in good spirits, and am no longer depressed with cold, hunger, and fatigue, and now that I have more wine to drink, you may see that it was at all events not through insolence that I struck any one before. If such things are to be brought up against me, I would ask in common fairness that some of you stand up on the other side, and recall a few of the occasions on which I have helped you against the cold, or against the enemy, or when sick or in distress.”

Xenophon says: “All was right in the end.” He was not merely acquitted, but

stood the higher in the esteem of his men.—The *Cyropædia*, the “Education of Cyrus” the Great—not the Cyrus of the *Anabasis*—is not to be regarded as a history; it is a romance setting forth the training of a great prince, not merely in childhood and youth, but through a long and varied career, down to his death at an advanced age. There are few points of resemblance between the Cyrus of Xenophon’s romance and the Cyrus of history. Both were indeed great monarchs, conquerors of Babylonia and Asia Minor. But the historical Cyrus was slain in a battle with the Scythians near the Caspian; while the Cyrus of the romance died at a ripe old age in his palace, surrounded by his children, and with a discourse upon immortality upon his lips.

THE DEATH OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

“I have realized” (said Cyrus to his sons) “all that is most highly prized in the successive ages of life—as a child in childhood, as a young man in youth, as a man in maturity. My strength has seemed to increase with the advance of time; I have failed in nothing that I undertook. I have exalted my friends and humbled my enemies, and have brought my country from obscurity to the summit of glory. I have kept hitherto from anything like boasting, knowing that a reverse might come; but now that the end has arrived, I may safely claim to have been fortunate. . . .

“You cannot surely believe that when I have ended this mortal life I shall cease to exist. Even in lifetime you have never *seen* my soul; you have only inferred its existence. And there are grounds for inferring the existence of the soul after death. Have we not seen what a power is exercised by the souls of murdered men after death—how they send avenging Furies to punish their murderers? It

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is only to this belief in the power of the soul after death that the custom of paying honor to the dead is due ; and the belief is reasonable, for the soul, and not the body is the principle of life. When the soul and body are separated, it is natural to think that the soul will live. And the soul, too, is the principle of intelligence. When severed from the senseless body it will not surely lose its intelligence, but only become more pure and bright ; just as in sleep, when the soul is most independent of the body, it seems to gain the power, by prophetic dreams, of seeing into futurity.

“Do, then, what I advise, from a regard to my immortal spirit. But if I be mistaken in thinking it so, then act out of regard for the eternal gods, who maintain the order of the universe, and watch over piety and justice. Respect, too, humanity in its perpetual succession, and act so as to be approved by all posterity. When I am dead, do not enshrine my body in gold or silver, but restore it to the earth ; for what can be better than to be mixed up and incorporated with the beneficent source of all that is good for men ?

“While life, which still lingers in me, remains, you may come near and touch my hand, and look upon my face ; but when you have covered my head for death, I request that no man may any more look upon my body. But summon all the Persians and the allies to my tomb, to rejoice with me that I shall now be in safety, and cannot suffer evil any more, whether I shall have gone to the gods, or whether I shall have ceased to exist. Distribute gifts among all who come. And remember this my last word of advice : By doing good to your friends, you will gain the power of punishing your enemies. Farewell, dear children ! Say farewell to your mother from me. All my friends, absent as well as present, farewell !”

Having said this, and taken every one by the right hand, he covered his face and expired.—*Cyropædia*.

EDMUND HODGSON YATES.—

YATES, EDMUND HODGSON, an English journalist and author, born in 1831; died 1894. He received a good education, and for many years was chief of the missing letter department in the Post-office of London, but resigned in 1872 to devote himself to authorship. He lectured in the United States in 1873, and afterwards became the London representative of the New York *Herald*. In 1874 he established the London *World*, of which he was the editor. His books are: *My Haunts and their Frequenters* (1854), *After Office Hours* (1861), *Broken to Harness* (1864), *Pages in Waiting* (1865), *Running the Gauntlet* (1865), *Kissing the Rod* (1866), *Land at Last* (1866), *Black Sheep* (1867), *Wrecked in Port* (1869), *Dr. Wainwright's Patient* (1871), *Nobody's Fortune* (1871), *The Yellow Flag* (1873), *The Impending Sword* (1874), *Personal Reminiscences and Experiences, Fifty Years of London Life and Memoirs of a Man of the World*. Mr. Yates has also written several dramas and memoirs, besides contributions to periodicals and newspaper articles.

DR. PRATER.

Not to be known to Dr. Prater was to confess that the "pleasure of your acquaintance" was of little value; for assuredly, had it been worth anything, Dr. Prater would have had it by hook or by crook. A wonderful man, Dr. Prater, who had risen from nothing, as his detractors said; but however that might be, he had a practice scarcely excelled by any in London. Heart and lungs were Dr. Prater's specialties; and persons imagining themselves afflicted in those regions, came from all parts of England, and thronged the doctor's dining-room in Queen-Anne Street in the early forenoons, vainly pretending to read Darwin *On the Fertilization of Orchids*, the *Life of Cap-*

tain Hedley Vicars, or the Supplement of yesterday's *Times*, and furtively glancing round at the other occupants of the room, and wondering what was the matter with them. That dining-room looked rather different about a dozen times in the season, of an evening, when the books were cleared away, and the big bronze gas-chandelier lighted, and the doctor sat at the large round-table surrounded by a dozen of the pleasantest people in London.

Such a mixture! Never was such a man for "bringing people together" as Dr. Prater. The manager of the Italian Opera (Dr. Prater's name was to all the sick-certificates for singers) would be seated next to a judge, who would have a leading member of the Jockey Club on his other hand, and a bishop for his *vis-à-vis*. Next the bishop would be a cotton-lord, next to him the artist of a comic periodical, and next to him a rising member of the Opposition, with an Indian colonel and an American comedian, here on a starring engagement, in juxtaposition. The dinner was always good, the wines excellent, and the doctor the life and soul of the party. He had something special to say to every one; and as his big protruding eyes shone and glimmered through his gold-rimmed spectacles, he looked like a convivial little owl. A very different man over the dinner-table to the smug little pale-faced man in black, whom wretched patients found in the morning sitting behind a leather-covered table, on which a stethoscope was conspicuously displayed, and who, after sounding the chests of consumptive curates or struggling clerks, would say, with an air of blandness, dashed with sorrow: "I'm afraid the proverbially treacherous air of our climate will not do for us, my dear sir! I'm afraid we must spend our winter at Madeira, or at least at Pau. Good day to you;" and then the doctor, after shaking hands with his patient, would slip the tips of his fingers into his trousers-pockets, into which would fall another little paper package to join a number already there

deposited, while the curate or clerk, whose yearly income was perhaps two hundred pounds, and who probably had debts amounting to twice his annual earnings, would go away wondering whether it was better to endeavor to borrow the further sum necessary, at ruinous interest, or to go back and die in the cold Lincolnshire clay parish, or in the bleak Northern city, as the case might be.

On one thing the doctor prided himself greatly, that he never let a patient know what he thought of him. He would bid a man remove his waistcoat with a semi-jocund air, and the next instant listen to a peculiar "click" inside his frame, which betrayed the presence of heart-disease, liable at any moment to carry the man off, without altering a muscle of his face or a tone of his voice.

"Hum! ha! we must be a little careful; we must not expose ourselves to the night-air! Take a leetle more care of yourself, my dear sir; for instance, I would wear a wrap round the throat,—some wrap you know, to prevent the cold striking to the part affected. Send this to Bell's and get it made up, and take it three times a day; and let me see you on—on Saturday. *Good day to you.*" And there would not be the smallest quiver in the hard, metallic voice, or the smallest twinkle in the observant eye behind the gold-rimmed glasses, although the doctor knew that the demon Consumption, by his buffet, had raised that red spot on the sufferer's cheek, and was rapidly eating away his vitality.

But if Dr. Prater kept a strict reticence to his patients as regarded their own ailments, he was never so happy as when enlarging to them on the diseases of their fellow-sufferers, or of informing esoteric circles of the special varieties of disorder with which his practice led him to cope. "*You ill, my dear sir!*" he would say to some puny specimen; then, settling himself into his waistcoat after examination, "*you complain of narrow-chestedness,—why, my dear*

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sir, do you know Sir Hawker de la Crache? You've a pectoral development which is perfectly surprising when contrasted with Sir Hawker's. But then he, poor man! last stage,—Madeira no good,—would sit up all night playing whist at Reid's Hotel. Algiers no good,—too much brandy, tobacco, and *baccarat* with French officers,—nothing any good. *You*, my dear sir, compared to Sir Hawker,—pooh, nonsense!" Or in another form: "Any such case, my dear madam?—any such case?"—turning to a large book, having previously consulted a small index—"a hundred such! Here, for instance, Lady Susan Bray, now staying at Ventnor, living entirely on asses'-milk—in some of our conditions we must live on asses'-milk,—left lung quite gone, life hanging by a thread. You're a Juno, ma'am, in comparison to Lady Susan!" There was no mistake, however, about the doctor's talent; men in his own profession, who sneered at his *charlatanerie* of manner, allowed that he was thoroughly well versed in his subject. He was very fond of young men's society; and, with all his engagements, always found time to dine occasionally with the Guards at Windsor, with a City Company or two, or with a snug set *en petit comité* in Temple chambers, and to visit the behind-scenes of two or three theatres, the receptions of certain great ladies, and occasionally the meetings of the Flybynights Club. To the latter he always came in a special suit of clothes on account of the impregnation of tobacco-smoke; and when coming thither he left his carriage and his address, in case he was required, at the Minerva, with orders to fetch him at once. It would never have done for some of his patients to know that he was a member of the Flybynight.—*Broken to Har-*
ness.

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A PLEASANT OLD LADY.

It was a point of honor with old Miss Lexden to have the best room in every house where she visited ; and so good was her system of tactics that she generally succeeded. Far away in northern castles, where accommodation was by no means on a par with the rank of their owners, duchesses had been worse lodged and infinitely worse attended to than this old commoner, whose bitter tongue and incapacity for reticence did her yeoman's service on all possible occasions ; not that she was ever rude, or even impolite, or said anything approaching to actual savagery ; but she had a knack of dropping hints, of firing from behind a masked battery of complacency, and of roughly rubbing "raws," which was more effective than the most studied attacks. As spent balls, when rolling calmly along, as innocuous, apparently, as those "twisters" of Hillyer's, which evade the dexterous "dip" of the longstop on the smooth, short sword of the Oval, have been known, when attempted to be stopped, to take off a foot, so did old Miss Lexden's apparently casual remarks, after to all appearance missing their aim, tear and wound and send limping to the rear any one who rashly chanced to answer or gainsay her.

Women, with that strange blundering upon the right so often seen among them, seemed to guess the diabolical power of the old lady's missiles, and avoided them with graceful ease, making gentle *detours*, which led them out of harm's way, or cowering for shelter in elegant attitudes under projecting platitudes ; but men, in their conscious self-strength, would often stand up to bear the brunt of an argument, and always came away worsted from the fight. So that old Miss Lexden generally had her own way amongst her acquaintance, and one important part of her own way was the acquisition of the greatest comfort wherever she stayed.—*Broken to Harness.*

CHARLES DUKE YONGE.—

YONGE, CHARLES DUKE, an English author, born 1812; died 1891. His father was Lower Master of Eton. After graduation at Oxford in 1825, he became engaged in various literary occupations, and in 1876 was made Professor of English Literature and History at Queen's College, Belfast. He has edited and translated several classical works, and has published philological books, including: *An English-Greek Lexicon* (1849), American edition edited by Professor Henry Drisler (1870), a *Phraseological English-Latin and Latin-English Dictionary* (2 vols., 1855-6), and a *Dictionary of Latin Epithets* (1856). His other books include: *The History of England* (1856), *Parallel Lives of Ancient and Modern Heroes* (1858), republished under the title, *The Great and Brave in History* (1865), *Life of the Duke of Wellington* (1860), *History of the British Navy* (1863), *France under the Bourbons* (1866-7), *Life and Administration of the Second Earl of Liverpool* (3 vols., 1868), *Three Centuries of Modern History* (1872), *History of the English Revolution of 1688* (1874), *Life of Marie Antoinette* (1876), *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1888).

ELIZABETH.

As a ruler of a kingdom, Elizabeth has always enjoyed a very high reputation, and justly; for most of the qualities which contribute to the success of government and to the happiness of a people she had in perfection, so that they did not degenerate into that excess which becomes vicious or dangerous. She was prudent, without timidity; bold, without rashness; firm, without obstinacy. The circumstances under which she came to the throne were in the highest degree fortunate for her reputation, compelling her, as they did, to espouse the Protestant doctrines, and gradually to put her-

self forward as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe. In this position, by the happy combination of the qualities above mentioned, she established the reformed religion securely in her dominions ; defeated the formidable attempts of Philip to destroy her ; and preserved to her people the blessings of long peace and of constantly increasing prosperity. Even her faults were, in some instances, rather beneficial to the nation than otherwise. Her cruel and revengeful disposition led her into the great crimes of the murder of Mary and the persecution of the Roman Catholics ; but the former certainly contributed to the tranquillity of the kingdom during the latter years of her reign ; and the latter would seem, however unusual such a result may be, to have had, in some degree, a similar effect, striking terror rather than increasing discontent ; so that, at the time of the Armada, the Roman Catholics were afraid to show any disaffection to the government, even in favor of a prince who came avowedly to re-establish their religion in its pristine superiority. Her parsimonious meanness, the most unroyal of failings, was also beneficial to her subjects by enabling her to dispense with laying on them the heavy burdens of her predecessors ; and, therefore, suffering them to direct their wealth to channels more conducive to their private, and, by consequence, to the national prosperity.

Towards individuals she frequently displayed a degree of tyrannical cruelty, which nothing can excuse ; and the common use of torture, which is said, on good authority, to have been more frequent in this reign than in those of all her predecessors put together, was chiefly owing to her own predilection for it, and to her personal demand for its application even to persons suspected, on the slightest ground, of the most trivial offences.

Having the same despotic disposition as her father, she was continually endeavoring to extend her prerogatives at the expense of the con-

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stitution; but, as has already been said, as often as her encroachments provoked the resolute opposition of the commons she gave way, never being so rash as to commit the crown to a contest in which defeat was probable, while victory could produce no honor to make amends for the disaffection which it must inevitably create.

Such was Elizabeth as a sovereign. As a woman she must be regarded in a widely different light. With none of the excellences which render her sex amiable and attractive, she had all the defects which sometimes render it degraded and contemptible. Though violent-tempered, she was utterly devoid of candor and sincerity; preposterously vain, she was the slave of a love of flattery and gallantry so insatiable, that, even when past the middle age, she sacrificed the lives of her soldiers, and risked the safety of the kingdom to gratify the ambition of the incapable and worthless, but handsome and courtly Leicester; and allowed Hatton to sport with the rights and property of the people because he was skillful at pouring into her still willing ear whispers of fulsome adulation and hypocritical attachment.

The last century exhibited a somewhat similar contrast between the sovereign and the man, in the person of Frederic the Great. He too raised his kingdom to a high pitch of glory and power by his eminent qualities as a ruler, though here in some respects Elizabeth has the advantage of him, since her ambition never led her into aggressive war, and her prudence preserved her from such misfortunes as Frederic displayed his genius and heroism in retrieving. But Frederic himself, in his vain appetite for literary distinction, to which he had no earthly pretensions, in his interchange of childish panegyrics with one author, in his still more childish and unkingly disputes with another, in his eagerness for Voltaire's praises, and his close calculation of what they were to cost him, cannot appear more ridiculous than Elizabeth when displaying her scanty accomplish-

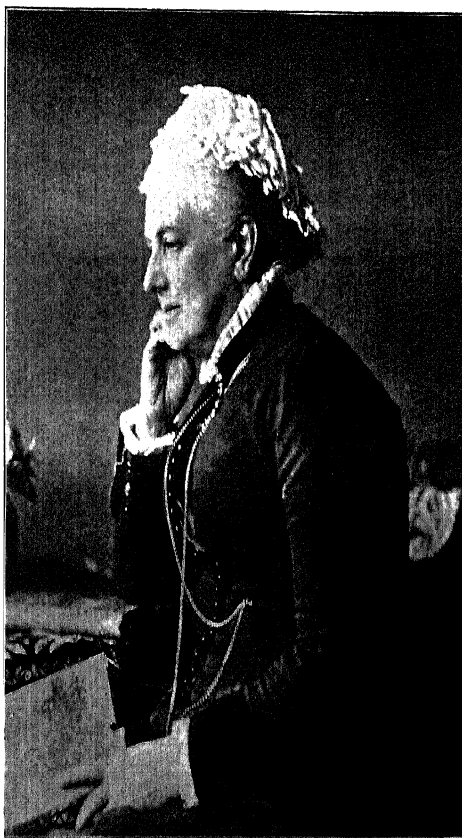
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ments before one ambassador, trying to wring compliments to her beauty out of another, cuffing one lover before her court, and suing another for the repayment of loans for which he might fairly have considered she had received sufficient value in his well-judged compliments and assiduous attentions.

However, it is with her public character that the historian is concerned, and, though it is impossible to respect or to like the woman, still he who looks on her solely as a sovereign, must admit that she, under whom pure religion was established throughout her kingdom, foreign foes were successfully repelled and retaliated upon, and foreign allies efficiently supported, under whom the nation advanced in prosperity at home, in reputation abroad, and in the appreciation and in the enjoyment of its liberties, deserves to be ranked very high among the greatest benefactors of their species, the wise rulers of mighty nations.—*The History of England.*

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.—

YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY, an English author, born at Hants in 1823. She is the daughter of W. C. Yonge, a magistrate of Hants, and early devoted herself to literature. Her books are written for the instruction and amusement of the young, and enforce healthy morals. Miss Yonge has been for several years the editor of the *Monthly Packet*, a High Church periodical. Her works have gone through many editions. The proceeds of her best known book, *The Heir of Redclyffe* (1853), were devoted to the equipment of the missionary schooner *Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn, and the profits of *The Daisy Chain* (£2,000) she gave towards the erection of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand. Among her many works are: *Abbey-Church; or, Self-control and Self-conduct* (1844), *Scenes and Characters* (1847), *Langley-School* (1848), *Kenneth* (1850), *The Kings of England* (1851), *The Two Guardians* (1852), *Landmarks of History* (1852-84), *Heartsease* (1854), *The Lances of Lynwood* (1855), *Leonard, the Lion-Heart* (1856), *The Christmas Mummings* (1858), *The Trial: More Links of the Daisy Chain* (1864), *The Clever Woman of the Family* (1865), *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* (1866), *Cameos from English History* (1868), *The Chaplet of Pearls* (1868), *The Caged Lion* (1870), *A Parallel History of France and England* (1871), *Eighteen Centuries of Beginnings of Church History* (1876), *Love and Life* (1880), *Lads and Lasses of Langley* (1881), *Historical Ballads, Stray Pearls: Memoirs of Margaret de Ribault* (1883), *Langley Adventures* (1884), *Two Sides of the Shield* (1885), *A Modern Telemachus* (1886),



CHARLOTTE MARY YOUNG.

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Under the Storm (1887), *Life of Scott* (1888), *Life of Hannah More* (1888), *Our New Mistress* (1888), *The Slaves of Sabinus* (1890). She has also edited and translated a number of books, including *Catherine of Arragon and the Sources of the Reformation*, from the French of Du Bois (1881).

THE CLEVER WOMAN.

Rachel had had the palm of cleverness conceded to her ever since she could recollect, when she read better at three years old than her sister at five, and ever after, through the days of education, had enjoyed, and exceeded in, the studies that were a toil to Grace.

Subsequently, while Grace had contented herself with the ordinary course of unambitious feminine life, Rachel had thrown herself into the process of self-education with all her natural energy, and carried on her favorite studies by every means within her reach, until she considerably surpassed in acquirements and reflection all the persons with whom she came in frequent contact. It was a homely neighborhood, a society well born, but of circumscribed interests and habits, and little connected with the great progressive world, where, however, Rachel's sympathies all lay, necessarily fed, however, by periodical literature, instead of by conversation or commerce with living minds.

She began by being stranded on the ignorance of those who surrounded her, and found herself isolated as a sort of pedant; and as time went on, the narrowness of interests chafed her, and in like manner left her alone. As she grew past girlhood, the *cui bono* question had come to interfere with her ardor in study for its own sake, and she felt the influence of an age eminently practical and sifting, but with small powers of acting.

The quiet Lady Bountiful duties that had sufficed her mother and sister were too small and easy to satisfy a soul burning at the report

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of the great cry going up to heaven from a world of sin and woe.

The examples of successful workers stimulated her longings to be up and doing, and yet the ever difficult question between charitable works and filial deference necessarily detained her, and perhaps all the more because it was not so much the fear of her mother's authority as of her horror and despair, that withheld her from the decisive and eccentric steps that she was always feeling impelled to take.

Gentle Mrs. Curtis had never been a visible power in her house, and it was through their desire to avoid paining her that her government had been exercised over her two daughters ever since their father's death, which had taken place in Grace's seventeenth year.

Both she and Grace implicitly accepted Rachel's superiority as an unquestionable fact, and the mother, when traversing any of her clever daughter's schemes, never disputed either her opinions or principles, only entreated that these particular developments might be conceded to her own weakness; and Rachel generally did concede.

She could not act; but she could talk uncontradicted, and she hated herself for the enforced submission to a state of things that she despised.—*The Clever Woman of the Family.*

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

In the glow of a May evening the cavalcade passed the gates, and entered the city, where the streets were so narrow that it was often impossible to ride otherwise than two and two. The foremost had emerged into an open space before a church and churchyard, when there was a sudden pause, a shock of surprise. All across the space, blocking up the way, was an enormous line of figures, looking shadowy in the evening light, and bearing the insignia of every rank and dignity that earth presented. Popes were there, with triple crown and keys and fanned by peacock-tails; scarlet-hatted and

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caped cardinals, mitred and crosiered bishops, crowned and sceptred kings, ermined dukes, steel-clad knights, gowned lawyers, square capped priests, cowed monks, and friars of every degree—nay, the mechanic with his tools, the peasant with his spade, even the beggar with his dish; old men, and children of every age, and women too of all grades—the tower-crowned queen, the beplumed dame, the lofty abbess, the veiled nun, the bourgeoisie, the peasant, the beggar—all were there moving in a strange, shadowy wild dance, sometimes slow, sometimes swift and mad with gaiety, to the music of an unseen band of clashing kettle-drums, cymbals, and other instruments, that played fast and furiously; while above all a knell in the church-tower rang forth at intervals in a slow, deep, lugubrious note; and all the time there glided in and out through the ring a grisly being—skull-headed, skeleton-boned, scythe in hand—Death himself; and ever and anon, when the dance was swiftest, would he dart into the midst, pounce on one or other, holding an hour-glass to the face, unheeding rank, sex, or age, and bear his victim to the charnel-house beside the church. It was a sight as though some terrible sermon had taken life, as though the unseen had become visible, the veil taken away; and the implicit, unresisting obedience of the victims added to the sense of awful reality and fatality.

The advance of the victorious King Henry made no difference to the continuousness of the frightful dance; nay, it was plain that he was but in the presence of a monarch yet more victorious than himself, and the mazes wound on, the performers being evidently no phantoms, but as substantial as those who beheld them; nay, the grisly ring began to absorb the royal suite within itself, and an awe-stricken silence prevailed—at least, where Malcolm Stewart and Ralf Percy were riding together.

Neither lad durst ask the other what it meant. They thought they knew too well. Percy

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ceased not for one moment to cross himself, and mutter invocations to the saints; Malcolm's memory and tongue alike seemed inert and paralyzed with horror—his brain was giddy, his eyes stretched open; and when Death suddenly turned and darted in his direction, one horrible gush of thought—"Fallen, fallen! Lost, lost! No confession!"—came over him; he would have sobbed out an entreaty for mercy and for a priest, but it became a helpless shriek; and while Percy's sword flashed before his eyes, he felt himself falling, death-stricken to the earth, and knew no more.

"There—he moved," said a voice above him. "How, now, Glenuskie!" cried Ralf Percy. "Look up; I verily thought you were sped by Death in bodily shape; but 'twas all an abominable grisly pageant got up by some dismal caitiffs."

"It was the Danse Macabre," added a sweet tone that did indeed unclothe Malcolm's eyes to see Esclairmonde bending over him, and holding wine to his lips.—*The Caged Lion*.

Her later works include *The Reputed Changeling* (1890), *Two Penniless Princesses* (1891), *The Constable's Tower* (1891), *More By-words* (1891), *That Stick* (1892), *The Cross Roads* (1892), *Grisley Grisell* (1893), *An Old Woman's Outlook* (1893), *The Treasures in the Marshes* (1893), *The Rubies of St. Lo* (1894), *A Long Vacation* (1895).

ARTHUR YOUNG.—

YOUNG, ARTHUR, an English agriculturist, traveller, and author, born at Bradford in 1741; died there in 1820. He was trained for mercantile business, but while a young man devoted himself to agriculture and authorship; and while thus engaged was for a while a parliamentary reporter for a newspaper. At different times from 1770 to 1790 he made extensive tours in England, Ireland, France, Spain, and Italy, noting especially the agricultural and manufacturing industries of these countries. Of these tours he wrote detailed accounts, comprising in all nearly twenty volumes. In 1784 he established the *Annals of Agriculture*, which he conducted for several years. From 1789 until his death he was Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. Besides his *Travels*, his principal works are: *Course of Experimental Agriculture* (1770), *Farmer's Guide* (1770), *Present State of Waste Lands* (1771), *Rural Economy* (1772). His *Travels in France, Spain, and Italy* (1791) present the best contemporary view of the social condition of France at the period immediately preceding the Revolution. He was at Paris at the time of the convocation of the State's General in 1789, and the triumph of the "Third Estate," or Commons, over the Orders of the Nobles and the Clergy, which Mr. Young hailed as the completion of a revolution, but which proved to be the commencement of one.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

June 27, 1789.—The whole business now seems over, and the Revolution complete. The King has been frightened by the mobs into

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overturning his own act of the *séance royale*, by writing to the Presidents of the Orders of the Nobility and Clergy, requiring them to join the Commons—full in the teeth of what he had ordered before. It was represented to him that the want of bread was so great in every part of the kingdom, that there was no extremity to which the people might not be driven; that they were nearly starving, and consequently ready to listen to any suggestions, and on the *qui vive* for all sorts of mischief; that Paris and Versailles would undoubtedly be burnt; and, in a word, that all sorts of misery and confusion would, follow his adherence to the system announced in the *séance royale*.

His apprehensions got the better of the party who had for some days guided him; and he was thus induced to take this step, which is of such importance that he will never more know where to stop, or what to refuse; or, rather, he will find that in the future arrangement of the kingdom his situation will be very nearly that of Charles I.—a spectator without power, of the effective resolutions of a Long Parliament.

The joy that this step occasioned was infinite. The Assembly, uniting with the people, all hurried to the Chateau. *Vive le Roi!* might have been heard at Marly. The King and the Queen appeared in the balcony, and were received with the loudest shouts of applause. The leaders who governed these movements knew the value of this concession much better than those who made it. I have to-day had conversations with many persons on this business; and, to my amazement, there is an idea, even among many of the nobility, that this union of the Orders is only for the verification of their powers, and for “making the Constitution”—which is a new term they have adopted; and which they use as if a Constitution was a pudding to be made by a recipe. In vain I have asked, “Where is the power that can separate them hereafter, if the Commons insist on remaining together?” which is an arrangement

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which may be supposed; and as such an arrangement will leave all the power in their own hands. And in vain I appeal to the evidence of the pamphlets written by the leaders of that Assembly, in which they hold the English Constitution cheaply, because the people have not power enough, owing to that of the Crown and the House of Lords.

The event now appears so clear as not to be difficult to predict. All real power will henceforward be in the Commons; and having so much inflamed the people in the exercise of it, they will find themselves unable to use it temperately. The Court cannot sit still to have their hands tied behind them. The Clergy, Nobility, Parliaments and Army will, when they find themselves in danger of annihilation, unite in their mutual defence. But such an union will demand time. They will find the people armed, and a bloody war must be the result. I have more than once declared this as my opinion, but do not find that others unite in it.

At all events, however, the tide now runs so strongly in favor of the people, and the conduct of the Court seems to be so weak, divided, and blind, that little can happen that will not clearly date from this moment. Vigor and abilities would have turned everything on the side of the Court; for the great mass of the Nobility in the kingdom, the higher Clergy, the Parliaments, and the Army were with the Crown. But this desertion of the conduct that was necessary to secure its power, at a moment so critical, must lead to all sorts of pretensions.

At night the fireworks, and illuminations, and mob, and noises at the Palais Royal increased. The expense must be enormous; and yet nobody knows with certainty from whence it arises. Shops there are, however, that for twelve francs give as many squibs and serpents as would have cost five livres. There is no doubt of its being the Duc d'Orleans's money. The people are thus kept in a continual fer-

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ment; are forever assembled, and ready to be in the last degree of commotion whenever called upon by the men they have confidence in. Lately a company of Swiss would have crushed all this; a regiment would now do it, if led with firmness; but let it last a fortnight longer, and an army would be needed. . . .

I shall leave Paris to-morrow, truly rejoiced that the Representatives of the People have it undoubtedly in their power so to improve the Constitution of the country as to render all great abuses in future, if not impossible, at least exceedingly difficult; and consequently will establish, to all useful purposes, an undoubted political liberty. And if they effect this, it cannot be doubted that they will have a thousand opportunities to secure to their fellow-subjects the invaluable blessing of civil liberty also. The state of the finances is such that the government may easily be kept dependent on the estates, and their political existence absolutely secured. Such benefits will confer happiness upon twenty-five millions of people: a noble and animating idea that ought to fill the mind of every citizen of the world, whatever be his country, religion, or pursuit.

I will not allow myself to believe for a moment that the Representatives of the People can ever so far forget their duty to the French nation, to humanity, and their own fame, as to suffer any inordinate and impracticable views, any visionary or theoretic systems—much less any ambitious private views—to impede their progress or turn aside their exertions from that security which is in their hands; to place on the chance and hazard of public commotion and civil war the invaluable blessings which are certainly in their power. I will not conceive it possible that men who have eternal fame within their grasp will place the rich inheritance on the cast of a die; and, losing the venture, be damned among the worst and most profligate adventurers that ever disgraced humanity.—*Travels in France,*

YOUNG, EDWARD, an English poet, courtier, and clergyman, born in 1681; died in 1765. His father was Rector of Upham, in Hampshire, when his son was born, but subsequently became Dean of Salisbury. The son was educated at Winchester School, and at All Soul's College, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced his career as poet and courtier, one of his patrons being the notorious Duke of Wharton, who brought him forward as a candidate for Parliament, giving a bond for £600 to defray the election expenses. Young was defeated; Wharton died, and the Court of Chancery decided that the bond was invalid. In 1725 Young put forth his vigorous satire, *The Universal Passion—the Love of Fame*, and a pension of £200 was granted to him, which he continued to receive during the remaining forty years of his life. Up to forty-five, Young lived the life of a wit, man about town, and place-hunter, the last with indifferent success. He now resolved upon a change; took Orders in the Anglican Church, and was presented by his College to the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, wrote a panegyric upon King George II., and received the honorary dignity of one of the chaplains to his Majesty. He hoped for ecclesiastical preferment, and vainly sought to obtain a bishopric. In 1761, when he was verging upon fourscore, he was made Clerk of the Closet to the dowager Princess of Wales, the mother of George III., who had just acceded to the throne. When past fifty, Young married Mrs. Lee, the widowed daughter of the Earl of Lichfield. By her former husband she had two sons, to whom Young was tenderly attached. The young men and their

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mother died at no great intervals—though not within three months as suggested by Young; there was a space of more than four years between the death of the first son and that of their mother. This three-fold bereavement was the occasion of the composition of the *Night Thoughts*, the first portion of which was published in 1742, the last in 1744. Young's poetical works include panegyrics, odes, and epistles; several satires, the best of which is *The Universal Passion*; a few dramatic pieces, the best of which is the tragedy of *Revenge*; and the *Night Thoughts*, to which may be fairly assigned the first place among the strictly religious didactic poems in our language.

THE LAPSE OF TIME—MAN—ETERNITY.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the
flood.

It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread Eternity! how surely mine!
And can Eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner upon the bounties of an hour!

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in Being's endless chain,
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!

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Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised,
aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is Man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what
dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the
grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there!
Night Thoughts. Night I.

THE IMMORTAL AND THE MORTAL LIFE.

E'en silent Night proclaims my soul immortal;
E'en silent Night proclaims eternal Day;
For human weal Heaven husbands all events.
Dull Sleep instructs, nor sport vain Dreams in
vain.
Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers—raked up in dust—ethereal fire?
They live, they greatly live; a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude.
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death—

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Strong Death alone can heave the massy bar—
This gross impediment of clay remove—
And make us, embryos of existence, free
For real life. But little more remote
Is he—not yet a candidate for light—
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell—
Yon ambient azure shell—and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of Man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his
thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoners of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On Life's fair tree fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time and Pain and Chance and Death
expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push Eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?—
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness;
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Night Thoughts. Night I.

DEATH THE LIFE-GIVER.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Pain and Disease; Disease, though long my
guest, [of life,—
That plucks my nerves—those tender strings
Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is Victory!..

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Death is the crown of life.
Were Death denied, poor man would live in
vain;
Were Death denied, to live would not be Life;
Were Death denied, e'en fools would wish to
die.
Death wounds to cure. We fall, we rise, we
reign;
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When shall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death?
When shall I *die*?—When shall I *live* forever?
Night Thoughts. Night III.

ANGELS AND MEN.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Though yet unsung, as deemed perhaps too
bold?—
Angels are Men of a superior kind;
Angels are Men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains winged in flight.
And men are Angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels have their failings, Mortals have their
praise,
While here of corps ethereal such enrolled,
And summoned to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the sovereign. And are these, O Man,
Thy friends? thy warm allies? and thou
(shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Night Thoughts. Night IV.

THE ETERNAL MIND.

What am I? and from whence? I nothing
know
But that I *am*; and since I am, conclude

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Something eternal?—Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived, since every link
Of that long-chained succession is so frail.
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal
too?

Grant Matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father; much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves or man, that
art

Man scarce can comprehend, could man be-
stow?

And nothing greater yet allowed than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute Matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?

Has Matter innate motion? Then each
atom,

Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.

Has Matter none?—Then whence these glori-
ous forms

And boundless flights, from shapeless, and re-
posed?

Has Matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment and genius? is it deeply learned
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
If so, how each sage Atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!—

If art to form, and counsel to conduct—
And that with greater far than human skill—
Resides not in each block, a Godhead reigns.—
Grant, then, invisible, eternal Mind;
That granted, all is solved.

Night Thoughts. Night IX.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.—

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL, an English novelist, born in England in 1864. He received his early education at the Jew's Free School, London, and became a teacher in that institution. His ambition, however, was in the field of literature and journalism, and after teaching for two or three years accepted a position on the *Ariel*, a small comic publication. He then went on the *Jewish Standard*, contributing personal and editorial paragraphs over the signature of "Marshallik." During his connection with the *Standard* he became acquainted with the wealthier class of his co-religionists. He was witty at everybody's expense and his satire was merciless. After several years he severed his connection with the *Standard*, which was soon thereafter discontinued. He was associated with Harry Quilter on the *Universal* and also with Jerome K. Jerome on the *Idler*. His chief reputation, however rests, upon his novels, his first being *The Children of the Ghetto*, a fine exposition of the character of the London Jew. This was followed by *The Grand-children of the Ghetto*. He has also produced *The King of Schnorrers* (1893), *The Bachelors' Club* (1891), *The Big Bow Mystery* (1891), *The Old Maids' Club* (1892), and *The Master* (1895). This last book has been received with much favor in Europe and America.

THE DEATH OF BENJY ANSELL.

Coleman was deeply perturbed. He was wondering whether he should plead guilty to a little knowledge, when a change of expression came over the wan face on the pillow. The doctor came and felt the boy's pulse.

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"No, I don't want to hear that "*Maaseh*," cried Benjamin. "Tell me about the Sabbathyon, father, which refuses to flow on *Shabbos*."

He spoke Yiddish, grown a child again. Moses's face lit up with joy. His eldest born had returned to intelligibility. There was hope still, then. A sudden burst of sunshine flooded the room. In London the sun would not break through the clouds for some hours. Moses leaned over the pillow, his face working with blended emotions. He let a hot tear fall on his boy's upturned face.

"Hush, hush, my little Benjamin, don't cry," said Benjamin, and began to sing in his mother's jargon:

"Sleep, little father, sleep,
Thy father shall be a Rov,
Thy mother shall bring little apples,
Blessings on thy little head."

Moses saw his dead Gittel lulling his boy to sleep. Blinded by his tears, he did not see that they were falling thick upon the little white face.

"Nay, dry thy tears, I tell thee, my little Benjamin," said Benjamin, in tones more tender and soothing, and launched into the strange wailing melody:

"Alas, woe is me!
How wretched to be
Driven away and banished,
Yet so young, from thee."

"And Joseph's mother called to him from the grave: Be comforted, my son, a great future shall be thine."

"The end is near," Old Four-Eyes whispered to the father in jargon.

Moses trembled from head to foot. "My poor lamb! My poor Benjamin," he wailed. "I thought thou wouldst say *Kaddish* after

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me, not I for thee." Then he began to recite quietly the Hebrew prayers. The hat he should have removed was appropriate enough now.

Benjamin sat up excitedly in bed: "There's Mother, Esther!" he cried in English. "Coming back with my coat. But what's the use of it now?"

His head fell back again. Presently a look of yearning came over the face so full of boyish beauty. "Esther," he said, "Wouldn't you like to be in the green country to-day? Look how the sun shines!"

It shone indeed, with deceptive warmth, bathing in gold the green country that stretched beyond, and dazzling the eyes of the dying boy. The birds twittered outside the window.

"Esther," he said wistfully, "do you think there'll be another funeral soon?"

The matron burst into tears and turned away.

"Benjamin," cried the father, frantically, thinking the end had come, "Say the *shemang*."

The boy stared at him a clearer look in his eyes.

"Say the *shemang*!" said Moses peremptorily. The word *shemang*, the old authoritative tone, penetrated the consciousness of the dying boy.

"Yes, father, I was just going to," he grumbled submissively.

They repeated the last declaration of the dying Israelite together. It was in Hebrew. "Hear, O Israel, The Lord our God, the Lord is one." Both understood that.

Benjamin lingered on a few more minutes, and died in a painless torpor.

"He is dead," said the doctor.

"Blessed be the true Judge," said Moses. He rent his coat and closed the staring eyes. Then he went to the toilet-table and turned the looking-glass to the wall, and opened the window and emptied the jug of water upon the green sunlit grass.—*Children of the Ghetto*.

HELEN ZIMMERN.—

ZIMMERN, HELEN, an English author, born at Hamburg, in 1846. Her first work, *An Account of Goslar in the Hartz*, was published in *Once a Week* in 1868. She is a contributor to the English press, writing for the *Pall Mall*, the *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*, and various magazines of London, where she has resided for a number of years. Her books are: *Stories in Precious Stones* (1873), *Told by the Waves* (1874), *Arthur Schopenhauer, His Life and His Philosophy* (1876), *Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, His Life and Works* (1878), a translation of Lessing's *Dramaturgie* for *Bohn's Library* (1879), *The Epic of Kings, Stories Retold from Firdusi* (1882), *Half Hours with Foreign Novelists*, short translations in conjunction with her sister Alice (1880), *Story of the Hanse Towns*, in the "Story of the Nations" series (1889), *The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture* (1891), *Maria Edgeworth* in the "Famous Women" series.

FROM SIRE TO SON.

"My boy," went on the old man, "I go to rejoin your parents. I am glad with heartfelt gladness that I can tell them what a good son you have been to me. Nay, interrupt me not; I have much to say, and but short time wherein to tell it.

"David, you and all the hamlet know how I have lived. I have made no secret of the fact that I spent all I earned, and that I leave you nothing."

"Dear grandfather—" broke in the boy.

"Nay, nay, hear me. I leave you no moneyed inheritance, for I have held it right to spend my earnings, knowing you safe from pecuniary troubles. Had you or any of mine been out in the cold, it would have been otherwise. As it is I have done what I thought right. But one thing, my son, I can and do leave you. It is a possession that has passed from sire to son in our family for generations,

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Folk have called it 'The Luck of the Armstrongs.' That was but vulgar talk. The gift brought no luck, but it does bring blessing; yet that only when rightly used and rightly understood. You have often wondered, perhaps, to see so rare and brave a ring upon the finger of a mere country farmer. But our ancestors were gentlefolks, boy, and it descended from them. See, they must have been fine gentlemen and cavaliers. What graced their forefinger scarce passes my smallest. My hand has grown large with work. Work is no disgrace, David. Remember that, though you bear upon your finger a ring worn by a Chevalier Fitz-Armstrong. The knightly duty with which he served his God and king was no higher or grander labor than yours, if God had called you to till the ground and plough the field. Never forget that, boy."

He paused for a moment from exhaustion, for he had spoken hurriedly and with excitement.

"You would, no doubt, like to know how the ring first came into our family. I cannot tell you for certain; but for ages a tradition concerning it has been extant among our kin, and though it can scarcely be true, yet is the legend so touching, that through it, doubtless, the ring has always proved a blessing.

"The ring has been an heirloom among us since first Sir Reginald Fitz-Armstrong brought it from the far distant Holy Land, where he had fought with the first crusaders in the reign of William the Red. How it came into his possession, he would always tell thus:—

"One night when it had fallen to him to guard the Holy Grave, an angel suddenly stood before him. And the angel said: 'Reginald Fitz-Armstrong, thou art a true knight and holy; thou hast found favor in the eyes of the King of heaven and earth. Wherefore it has been commanded me to descend from the blessed realms to visit thee, and bring thee a token which thou shalt guard and preserve; thou, and thy children's children.'

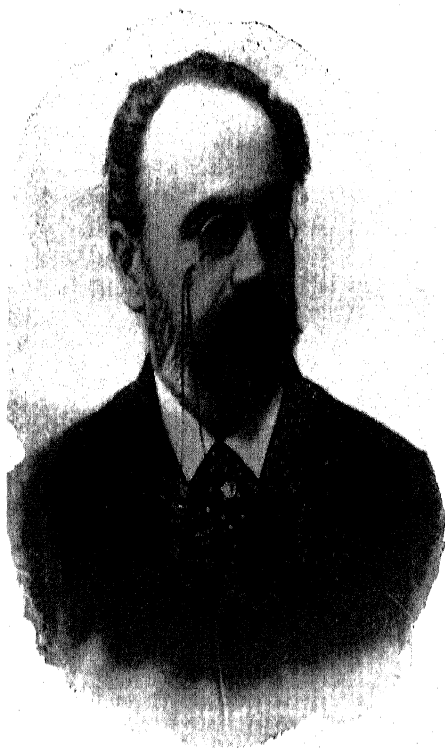
HELEN ZIMMERN.—

‘Then the angel placed the ring upon Sir Reginald’s finger, who, awed and dazzled by his heavenly guest, had sunk upon his knee in silent adoration.

“‘Listen,’ went on the gorgeous visitant, ‘whence it arises that the stone was set in this ring, so plain, dark, and unpretending, should be esteemed so highly. At the awful moment when the Son of God was nailed upon the accursed cross, there lay at its foot a mass of dark green jasper. When His blessed side was struck by the spear of the Roman soldier, and there issued thence His precious blood, some drops therefrom fell upon the jasper. Thence sprang the variety men call blood-stone; the drops, in small particles, have been handed down from generation to generation. For the jasper knew the value of the blessing that had fallen on it. And he who bears a fragment of this stone about him is preserved from all evil; temptations grow small to him, and if he will strive he can overcome them all. It holds men in the path wherein they should go, if they will listen to its silent admonition, for the red drops would ever recall the image of Him who died for men’s salvation, that they may follow in His footsteps and obtain their redemption through Him.’

“The angel vanished long before Sir Reginald recovered from his awed surprise. When he did, he found a ring quaintly wrought in gold encircling a bloodstone on his finger, and he wore it there till his death. He died in the service of his king. His last breath on the battle-field was spent in telling this circumstance to his son, as my last is spent in recounting it once more to you.”

The old man fell back upon the cushions, exhausted.—*Stories in Precious Stones.*



EMILE ZOLA.

ÉMILE ZOLA.—

ZOLA, ÉMILE, a French author, born at Paris in 1840. His parents soon removed to Aix, where his father, an engineer of reputation, was employed on the construction of the canal which still bears his name. The father died when his son was seven years old, and the failure of the company soon afterward left the boy and his mother in poverty. In 1858 Zola returned to Paris, studied at the Lycée, St. Louis, and after a two years' struggle with extreme poverty, obtained employment in the publishing house of Hachette and Co., with which he remained connected until 1865. His first book, *Contes à Ninon*, appeared in 1864. He then resolved to devote himself to authorship, and put forth in rapid succession *La Confession de Claude* (1865), *Varu d'une Morte* (1866), *Mes Haines*, a collection of literary and artistic conversations (1866), *Les Mystères de Marseille*, *Manet*, and *Thérèse Raquin* (1867), and *Madeleine Féral* (1868). His series of romances, *Les Rougon Macquart*, *Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire*, in which he turns all the mud of human nature to the sun, comprises: *La Fortune des Rougon* (1871), *La Curée* (1874), *La Conquête de Plassans* (1874), *Le Ventre de Paris* (1875), *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* (1875), *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* (1876), *Une Page d'Amour* (1878), *L'Assommoir* (1874-77), *Nana* (1880), *Pot-Bouille* (1882), *Au Bonheur des Dames* (1883), *La Joie de Vivre* (1884), *Germinal*, *L'Œuvre*, *La Terre* (1887), and *Le Rêve* (1888), the last mentioned book being so unlike the others that it has been called "a snowdrop among weeds." Zola has dramatized *Thérèse Raquin*, and has published two other dramas, *Les Héritiers*

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Rabourdin and *Le Bouton de Rose*. His critical works, *Le Roman Expérimental* and *Le Naturalisme au Théâtre*, give his theory of the sphere of romance and the drama. His later works include *La Bête Humaine* (1890), *L'Argent* (1891), *La dé Baële* (1892), *Le Docteur Pascal* (1893), *Lourdes* (1894), *Rome* (1895).

A WAIF IN THE STORM.

During the hard winter of 1860 the Oise froze, deep snows covered the plains of lower Picardy, and on Christmas Day a sudden storm from the northeast almost buried Beaumont. The snow began to fall in the morning, fell twice as fast towards evening, and was massed in heavy drifts during the night. In the upper town, at the end of the Street of the Goldsmiths, bounded by the north face of the cathedral transept, the snow, driven by the wind, was engulfed, and beaten against the door of St. Anges, that antique, half gothic portal, rich with sculptures under the baroness of the gable. At dawn the next day it was more than three feet deep.

The street still slumbered after the festivities of the night. Six o'clock struck. In the shadows which tinged with blue the slow, dizzying fall of the snowflakes, a solitary, irresolute form gave sign of life, a tiny nine-year-old girl, who had taken refuge under the archway of the entrance and had passed the night there shivering. She was clad in tatters, her head wrapped in a rag of foulard, her bare feet thrust into a man's large shoes. She must have stranded there after long wandering in the town, for she had fallen from weariness. The end of all things seemed to have come for her; nothing was left but abandonment, gnawing hunger, killing cold. Choked with the heavy beating of her heart she had ceased to struggle. There remained only the physical recoil, the instinctive change of place, of sinking down among those old stones when a squall drove the snow in a whirlwind about her. . . .

Since the bells had struck eight and the day

had advanced, nothing had protected her. If she had not trodden it down the snow would have reached her shoulders. The antique door behind her was tapestried as if with ermine, white as an altar at the foot of the gray façade so bare and smooth that not a flake clung there. The great saints on the splay above were robed in it from their white feet to their white locks, glistening with purity. Higher still the scenes on the ceiling, the lesser saints in the vaults, rose in ridges traced with a line of white upon the sombre background, up to the crowning rapture, the marriage of St. Agnes, which the arch-angels seemed to celebrate in a shower of white roses. Upright on her pillar, with her white palmbranch, her white lamb, the statue of the child martyr stood in stainless purity, her body of unsullied snow, in a motionless rigidity of cold that froze about her the mystical darts of triumphant virginity. And at her feet stood the other, the forlorn child, white as snow like herself, stiffened as if of stone, no longer distinguishable from the saints.

And now the clattering of a blind thrown back along the sleeping house-fronts made her raise her eyes. It came from the right, at the first floor of the house adjoining the cathedral. A pretty woman, a brunetto about forty years old, had just leaned out, and despite the cruel cold, she paused a moment with bare outstretched arm, as she saw the child move. Compassionate surprise saddened her calm face. Then with a shiver she closed the window, carrying with her from that swift glance under the shred of foulard, the vision of a blonde waif with violet eyes, a long neck with the grace of a lily, falling shoulders ; but blue with cold, her tiny hands and feet half dead, nothing living about her but the light vapor of her breath.

The child remained with upraised eyes fixed on the house, a narrow house of a single story, very old, built towards the close of the fifteenth century. It was scaled so closely to the flank

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of the cathedral between two buttresses, that it looked like a wart between two toes of a colossus. Situated thus it was admirably protected, with its stone base, its front of wooden panels decorated with simulated bricks, its roof with timbers hanging a metre wide over the gable, its turret with projecting staircase at the left angle, and narrow window that still retained the lead placed there of old. Nevertheless age had necessitated repair. The covering of tiles dated from Louis XIV. It was easy to distinguish the work done at that epoch: a dormer window pierced in the turret, small wooden sashes replacing everywhere those of the primitive large windows, the three clustered bays of the first floor reduced to two, the middle one being filled up with brick, which gave to the façade the symmetry of the other more recent constructions in the street. On the ground floor the modifications were as plainly visible: a carved oaken door in place of the old one of iron work under the staircase, and the grand central archway of which the bottom, the sides and the apex filled up with masonwork in such a way as to leave only a rectangular opening, a sort of large window instead of the pointed arch that had formerly opened on the pavement.

The child, looking dully at the master-artisan's venerable and well-kept dwelling, saw nailed beside the door, at the left, a yellow sign bearing the words, "Hubert, chasuble-maker," in ancient black letters. Again the noise of an opening shutter caught her attention. This time it was the shutter of the square window on the first floor. A man in his turn leaned out, with anxious face, nose like an eagle's beak, a rugged forehead crowned with thick hair, already white though he was scarcely forty-five years old; and he also paused for a moment to look at her with a sorrowful quiver of his large tender mouth. Then she saw him remain standing behind the small greenish window-panes. He turned and beck-

oned; his pretty wife reappeared, and they stood side by side motionless, looking steadily at her with an expression of deep sadness. . .

Troubled by their gaze, the child shrank farther behind St. Agnes's pillar. She was disquieted too by the walking of the street, the shops opening, the people beginning to stir. The Street of the Goldsmiths whose end was buttressed against the lateral wall of the church would have been a veritable blind alley stopped up on the side by the Hubert dwelling if the rue Soleil, a narrow passage, had not opened on the other side threading along the opposite flank to the grand façade, the place of the Cloisters; and now there passed by this way two devotees who cast an astonished glance on the little pauper whom they did not know. . . .

But ashamed of her desolate condition as of a fault, the child drew back still further, when all at once she saw before her Hubertine who, having no maid, was going out herself for bread.

"What are you doing there, little one? Who are you?"

The child did not answer; she hid her face. But her limbs were benumbed; her senses swam as if her heart, turned to ice, had stood still. When the good woman with a gesture of pity turned away she sank upon her knees, her strength all gone, and slid helplessly down in the snow whose flakes were silently burying her. And the woman coming back with her hot bread, saw her lying thus upon the floor.

"Let us see, little one, you cannot be left under that gateway," said she. Then Hubert, who had come out and was standing on the threshold of the house, took the bread, saying: "Take her up; bring her in."

Hubertine, without replying, lifted her in her strong arms. And the child drew back no more, but was carried like a lifeless thing, her teeth set, her eyes closed, benumbed with the cold, light as a little bird that has fallen out of the nest.—*The Dream.*

JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL ZSCHOKKE.—

ZSCHOKKE, JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL, a German author, born at Magdeburg, Prussia, in 1771; died at Biberach, Switzerland, in 1848. At seventeen he ran away from school and joined a company of strolling players, with whom he remained for some years. Afterwards he entered the University of Frankfort-on-the Oder, where in 1792 he became a tutor, and in 1793 wrote the romance, *Abällino, the Great Bandit*, which he also dramatized. In both forms it was very popular in its time. In 1795 he applied for a regular professorship at Frankfort, but this was refused on account of something which he had written against the edict of the Prussian Government in respect to religion. He thereupon took up his residence in Switzerland, where he became a citizen, opened a successful private school, and during many years held important civic positions, through all the mutations of the time.

He was also busy as an author. In 1828 was published an edition of his *Select Works* in forty volumes, to which many more were subsequently added. He wrote numerous tales, many of which have been translated into English, and some of them—as *The Journal of a Poor Vicar*, and *The Goldmaker's Village*—have become classics in our language. Among his historical works is *The History of Switzerland*, which has been translated by Francis G. Shaw of Boston. He also put forth a very readable *Autobiography*. His *Hours of Devotion* originally appeared in weekly fly-leaves during eight years (1809–1816). He afterwards made a revised selection of these papers, with a characteristic Preface, in one large volume, which has been trans-

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lated by Mr. Burrows. The *Hours of Devotion* was a great favorite of Queen Victoria, and soon after the death of Prince Albert a portion of it was newly translated, and sumptuously published under her auspices under the title, *Meditations on Death*.

THE THREE MEN OF RÜTLI.

While the oppressors laughed, and the oppressed groaned in the valleys of the Waldstatten, the wife of Werner Staffaucher, in the village of Steinen, said to her husband: "How long shall the oppressors laugh and the oppressed groan? Shall foreigners be masters of this soil and heirs of our property? What are the men of the mountains good for? Must we mothers nurse beggars at our bosoms, and bring up maid-servants for foreigners? Let there be an end to this!"

Therefore Werner Staffaucher, without a word, went down to Brünnen on the Lake, and over the water to Uri, to Walter Fürst in Altringhausen. With him he found concealed Arnold of Melchthal, who had fled across the mountains from the wrath of Landenberg. They talked of the misery of their country, and of the cruelty of the foreign bailiffs whom the King had sent to them in contempt of their hereditary franchises and liberties. They also called to mind that they had in vain appealed against the tyranny of the bailiffs before the King, and that the latter had threatened to compel them, in spite of the seals and charters of former emperors and kings, to separate from the Empire, and submit to Austria; that God had given to no king the right to command injustice; that they had no hope but in God and their own courage, and that death was much more desirable than so shameful a yoke. They therefore resolved that each should talk with trustworthy and courageous men in his own district, to ascertain the disposition of the

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people, and what they would undertake for security and liberty.

Subsequently, as they had agreed, they met frequently by night at a secret place on the lake. It lay about midway between Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, in a small bosky meadow at the foot of the rocks of Seelisberg, opposite the village of Brünnen. It is called *Rütli*, from the clearing of bushes. There they were free from all human habitations. Soon each brought the joyful news that death was more desirable to all the people than so shameful a yoke.

When on the night of the 17th of November, 1307, they came together, and each of the Three had brought with him to the meadow of Rütli ten true and honorable men, determined to hold the ancient liberty of their Fatherland before all, and life as nothing, the pious Three raised their hands to the starry heaven, and swore to God the Lord—before whom kings and peasants are equal—faithfully to live and to die for the rights of the innocent people; to undertake and carry through everything in unison, and not separately; to permit no injustice; to respect the rights and property of the Counts of Hapsburg, and to do no harm to the imperial bailiffs, but also to prevent the bailiffs from ruining the country. And the thirty others raised their hands, like the Three, to God and all the Saints, manfully to assert liberty. And they appointed New Year's Night for the work. Then they separated; each returned to his valley and to his cabin, and tended his cattle.—*History of Switzerland.*

WILLIAM TELL AND GESSLER.

The Bailiff, Hermann Gessler, was not easy; because he had an evil conscience it seemed to him that the people began to raise their heads, and to show more and more boldness. Therefore he set the ducal hat of Austria upon a pole in Uri, and ordered that every one who passed before it should do it reverence. By this

means he wished to discover who was opposed to Austria. And William Tell, the archer of Burglen, one of the men of Rütli, passed before it, but he did not bow. He was immediately carried to the Bailiff, who angrily said:—

“Insolent archer, I will punish thee by means of thine own craft. I will place an apple on the head of thy little son; shoot it off, and fail not.”

And they bound the child, and placed an apple on his head, and led the archer far away. He took aim—the bow-string twanged, the arrow pierced the apple. All the people shouted for joy; but Gessler said to the archer: “Why didst thou take a second arrow?” Tell answered: “If the first had not pierced the apple, the second would assuredly have pierced thy heart.”

“This terrified the Bailiff, and he ordered the archer to be seized, and carried to a boat in which he was himself about to embark for Küssnacht. He did not think it prudent to imprison Tell in Uri, on account of the people; but to drag him into foreign captivity was contrary to the privileges of the country. Therefore the Bailiff feared an assembling of the people, and hastily departed, in spite of a strong head wind. The sea rose, and the waves dashed foaming over the boat, so that all were alarmed and the boatmen disheartened. The further they went on the lake the greater was the danger of death; for the steep mountains rose from the abyss of waters, like walls to the heavens. In great anxiety Gessler ordered the setters to be removed from Tell, that he—an experienced steersman—might take the helm. But Tell steered towards the bare flank of the Axenberg, where a naked rock projects, like a small shell, into the lake. There was a shock—a spring; Tell was on the rock—the boat out upon the lake.

The freed man climbed the mountains, and fled across the land of Schwytz; and he thought

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in his troubled heart: "Whither can I fly from the wrath of the tyrant? Even if I escape from his pursuit, he has my wife and child in my house as hostages. What may not Gessler do to my family, when Landenberg put out the eyes of the old man of Melchthal on account of a servant's broken fingers? Where is the judgment-seat before which I can cite Gessler, when the king himself no longer listens to the complaints of the people? As law has no authority, and there is none to judge between thee and me, thou and I, Gessler, are both without law, and self-preservation is our only judge. Either my innocent wife and child, and Fatherland, must fall or—Bailiff Gessler—thou! Fall thou, and let liberty prevail."

So thought Tell; and with bow and arrow fled toward Küssnacht, and hid in the hollow-way near the village. Thither came the Bailiff; there the bow-string twanged; there the free arrow pierced the tyrant's heart. The whole people shouted for joy, when they learned the death of the oppressor. Tell's deed increased their courage:—but the night of the New Year had not come.—*History of Switzerland.*

THE BLOODLESS DELIVERANCE OF SWITZERLAND.

The New Year's Night came. One of the young men who had taken the oath at Rütli went to the castle of Rossburg in Oberwalden, where lived a young girl beloved by him. With a rope the young girl drew him up from the castle-ditch into her chamber. Twenty others were waiting below, whom the first drew up also. When all had entered, they mastered the steward and his servants, and the whole castle.

When it was day, Landenberg left the royal castle near Sarnen, to attend mass. Twenty men of Unterwalden met him, bearing, as customary presents, fowls, goats, lambs, and other New Year's gifts. The Bailiff, in a friendly manner, told them to enter the castle. When under the gate, one of them sounded his

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horn. At once all drew forth sharp spear-heads which they fastened upon their staves, and took the castle; while thirty others who had been hidden in a neighboring thicket, came to their assistance. Landenberg fled terrified over the meadows towards Alpnach. But they took him, and made him and all his people swear to leave the Waldstätten forever. Then they permitted him to retire to Lucerne. No injury was done to any one. High blazed the bonfires on the Alps. With the people of Schwytz, Staffaucher went to the Lake of Lowerz, and seized the castle of Schwanau. The people of Uri marched out, and Gessler's tower was taken by assault. That was Freedom's New Year's Day.

On the following Sunday, deputies from the three districts assembled, and with an oath renewed their original bond for ten years; and the bond was to endure forever, and to be often renewed. They had re-assumed their ancient rights, had shed no drop of blood, and had done no harm to any in the land.—*History of Switzerland.*

PREFACE TO "HOURS OF DEVOTION."

... When God, in the day of fearful visitation and calamity, amidst the storms of war, for many years spake to the people of the earth, and His voice sounded even more mightily than it did of old in the thunder and lightning on Mount Sinai: "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation"—then the author of this work felt himself seized with a holy zeal, and he wrote it to awaken devotion, to raise the dejected, to instruct the erring. It appeared at that time, as a weekly sheet, successively for eight years—from 1809 to 1816.

After he had completed his labors, new editions of these weekly papers were prepared, notwithstanding a work in such a form was inconvenient for the reader, and contained many things which under a change of circumstances

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were scarcely intelligible or fit for the occasion. This has induced him to give to the publication a more suitable form and arrangement. He collected, therefore, out of the whole eight years' papers those which might be edifying in general to Christian families.

Perhaps it belongs to the blessedness of that future existence which the grace of God has promised to us distinctly to look upon, and perceive the past—what have been the consequences and effects of the good which we delighted to do. Perhaps I shall then know those for whom I have been an instrument of the Lord to teach them the best alternative in doubt, so that they have returned to the right way of life and have been carried back to the Eternal Truth. Farewell, my brethren! In God we are, and remaining united, in God we shall meet again.

And Thou, O my God, my Father, bless them with Thy mercy! Be with them as long as they wander upon earth! Fill them with the power of Thy Holy Spirit! Draw them to Thyself by the revelation of Thine Eternal Son! Be their Consolation; be their Life! And the beloved—far and near—for whom Thou hast chosen me of Thy holy will, oh yet once more bless them! Father—their and my Father—bless them through Thy Truth: Thy word is Truth! Amen.

THE RIGHT LOVE OF THE WORLD.

The Holy Scripture says: "Avoid the lusts of the flesh"—shun sensual thoughts and desires—deny yourselves and the world (that is, for the sake of divine things, for the sake of virtue)—regard as trifling all the joys and pains of life. He who will gratify his ambition his avarice, his lust, his envy, and his hatred—he serves not God. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Yet nowhere is it commanded to avoid mankind—to bury oneself in solitude, and to cease to be useful by counsel and deed to our fellow creatures. No: rather let your

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light shine before men ; improve for the benefit of mankind the talent which God has committed to your care ; what you wish that men should do unto you, that do first to them.

And so will I—as Jesus Christ, as all his disciples did—remain in intercourse with mankind ; enjoy with gratitude the gifts of God—do good to all according to my ability ; and not stand in inactive devotion far from the spot where I can and should afford assistance. As God so loved the world that he gave for it his Only-begotten Son—so will I also love the world. Not that which is only earthly in the world, but that which is holy and divine therein ; not the dust but the spirit ; not the animal desires, but the virtue which is well-pleasing to God. Thus shall I serve God alone and not Mammon.—*Hours of Devotion.*

ULRIC ZWINGLI.—

ZWINGLI, ULRIC or HULDREICH, Swiss Protestant Reformer; born January 1, 1484, at Wildhaus, in the canton of St. Gall, Switzerland; died at Kappel, October 11, 1531. His father's brother was parish priest of Wildhaus, and afterward Dean of Wesen; his mother was sister of the abbot of a cloister in Thurgau. He was sent to school at Wesen and Basel, and then to the high school at Bern, where he gained his enduring love for classical literature. After two years' study in Vienna (1500-02) he returned to Basel, where from the renowned Thomas Wytttenbach he imbibed the evangelical views which later he developed and defended in the crisis of the Reformation. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained by the bishop of Constance, and was appointed to the parish of Glarus. Here, by vigorous denunciation, he induced the authorities of the canton of Zurich to abolish the mercenary and immoral practice of hiring out the Swiss troops to neighboring states. Having been transferred in 1516 to Einsiedeln, then and still a resort for pilgrims to the image of the Virgin and Child, which has stood there for a thousand years, he publicly attacked the practice of such worshipping pilgrimages as superstitious, and declined the promotion with which Rome sought to buy his silence. In 1518 he accepted his election as preacher in the cathedral at Zurich on pledge being given that his liberty in preaching should not be restricted. This liberty he soon proceeded to use by denouncing the sale of indulgences, and discrediting fasting and the celibacy of the clergy. The stir which this caused among the people brought interference by Pope Adrian, with a demand that the Zurichers

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should abandon Zwingli. The reformer procured from the Council of Constance in 1523 permission for a public disputation of the questions involved, at which the sixty-seven theses which he maintained against Rome were upheld by the Council. The result was the legal establishment of the Reformation in that canton.

In January, 1528, a public disputation to which Zwingli had challenged the Roman Catholics of Bern was held in that city; and so vigorous was the presentation of the Protestant cause that the Bernese acceded to the Reformation. But, in the subsequent management of cantonal relations by the Protestant authorities of Zurich, Zwingli's earnest advice was disregarded; a religious truce was patched up with guaranties of toleration which never were observed in the Roman Catholic cantons. These cantons, indeed, prepared secretly for war, and in 1531 marched suddenly on Zurich, whose troops, hastily gathered, and largely outnumbered in the conflict at Kappel, were defeated. Zwingli, present as chaplain, was wounded by a lance while stooping to a dying soldier, and, it is said, was killed, unrecognized except as a heretic, as he lay on the field after the battle. The victors, discovering who he was, burned his body and scattered his ashes to the winds. The spot of his death was marked in 1838 by a great granite bowlder roughly squared.

Zwingli's views are fully expressed in the First Helvetic Confession (1536). They present the Reformed, or the extreme Protestant, as distinguished from the Lutheran doctrine—being more uncompromising in ascribing to Holy Scripture supreme authority over all traditions and all church orderings, and more thorough in demanding

that reform should be carried through all government and discipline as well as theology. Zwingli gave a full development to the general tendency of his times to identify the government of the Church with that of the State. In nearly all other respects his views were surprisingly in advance of his century, and had much in common with those held by the liberal evangelical churches of the present day. His chief difference with Luther—and one which unfortunately called forth Luther's bitter antagonism—was on the theory of the Lord's supper, which observance he reduced from a mysterious sacrament to an ordinance of Christ for the simple commemoration in faith of the atoning sacrifice. He denied that in any real and proper sense the body and blood of Christ are present in the bread and the wine; yet with his idea of "faith" as not merely a belief in doctrines about Christ, but as chiefly a loving trust in Christ as a living Person, he gained a certain "real presence" of the living Lord at the chief commemorative Christian observance. Zwingli's view is probably advancing now in more than one denomination; but it seems to have failed to maintain itself fully in Switzerland after his death—the view of Calvin having gained wider adherence among the Reformed churches.

Zwingli's writings do not show Calvin's penetrating and iron logic, nor Luther's mighty and passionate sweep. But they give forcible and direct expression of an absolutely sincere and fearless spirit awakening in what was, to him, the morning light of an evangelical faith.

Among his works are: *Of the True and False Religion* (1525); *The Providence of*

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God (1530); *A Brief Exposition of the Christian Faith* (1531); *First Helvetic Confession*, compiled (1536); *The Last Supper of Christ, On Baptism*, and a treatise on *Education*.

EDUCATION AND PUBLIC LIFE FROM A SCRIPTURAL POINT OF VIEW.

Part I., Chapter II.

The moral nature of the youth having been strengthened by faith, the next in order is to discipline his mind, that he may be of help and use to his fellow-men. This can be best done if he acquaint himself with the Word of God. However, for a thorough understanding of the Scriptures a mastery of Hebrew and Greek is necessary; for without a knowledge of these languages neither the Old nor the New Testament can be clearly understood. But since the Latin language is in universal use, it must not be neglected; for although it is of less service than Hebrew and Greek in the understanding of the Scriptures, it is of great importance in public life. There are also occasions where we are obliged to defend the cause of Christ among those speaking Latin. However, a Christian should not degrade these languages for the purpose of acquiring earthly gain or for pure intellectual enjoyment; for language is a gift of the Holy Spirit.

As indicated above, the language to be studied next to Latin is Greek, principally for the sake of a thorough grounding in the New Testament; for it seems to me that the doctrines of Christ have not been treated so carefully and thoroughly by the Latin as by the Greek fathers. Hence the youthful student is to be taken to the fountain-head. But in acquiring Latin and Greek, one must fortify himself through faith and innocence; for many things are contained in the litera-

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ture of these languages which are apt to be hurtful ; as for example, petulance, ambition, a war-like spirit, useless knowledge, vain wisdom and the like. Nevertheless, like Ulysses of old, the youthful student if forewarned, can pass by all these tempting powers unscathed if, at the first siren sound, he call out to himself in warning tones : "Thou hearest this that thou mayest flee, that thou canst be on thy guard, and not that thou mayest indulge thyself."

I have placed Hebrew last because Latin is now everywhere in use, and Greek would naturally follow it. Otherwise I should have assigned the first place to Hebrew, for the reason that he who is not acquainted with its idiomatic peculiarities will, in many instances, have difficulty in ascertaining the true meaning of the Greek text.

With such mental furnishings every youthful student is to be provided who would possess himself of that heavenly wisdom with which no earthly knowledge can be compared. But with it he must combine an humble, though aspiring, state of mind. He will then find models for a righteous life, especially Christ, the most perfect and complete pattern of all virtues. When he has become fully acquainted with Christ as He presents Himself in His teachings and deeds, he will become so thoroughly imbued with Him that he will endeavor to exhibit His virtues in all his work, plans, and actions ; at least as far as it is possible for human weakness to do. From Christ he will also learn to speak and to be silent at the proper times. He will be ashamed in his younger years to speak of things which pertain to the experience of age, seeing that even Christ did not dispute until He was thirty years old, although in His twelfth year He gave proof of the powers of His mind before the scribes. By this we are taught not to appear in public at too early an age, but rather to think about great

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and Godly things while young, and thus to acquaint ourselves with them.

Shall I warn a Christian youth against avarice and ambition, when these vices were considered despicable even among the ancient heathens? Whoever is given to avarice will not become a Christian ; for this vice has not only ruined individuals, but has also annihilated flourishing empires, demolished powerful cities, and destroyed every republic that has been infected by it. Whenever it overpowers a human being, it stifles every noble aspiration. Avarice is a fatal poison, which is spreading rapidly and has become one of our powerful adversaries. Yet through Christ we are enabled to overcome it if we are His earnest followers ; for He Himself has battled with and overcome this vice.

I will not speak against fencing, although I think that it behooves a Christian to abstain from the use of arms as far as is compatible with public peace and safety. For God, who crowned David with victory when he met Goliath with no other weapon than a sling, and who protected the defenceless Israelites against the pursuing enemy, will also keep and protect us ; or, if He sees fit to do so, He can strengthen our hands and fit us for the strife. Hence, if the youth would practise fencing, let it be for the purpose of defending his native country and protecting his own kin.

Finally, I would that all youth, especially those that are intended for holy orders, might think as the inhabitants of ancient Massilia did, who admitted only those to citizenship that had learned a trade, by means of which they were able to provide for their own necessities. If this rule were enforced among us, idleness, the cause of all wantonness, would soon be eradicated from our midst, and our bodies would become much healthier and stronger.—*Education. Transl. of Victor Wilker expressly for this work.*

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